July 25, 1962
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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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The Opera House hat

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The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● The "Teach Your Child to Cook" feature in our June 27 issue brought a very amusing letter from a Victorian reader who used the signature "Tried-it-out."

SHE wrote that when she had tried to teach her child to cook the results had been disastrous.

For other mothers she suggested the following additions to our rules:

1. Hide, burn, or destroy all recipes (and cookbooks), because, as sure as eggs are expensive and not easy to separate, Your Child will insist on attempting Souffle au Chocolat (hot).

2. Lock all doors and windows, draw blinds, and remove telephone from receiver, otherwise Your Child's friends will see or hear about the cookery lesson and will arrive to partake of the goodies they hope to help to make.

3. Array your child in an asbestos suit (easily washable), with safety helmet and goggles. (You have no idea how batter, unset jelly, flour, etc., adhere to any other material, or how difficult it is to wash same out of hair or remove from eyes.)

4. Warn neighbors that anguished shrieks issuing from your kitchen during the lesson will be your own, and not Your Child's.

5. Second thoughts are often best, such as deciding to get someone else to teach Your Child to cook.

★ ★ ★

DR. CHARLES MAYO, head of the famous U.S. Mayo Clinic, who will visit Australia in September (page 13), is a medical pioneer and political personality.

Robert Feldman, of our New York staff, says:

Dr. Mayo pointed the way years ago to a revolutionary new surgery technique on the cancer-prone loops of the human intestine. It has saved thousands of lives.

At the United Nations in 1953 he made world news with his documented indictment of the Communist Chinese practice of brainwashing American G.I.s captured in the Korean War.

President Eisenhower sent him to represent the U.S. at the coronation of the King of Nepal. (King Mahendra later repaid the visit, setting the Mayo Clinic town of Minnesota on its ear.)

The President asked Dr. Mayo to run for the U.S. Senate, but he refused.

Our cover

● "Opera House," a Peter Morton model, which won an award in the special - occasion section of the Millinery Manufacturers' Association spring-summer preview in Sydney last week.

The hat is made of white stiffened organza, the shell shaping of the crown giving an illusion of the flyaway Opera House roof.

Picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

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"Happy birthday"...from the Mouse House

● *At 21, there's life in the old cat yet*

SUCH excitement at Brunel Street, Essendon, Vic., when Jim Birtles celebrated his birthday. The telephone rang hot, the Press and television cameras clicked and whirred, hot lights flashed—but Jim took it calmly.

He took it all with the patience and tolerance of the very old for the silly ways of the world, for Jim is a cat, and at 21 he is the age of a 147-year-old human.

Most of the time he submitted amiably. He even lifted one paw to shake hands with the dignity of an elder statesman. It was only now and then that he succumbed to a natural urge to escape back to his spot on the lounge carpet in front of the fire.

His mistress, Mrs. Elsie Birtles, made him a birthday "key" and a cake with 21 candles, which really only caught his attention when she put little pieces of meat between the candles.

People who read about him or saw him on TV sent telegrams and cards of congratulation. One card even brought congratulations and love from the Mouse House in the Veterinary Section at the Commonwealth Serum Laboratories.

Home-body

Jim's mother was a stray Persian, who moved in with Mrs. Birtles and her late husband just two days after they settled in their Essendon home 21 years ago. The Persian gave birth to three kittens, one of them Jim, on June 30, 1941.

A big fellow, with thick black hair turning brown with age, Jim has always been a home-body, never a trouble-seeker.

Nowadays, of course, his life is peaceful indeed. He sleeps in front of the fire, has a walk in the garden, has a meal, returns to the fire.

Jim had most of his teeth extracted about four years ago, now eats a "soft" diet of finely cut stewing steak, steamed brains, or steamed whiting, and drinks a pint of milk a day.

Ah, it's a good life, this, for an old cat.

—MARGARET BERKELEY

Picture by staff photographer, Bill Mountree

● *Jim, 21-year-old black-and-white cat of Mrs. Elsie Birtles, of Essendon, Victoria, with his birthday cake and some of the birthday cards he received from his friends*

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NEXT WEEK

Complete Pudding Cookbook

More than 50 recipes—specially selected to make a complete pudding cookbook—are in a 12-page pull-out section in our next issue.

With this cookbook you'll never be in doubt about what to serve for dessert for any occasion.

Recipes include:

- **Old-time favorites.**
- **Family-style puddings, hot and cold.**
- **Glamor desserts for dinner parties.**
- **American-style coffee-and-cake desserts.**
- **Puddings quick to prepare.**
- **Low-calorie desserts for dieters.**

This is a cookbook to keep.

● 7½ ways to achieve a sensational shape

Most women either sag, bulge, curve in where they should curve out, or collect fat out of thin air, writes former beauty editor Molly Castle.

Next week, in the second instalment of her "How to be 30 for 40 years," she tells how to correct these figure flaws.

Her 7½ ways to a sensational shape include — sitting is slimming, the Eve exercise, the aeroplane, the leg pendulum.

● Fashion forecast for spring

Hold your breath, pull your rib-cage out of your waist, and you have the figure at which to aim this spring.

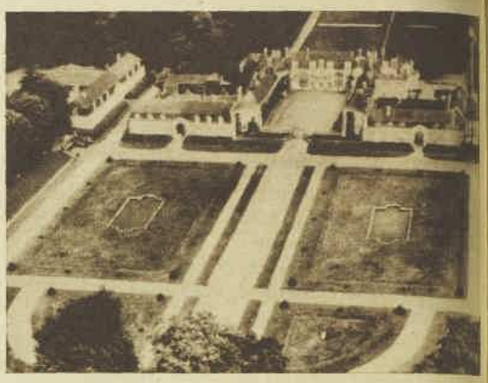
This advice introduces a four-page fashion section showing the new designs for spring, 1962.

In the section you'll see the dresses, the suits (like the Yves Saint-Laurent design at right), the fabrics, colors, and hats round which you can plan your smartest - ever spring wardrobe.

● "Singalong" choir —in color

In color in our television section, the choir of more than 20 men in "Singalong," Australia's latest live TV show. Also in the section, a color pin-up of Dorothy Provine, star of "The Alaskans" and "The Roaring 20's."

French without tears for Princess Anne



***THE SCHOOLGIRL AND THE CHATEAU.** An aerial view of the romantic old chateau in western France where Princess Anne spent her holiday. The grounds are in the formal style, and there is a private racecourse nearby. Many of the French kings had chateaus in this region.*

● "It's part of her education," the Palace spokesman said when Princess Anne sailed for France. He meant, of course, that the holiday would improve her French. But the Princess, mobbed on her first Continental Sunday, found it a severe training in self-control.

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

SHE was jostled by such a horde of people who came to see her in the tiny village of La Chapelle-sur-Oudon that her visit to the village fair had to be cut to ten minutes.

The nearly - 12 - year - old managed to hide her disappointment when she was pushed aside from the stalls (she had aimed for one that sold peanuts, lollies, and dolls).

In spite of everything, the holiday was a French-without-tears one, for Anne had a really happy time.

She was the guest of the Marquis Louis de Saint-Genis and his family in their chateau in the beautiful Loire Valley.

The Marquis has a daughter, Florence, who is Anne's age, and with them was Brigid d'Oultrement, 14-year-old cousin of Anne's French teacher, Madame Antoinette Untermeyer.

First crossing

It was the Princess' first Channel crossing. The great venture into France is a never-to-be-forgotten one for thousands of English girls and boys on the summer vacation, travelling in school groups or with their parents.

Princess Anne crossed at night by the slowest route to St. Malo guarded by two Scotland Yard detectives and accompanied by Madame Untermeyer (who taught the Queen French) and Brigid.

The main parties of exuberant schoolchildren had crossed during the day, trying hard to speak only French and, shyly at first, using the language to speak to French people.

When it was arranged for Anne to stay with the Marquis' family in their chateau it was clearly understood it was to be a "French-only-spoken" holiday. The family speak English well, and so does Brigid, but even when the girls were in their highest spirits they didn't break into English.

Horse-loving Anne was soon out riding a thoroughbred chestnut.

In the chateau grounds were calves and rabbits, pigs and horses, and a bicycle to ride around the farm.

Anne went on a shopping spree to Angers, 20 miles away, a wine centre with a population of about 100,000.

There she sat in a boulevard cafe watching the crowds go by as she sipped a soft-drink. Many townspeople recognised her, but they didn't disturb her.

Like any other tourist, she browsed over pavement bookstalls and wandered through a big department store, buying presents and picture postcards to send to her mother and father—and a special one in color to send to Charles at Gordonstoun.

Anne was taken on several other sightseeing trips.

The chateaus of the Loire are world-famous, and the one the Princess stayed in has been in existence for nearly 500 years. It was built in an age of brilliance when magnificent fetes were organised in France, with all the local nobility taking part in feasting, hunting, falconry, and jousting.

It was burnt during the revolution but later rebuilt, and in 1886 was acquired by the Marquis de Saint-Genis, whose son now owns it.

The chateau has always been a horseman's paradise, and the great hunting parties of the past have now been succeeded by meetings on a racecourse in the grounds of the chateau.

Princess Anne's host, a man of great courtesy and simplicity, inherited the deep interest in horses which has always been part of the family tradition.

ALL-AUSTRALIAN FASHION PARADES

● Bookings for our All-Australian Fashion Parades can be made at Farmer's, Sydney.

THE parades, presented by The Australian Women's Weekly and the Myer Emporium, will be held from August 4 to 15.

Seventy high-fashion originals, based on recent spring fashions in Paris and all made by Australian manufacturers, will be shown in the parades.

The gala opening on Saturday, August 4, will be in aid of the Children's Medical Research Foundation at the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children, Camperdown.

The gala, which will be held in the sixth-floor Rose Room Restaurant at Farmer's, will begin with a cocktail party and six-course dinner. The parade will follow.

Tickets, £5/5/- each, may be obtained from the Information Desk, ground floor, Farmer's, by calling personally for them.

Monday, August 6, to Wednesday, August 15, parades 3 p.m. to 4.30 p.m. Tickets 7/6, including afternoon tea.

For the benefit of Sydney's businessgirls there will be evening parades 6.30 to 8, Wednesday, August 8, Friday, August 10, and Wednesday, August 15. Tickets 5/- each.

Coffee and sandwiches will be available at 5.30 p.m. before the parades at a minimum charge.

Tickets for the daily afternoon parades and the three evening parades are available on application to Farmer's Information Desk on the ground floor near the escalators.

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JOHN COLES goes barefoot about the farm, even on frosty mornings. He helps Louis.

ORPHANED ON MOTHER'S DAY

Three boys keep home fires burning

By DIANE ROBERTS

● Twenty-year-old farmer Louis Coles has always wanted a property of his own. Now he has one, but not the way he planned.

LOUIS' parents, his seven-year-old sister, Ann, and two of her little girlfriends were drowned last May.

It was Mother's Day, and a 15ft. wall of water swept the Coles' car into a flooded creek at Marsden Park, N.S.W.

Now Louis is in charge of the family's 30-cow dairy farm on 33 acres at Box Hill, just out of Sydney. He has the responsibility of looking after his brothers, John, 17, and Bill, 15.

The job of being "man of the house" is sitting on Louis' shoulders now. It's a heavy load for his 20 years.

"I always wanted to get a property up in Queensland or in north-west New South Wales," said Louis. "Nothing big, mind you, but something I could build up."

At the time of the accident he was in Queensland on a Bundaberg sugar plantation and he hurried home. John gave up his job as a panel-beater in a nearby centre; Bill kept his £7-a-week job in a Kellyville plant nursery.

For the first few difficult weeks after the accident, John quietly and automatically continued to run the farm.

"We were pretty shaken up," said Louis, "but young John really amazed me the way he just started organising things. He'd never been much on farming."

Louis is the farmer in the family. He went to Richmond High School and Hawkesbury Agricultural College, then worked as a field cadet on a sugar plantation in Queensland.

"I'd thought I'd save some money until I had enough to think about getting a place of my own," he said.

Now he's back on the farm where he grew up.

When photographer Ron Berg and I were there, a plough and an old horse stood near the peacefully grazing cows while overalls flapped on the clothes hoist.

There's a small corrugated-iron farmhouse with a TV antenna sitting on top.

It didn't look much different from the other farmhouses nestling in the countryside around Box Hill.

The boys' week starts at 6 a.m. each Monday, when Louis gets breakfast. Then it's out to bring the cows in for milking before Bill sets off for work.

"Young John here gets out in the frost with bare feet," said Louis, grinning at his brother. "He reckons there's no point in wearing shoes because his feet thaw out quicker, anyway."

As the day wears on there's the dairy shed with its two milking machines to be washed out and the cows to be put to graze.

Neighbors help

Local residents raised money for the boys, who bought a few more cows and traded in their old tractor on a shiny reconditioned one.

"She's a beauty," said Louis, climbing aboard. "Ploughs the field better and faster than the old one."

More work in the fields, calves to be bottle-fed, then home for lunch, usually chops.

"Louis does all the cooking," said John. "He's not bad, but he's not as good as Mum."

A kindly neighbor, Mrs. Brennan, who lives in a white - washed farmhouse down the road, pops in once or twice a week with a cake or tart and cleans the house. She also does the boys' washing and ironing.

About 3 p.m. the cows are milked again and transferred to another paddock.

"We move them in the morning, too," said John. "We put them in the lush paddock for about an hour."

Their cows give about 30 gallons of milk a day, which brings in about £20 a week.

"We're hoping to increase that soon," said Louis.

JOHN, 17, and LOUIS, 20, with the old mare, Dolly. "She eats as much as three cows," they say, "but she's our pet."

Then there's Dolly to be looked after, too. She's an old brown mare who has been with the Coles' for about 10 years.

"She's no use at all," said Louis. "She eats as much as three cows, but she's our pet."

As the boys work about the farm one of their four dogs is sure to trail them.

"They don't have any names," said John. "They were strays that wandered in and ended up staying."

At five o'clock Bill comes home to chop the wood and light the fire. After dinner (Louis cooks, John and Bill wash up) they all settle in front of the portable TV set in the kitchen.

"Dad's old mate drops in nearly every night," said Louis. "He sits around and chats and watches a bit of television, too."

The boys have an aunt and an uncle in a Sydney suburb who are on call in emergency.

"But we're managing O.K.," said Louis. "Everyone around here has been very good to us."

The boys don't go out very much.

"I occasionally go over to a mate's place for a day," said Louis, "but I haven't felt much like going out."

If John goes out for a day at weekends, Bill does his work on the farm.

The boys work well together, each doing his share. They have only vague plans for the future.

"We're only at the thinking stage," said Louis. "We thought we might open a mechanical-repairs shop in the old shed down the back. We built that for the cows to use on winter nights, but they didn't like it."

"Of course we still want to build the farm up a bit, too," put in John.

They grow cabbages and plan to plant more vegetables in spring.

"Just to feed us," John explained.

Bill doesn't mind helping on the farm, but he wants, some day, to grow exotic plants in his own nursery.

The three brothers are a team. Together they're learning to forget past sorrows and look toward the future.

THE COLES' farmhouse at Box Hill, N.S.W. The boys watch TV each night.

BILL, 15, at work in the Kellyville nursery.

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BY READERS WHO KNOW . . .

Homesickness

● Hundreds of letters, most of them from migrants, have arrived in reply to a New Australian reader, Mrs. C.F. (Vic.), who asked, "What is the cure for homesickness?" (The Australian Women's Weekly, June 27.)

WHAT CAN BE DONE ABOUT IT

HOPE

I HAVE KEPT homesickness at bay with **hope.** Hope that one day before I am too old I will have saved sufficient money to make that trip home.

I promised myself when I left England I would return for a visit in five years. However, raising five children hasn't left time to go about earning extra. Since our youngest started school I have been able to make a small start on the Trip Home fund, and hope to make it before the second five years have passed.

Mrs. G. Skelley, Koolomurt, Vic.

FORWARD

FIRST, DON'T COMPARE. This continually reminds you of all you have left behind.

Build up a solid group of friends. Be an auntie to their children and they will become aunts and uncles to yours.

Nostalgia is sure to creep in, but before the tears start to fall remember some of the not so good points—the agony of trying to walk through sloshy snow with aching-cold feet; two hours to do half an hour's journey through thick, choking fog. Remember a place that has no charm, such as running into Kings Cross Station—enough to turn my thoughts back to this beautiful sunny country.

You can't share experiences with old friends, but my new ones have been genuinely interested in my experiences in the Old Country.

Mrs. P. Adam, Henley Beach, S.A.

STUDY

MY SISTER AND I took elocution lessons to help us lose our Lancashire dialect. A dialect is almost as bad as a foreign accent in making the speaker feel conspicuous. Speech-training gave us added interest.

Although I was just a mill-hand by occupation, I began to study for a college degree in my spare time. Homesickness was returning in smaller spasms.

A cure will take time, but the sedatives to dull the homesickness are at hand. Go out of your way to talk to people and make friends and keep very busy.

Mrs. E. Pearson, Geelong, Vic.

INSIGHT

I FEEL GREAT SYMPATHY for English-speaking migrants, but what about the thousands of migrants from different countries, single people, men and women who are not only facing homesickness but the problems of language, habits, etc.? I am one of them and found that homesickness, apart from a very strong will, could be a great deal overcome with the help of the people who live in their own country.

If they would try to understand the newcomers better, help them in their problems, not laughing at their mistakes, or criticising their habits and customs, would this not help to overcome the sad disease called homesickness?

A few years ago I became engaged to an Australian strong in mind and body and intelligent. I loved him sincerely, but the engagement was broken off. Which were the faults he disliked in me most? My homesickness.

I remember how annoyed he was listening to episodes of my childhood, how irritated he was if I mentioned, "This music takes me back to my fatherland . . . this perfume to my country . . . this street to the little street of my village." He would not understand that he was the only person I could talk to about my country, my family, the sweetness of those memories.

I ask myself, how can you expect the average Australian to understand the homesickness of the New Australian who sits opposite him in the bus, in a restaurant, or in church? You must have suffered to understand others' sufferings.

L.V., Point Piper, N.S.W.

SPONSORS

SIX YEARS AGO we came to Australia. Last year, back in England, we found that we had remembered the best, forgotten the worst, and that with the movement of friends and relatives, of which we had no part and despite their welcome to us, it would take nearly as long to readjust to their circle as it had to get started in Australia.

Also we found that we had no desire to remain as part of the narrower way of life than we had grown to know in Australia.

Back home in Australia we are doing what we advise Mrs. C.F. and other homesick migrants to do—sponsoring and helping friends and relatives out here to join us.

"Two Ex-Poms," Kelmscott, W.A.

SELF-TRAINING

I AND MY HUSBAND, like thousands of Baltic State refugees, as displaced persons had no home to go to. Thanks to Australia we found a place to live in freedom and work in peace. For my husband Australia is the best country in the world. In 12 years, with little money, he built a successful business. He loves his people and his country, but does not get homesick.

In the first six years I cried every night from loneliness. What a horror it is not to be able to go home to your people! In time I worked out a few rules.

I trained myself to see and love the beauty of Australia, to enjoy the laughter of the kookaburra.

Next I worked out a new relationship with my faraway sister by writing her letters "everyday talk" style. She does the same. We write each other little "talks" like one can have with neighbors over the fence. We both feel as if we meet often.

I found an object to care for very much —my work in Sunday School. I organised a children's theatre, where I teach and produce children's plays in my native language and national traditions.

The loneliness and homesickness never will die in my heart, but I have achieved peace and ability to enjoy life in Australia.

Mrs. Ruta Dargas, Oyster Bay, N.S.W.

REMEMBER

I CURED MYSELF of homesickness by remembering. It is so easy to recall all the things, people, and places that we loved that we tend to forget all those parts of life which were not so pleasant. Those are the things I chose deliberately to remember.

In comparing them with the advantages which have come my way in our four years in Australia all the sting has gone out of my homesickness, and now I have become the lucky relation who is "having a lovely life in Australia."

There are times when the feeling of nostalgia is almost overpowering, of course. At those times pick out your worst enemy and look at it carefully. You'll heave a sigh of relief that you've left it forever. Mine was my neighbor's radio. Am I glad I'm 12,000 miles away from that!

"Ann Other," Elizabeth Grove, S.A.

COURAGE

MY ADVICE IS: Have courage—to burn your bridges behind you, **not** to long for former security and contentment; to cease enjoying your sorrow, to help and not hinder your mate's endeavors, to ask for God's help, and to have gratitude when you succeed. Keep trying, you'll win through.

Mrs. M.R. Capella, Qld.

ACCEPT

I SUPPOSE homesickness is like a stomach ulcer. You have to learn to live with it — without the benefits of modern medicine, too.

A visit home would help, but it's a struggle to get started in a new country, especially when a car and a refrigerator are more essential here. In England it was more likely to be a motor-bike and a meat-safe.

Even if special ships were chartered by migrants at a cheaper rate, how could the breadwinner give up his job, for, in my case, I cannot imagine leaving my husband behind for six months?

Mrs. D. Clarke, Modbury, S.A.

GIVE

I JOINED the Country Women's Association and since then have never looked back. Always a helping hand and one organisation leads to another. Don't just sit back, take a lead by being an office-bearer. You will find the Australian woman just as anxious to know about England, and there are always ready listeners to tales of "your country."

You and I and folk like us can **give.** I have now taken up an international contact —in Cornwall.

Mrs. R. Collins, Dartmoor, Vic.

JOIN

WE AND OUR SIX CHILDREN migrated from Holland four and half years ago. We were fully aware of the big step we were taking, what we gave up in coming out. We knew a little English, but still did not realise how different this part of the world was.

Homesickness is something that is deep inside yourself, always there. How wonderful would it be just to see a familiar face now and again, not to be jealous when one's friends talk about their mother who will visit them next week or all the arrangements for a family Christmas party.

But we can make the best of it. One can join the many organisations, one can make friends, and being a wife, mother, and housewife one can make one's family happy. That aching and longing is with most of the migrant women.

Mrs. P. Jongebreur, Coffs Harbor, N.S.W.

BLESSINGS

IF MRS. C.F. could say daily, "So many blessings are mine. Homesickness is the price I must pay for them," she might learn to live with her own special heartache.

"Another Woman," Lane Cove, N.S.W.

PROMISE

BEFORE I LEFT SCOTLAND I made a solemn promise to write to my mother and sisters every week. This has helped me more than anything else.

It takes only four or five days for an air letter to reach here, so I know that only a few days ago the price of potatoes in Scotland rocketed. Every Monday I take time to answer their previous week's letter.

If you can afford it, at Christmas or birthdays, hire a tape-recorder and get the family around the mike to chat with folks in the Old Country. There might be a few tears shed, but don't be ashamed of that.

Mrs. M. Smith, Dandenong, Vic.

HAPPY

WE MIGRATED from Hungary to Australia in 1949. After 13 years here I have learnt to love this country. We have a good life, everything we need, and even more. As for material things we would never have acquired so much in Hungary. I never have homesickness for Hungary, because I know I can never go back.

But I would like to go back to Austria and see again the kind people who gave us shelter when we were poor refugees. I would also love to see West Germany again.

We are going as soon as our children leave home and will stand on their own feet. But I am sure we will be happy to come back home again, because Australia is the only place I could be homesick for.

"Old New Australian," Bendigo, Vic.

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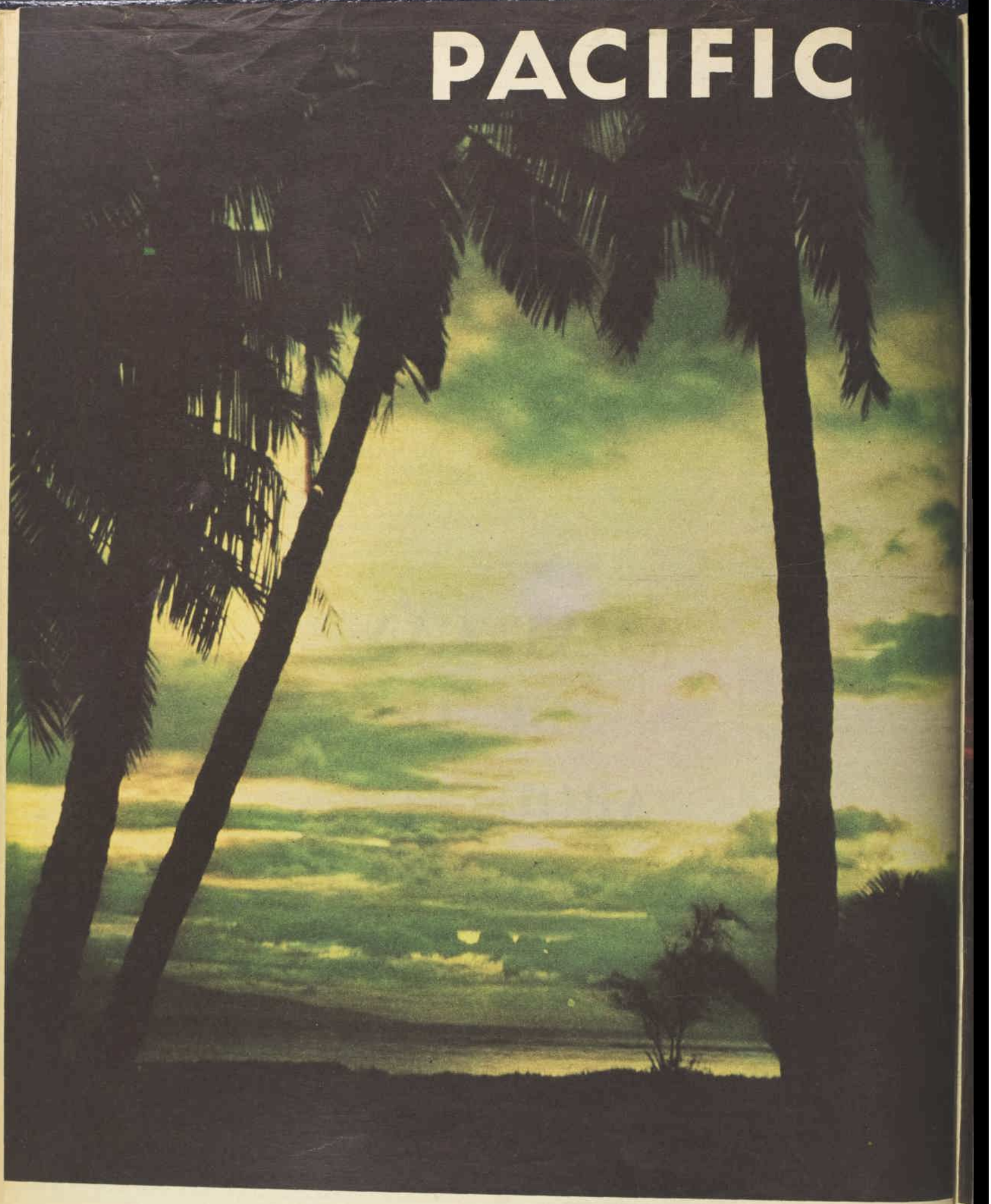
PACIFIC



First the sky turned GREEN

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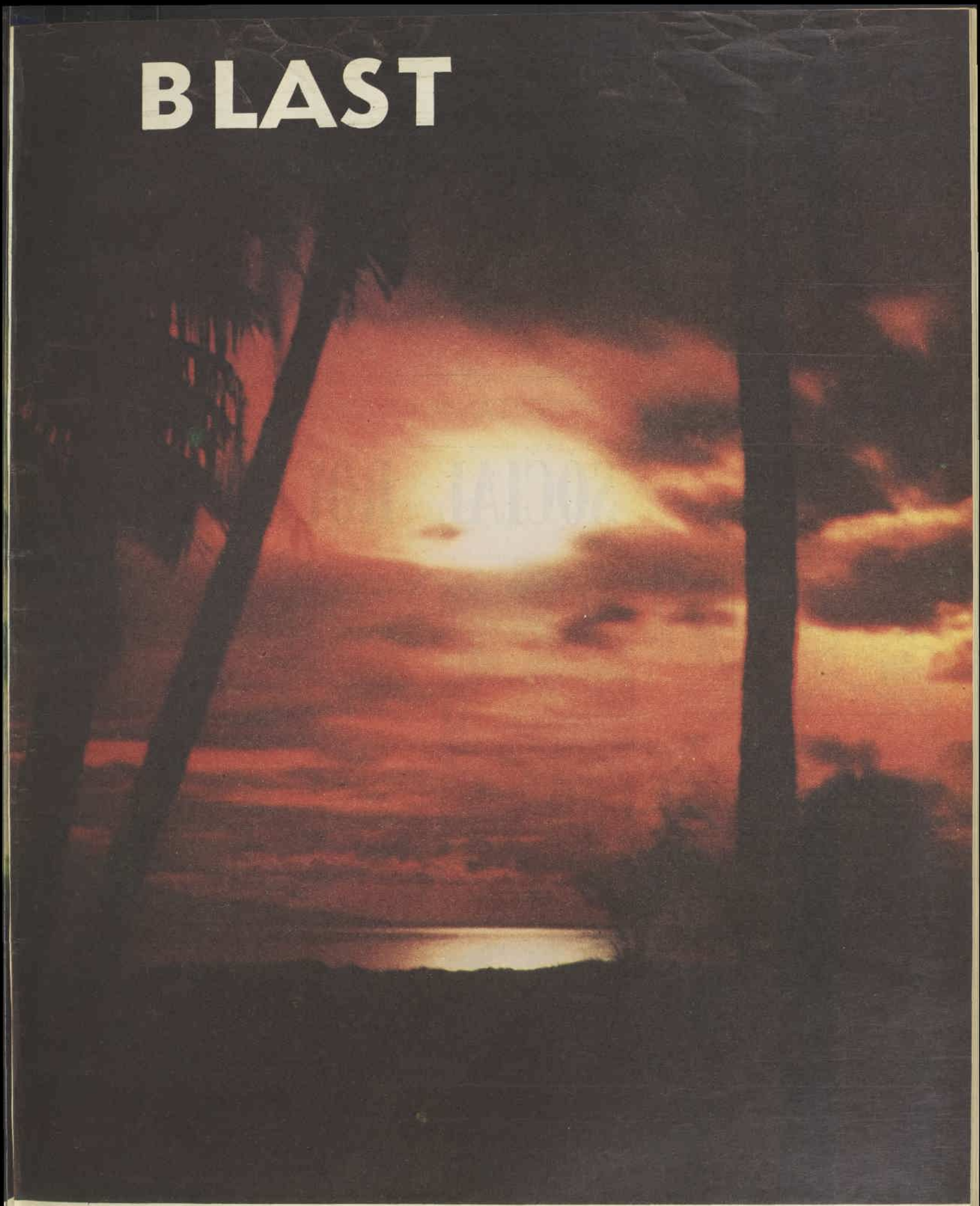
BLAST



. . . then RED

● Last week's great American H-bomb explosion, more than 200 miles above the Central Pacific, awesomely lit the night sky over Hawaii, 750 miles away. These, the first color pictures published in Australia, show how the sky at Honolulu turned green, then an angry red, with the moon shining through.

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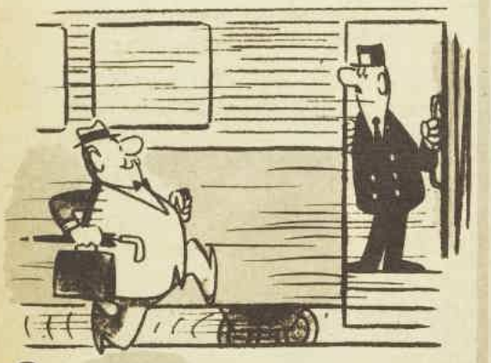
THE TRAIN THAT GOT AWAY

1



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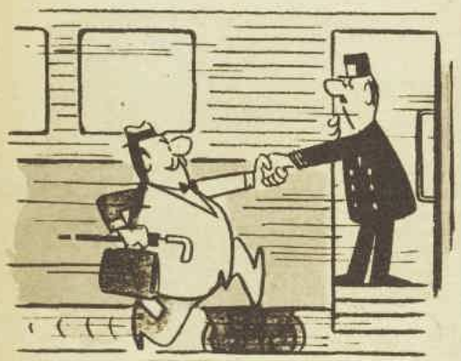

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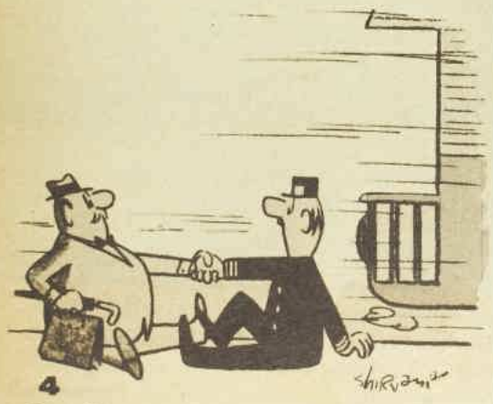

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BRILLIANT FUNCTION. Lieutenant Ross Bishop, R.A.N.R., and his wife (couple on the left), Miss Beverley Weir, and Miss Nancye Trundle (at right) at the Imperial Service Club Ball at the Trocadero.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

AT TROCADERO. Lieutenant John Barron with Miss Ann Boyton at the Imperial Service Club Ball. Miss Boyton wore turquoise Thai silk.

JUST WED. Mr. John Coombs and his bride, formerly Miss Janet Ashburner, leaving Riverview College Chapel. The bride is the only daughter of Mr. Justice Ashburner and Mrs. Ashburner, of Killara. The bridegroom is the eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Coombs, of Cremorne.

ST. MARK'S CHURCH, Darling Point, will be beautifully decorated by artistic trio Mrs. Lindsay Bell, Mrs. Geoffrey Gregory, and Mrs. Paul Jacklin on July 19 for the marriage of Carolyn Copeland and Neville Gentle.

Carolyn will be attended by Adrienne Hill, Margaret Coote, Mrs. Peter Vicars, Ann Adamson, and Mrs. Ian Phillips.

Peter Mathews will be best man and David McCathie, Bill Saunders, David Lynn, and Gary Seaton groomsmen.

After the ceremony Carolyn's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Copeland, will entertain at the Royal Sydney Golf Club before the young couple leave to honeymoon aboard a Queensland-bound cargo boat.

★ ★ ★

CAMELLIA lovers are looking forward to "talking shop" with Californian visitors Mr. and Mrs. Milo Rowell and Mr. and Mrs. David Feathers, who are arriving at the week-end for the Australian Camellia Research Society's show at the Blaxland Gallery from July 23 to July 25. Mr. Rowell, who will open the show, is a former director of the American Camellia Society. Mr. Feathers is one of the world's leading hybridists — and the first to develop a camellia with a really definite perfume. "It's called Fragrant Pink, and really lives up to its name with a lovely perfume," enthused Mr. Eric Craig, a committee member of the N.S.W. branch of the Society, who visited the Feathers' home at Lafayette, on the outskirts of San Francisco, a few months ago.

★ ★ ★ ★

TREMENDOUS thrill for keen young horsewoman Janet Thomas, of "Camaroo Park," Sutton Forest, on her return from abroad, was taking possession of Wealthy Lady, a blood-stock mare recently bought by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Thomas, as a birthday gift for her. First inkling of her gift was when she opened a letter aboard ship on her birthday and found a color picture of Wealthy Lady with love from her parents. Welcome-home parties for Janet include a cheery luncheon given by Mrs. John See at her lovely old home "Summerlees," Moss Vale.

FAMOUS conductor Willem van Otterloo will be guest of honor at a cocktail party given by the Consul-General for the Netherlands, Mr. Alex Laboyrie, and his wife at their home at Bellevue Hill on July 27. Also a guest at the party will be Mr. van Otterloo's twenty-year-old son, Rogier, touring Australia as secretary to his father, who is resident conductor of The Hague Philharmonic Orchestra. Rogier is an accomplished musician, too—but as a jazz man!

★ ★ ★

PRINCES will be transformed into "Sherwood Forest" on July 27 for the Robin Hood Committee's dinner dance for the New South Wales Association for Mental Health. "We want to capture the atmosphere of Merrie England in the 13th century, and hope that lots of guests will dress to suit the period," says the president, Mrs. Joy Alston. Committee members who'll be recognisable as well-known Sherwood Forest identities include Al Dickes — he's going to cut a dash as Robin Hood; George Hawkes will be Friar Tuck; and Nan Grover is going to dress as Maid Marian.

★ ★ ★

SOUVENIRS brought home from abroad by Mrs. Alan Beeman, of Roseville, and her daughter Lynnette include the memory of seeing Elizabeth Taylor in Rome. She crossed their path walking down Via Vittorio Veneto casually dressed for a Sunday afternoon outing in skin-tight black leather slacks and high-heeled black kid "cowgirl" boots! And, dining at Angelino's — a currently favorite restaurant in Rome — Lynnette met Rex Harrison, who plays Caesar in the Cleopatra film. He autographed a menu for her.

★ ★ ★

RITZIEST outfit at the dinner party given by Joi and Cook Rudwick at their home at Roseville last week was worn by their Australian terrier Kandy! She was in a sequin-trimmed green-and-gold French wool brocade gold lame ruffled coat. "Kandy always wears a warm jacket in winter, and as she loves parties I made her this one for formal evening wear," Joi explained.

—*MARY COLES*

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ON THE SNOWFIELDS

FAMILY OF SKIERS. Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Dusseldorp are holidaying with their children at Thredbo Village. Above (from left) are Miss Lenneke Dusseldorp, her brothers, Wouter and Tjerk, Karin, Mrs. Dusseldorp, and Christine, pictured on Crackenback Peak.

CHECKING SKI BINDINGS. From left, Mr. John Thomas, of Pennant Hills, Miss Margaret Bond, of Mosman, Miss Gay Skarratt, of Woollahra, and Mr. Peter Bannister, of Bellevue Hill, making ready for a fast downhill run from Crackenback Mountain to Thredbo Village.

AT RIGHT, Captain and Mrs. John Rowe, of Canberra (couple on left), with Miss Tweed Walton, of St. Ives, and Mr. Germaine Dattman, of Pymble, on the top of the T-Bar Ski tow at Perisher Valley.

● With winter nearing its peak, snow-sports enthusiasts are flocking to skiing resorts in the Australian Alps. These pictures of holiday-makers at Thredbo Village and in the Perisher Valley were taken by Douglass Baglin.

BELOW: From left, Mr. Ted Pain, of Greenwich, the Hon. Fiona Corbett, Mr. and Mrs. Karl Nevalaplik, Mrs. Ted Pain, and Miss Frances Dumaresq, of "Mt. Ireh," Longford, Tasmania, chatting over drinks at "Sasha's Lodge." Miss Corbett is the daughter of the Governor of Tasmania, Lord Rowallan, and Lady Rowallan.

ABOVE: Miss Catherine Ferguson, of "Myalla," Cooma, and Miss Deidre Campbell, of "Cambalong," Bombala (on the right), setting off from "Sundeck" ski lodge for a tour of Perisher Valley.

AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Brent Horton, of Bellevue Hill (couple in centre), with recently married Lieutenant Matthew Taylor, R.A.N., and his bride, formerly Miss Kathy Murrell, who have been honeymooning in the Perisher Valley.

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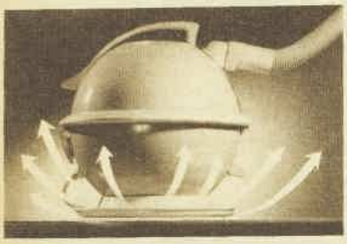

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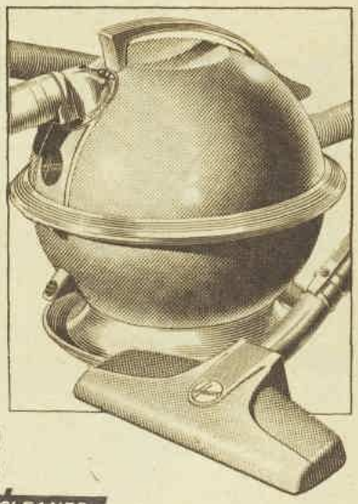

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FATHER

"I want to get an early train—think I'll skip breakfast this morning."

MOTHER

"JIMMY!!"

It seems to me

By

THE invitation to the opening of the new Potts Point Post Office was rather special.

Most invitations addressed to me at the office are really for the paper. But this one, which arrived at home, complete with all three initials, was, so I discovered through a grapevine, sent to me as a Resident.

I didn't allow myself to be too overcome with pride. The paper, naturally, was a factor. Without its background I would not be gadding about to Post Office openings.

Also, there was a slight tinge of regret. Long ago it had been my ambition never to settle anywhere long enough to become a Resident. But what happened is what always happens in life.

You buy yourself a piece of carpet and a chair. You move from Furnished to Unfurnished and you're gradually enmeshed in possessions. And then eventually you are, willy-nilly, a Resident.

★ ★ ★

THERE was the problem of what to wear. Not a ball-gown, since the ceremony was 10 a.m. But it seemed to call for a hat.

"Naturally!" you may say, "A hat at a Post Office opening."

But at Kings Cross (which is near enough to Potts Point or vice versa — the geographical distinction is vague) there are local conventions of dress — which favor the casual.

And, as everyone knows, conventions can apply as rigidly to informality as to formality.

However, I wore the hat, which proved to be right.

There were speeches, a ribbon was cut, and then we all had a nice hot cup of tea and admired the building.

Someone described the architecture as a little austere, but personally I liked it. A Post Office is a Post Office, not a fun parlor, and this one, with its muted colors, looked just right to me—speaking as a Resident.

★ ★ ★

HARKING back to that hat problem mentioned above, if wigs ever come down to a reasonable price the millinery trade might benefit.

At present you wear either your hat or your hair. If you've spent an hour and a half having your hair washed, rolled, dried, and teased out into an improbable but fashionable shape, you are very reluctant to put a hat on it.

What a comfort a wig would be. Such bliss to leave your hair at the hairdressers and call for it after lunch.

Those available are dear—around £80 for the first-class jobs.

If they ever come down to a normal budget figure, I think they'll catch on like a bushfire.

"LOOK at this for a new word," someone said, showing me a letter telling of the activities of "freshettes" at a Sydney college.

"Freshettes" are female freshers.

If you were taught (as I was) to avoid feminine endings to such words as author and poet, you'll be interested to look up what Fowler has to say on the subject in his "Modern English Usage."

He comes out strongly on the side of "authoress and poetess," saying: "Any word that does the work of two or more by packing several notions into one is a gain."

Women, Fowler claims, have themselves hindered the use of these feminine forms.

"The authoress, the poetess, the painteress," he writes, "take exception to the indication of sex . . . They regard the distinction as derogatory . . .

"But," he continues triumphantly, "if there is one profession in which more than in others the woman is man's equal it is acting; and the actress is not known to resent the indication of her sex; the proof of real equality will not be the banishment of authoress as a degrading title, but its establishment on a level with author."

I don't know whether Fowler would have approved the actual word "freshettes," but he would certainly applaud the intention.

★ ★ ★

THERE have been so many fights in Civil Service offices in London between people who like fresh air and those who want windows closed that the Civil Service Board has made a ruling: At 11 a.m., 3 p.m., and 5 p.m. all office windows are opened for ten minutes. Anyone who can't bear it is allowed to stand in the corridor.

Fred and Flo on the clerical staff
Both met at work and wed.
He fell in love with her silvery laugh
Or that was what he said.
The years went on, like the flight of a bird
Their little family grew,
And in time, with never an angry word,
These raised some offspring, too.
They lived their life in such striking bliss
That people yearned to know
Whatever the secret was of this—
The peace of Fred and Flo.
And Fred, at last, revealed the truth
(It caused Flo's only frown),
"We found," he said, "when we met in youth,
"That we both liked windows down."

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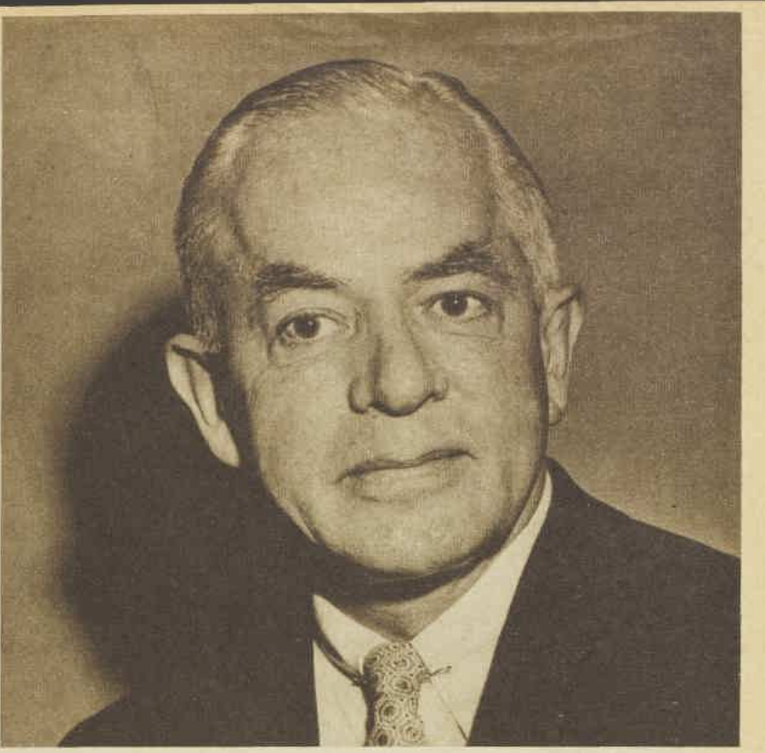
Dr. Mayo makes a sentimental journey to Australia

By ROBERT FELDMAN, of our New York staff

● America's leading medical authority, Dr. Charles Mayo, modestly hopes to learn more from Australians than he can teach them during his visit in September.



DR. CHARLES ("CHUCK") MAYO, 63, celebrated son of a celebrated U.S. medical family and head of the Mayo Clinic.

HEAD of the celebrated Mayo Clinic, he is planning to visit Australia, New Zealand, and New Guinea on a Fulbright grant.

"Dr. Chuck" (as he likes to be called) will spend six weeks from September 10 studying postgraduate medical education as guest of the University of Sydney.

Accompanied by his wife ("I am still not old enough to be trusted away without her," he joked), he will visit Canberra, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Brisbane. But he is 63 and Mrs. Mayo has been trusting him for 35 years.

He will lecture at seven different universities, and, when not explaining the "Mayo system," will study Australian medical education for a report to U.S. universities.

Dr. Chuck has great respect for Australian medicine, based on his observation of dozens of Australians who have worked and studied with him at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, in the corn country 75 miles from Minneapolis.

The Mayo Clinic, which local wags call "The Body Works," dominates the town.

Though the town itself has an indigenous population of only 30,000, its transient population totals more than 200,000 distressed souls a year — the sick (many of them hopeless cases) and their relatives.

Dr. Chuck is a trim man with white hair, the good looks of TV's Dr. Gillespie, and a reassuring, charming manner worth a ton of tranquillisers to patients.

He is the son of Charles Mayo — "Dr. Charlie" — one of the two brothers who made the Mayo Clinic famous. A series of family tragedies left him head of the medical Mayo clan.

How it began

Dr. Chuck's grandfather opened a practice "over Poole's drugstore" in Rochester in the 1880s. A framed prescription on the desk of today's Dr. Mayo reads: "Black cherry bark, prickly ash, angelica root, bloodroot, sulphur, and brandy — use one-half wine glass."

In 1889 the Sisters of St. Francis opened a hospital nearby, and insisted that all their patients had to be seen by one of the Doctors Mayo, who by then included grandfather W. W. Mayo's two sons, Will and Charlie.

Will became principally an abdominal surgeon, while Charlie handled eyes, ears, noses, throats, bones, joints, brains, nerves, and glands.

Said Will: "Charlie drove me down and down until I reached the belly."

The Mayos were joined by Henry Plummer, who began the meticulous systems of organisation and specialisation that have since become the Mayo trademark.

Will and Charlie Mayo were successively elected president of the American Medical Association. By the thousands, the sick began to beat a path to their door.

When one distinguished British patient arrived for treatment, the Mayos put him up in their own home.

His Lordship put his shoes outside his bedroom door at night, expecting a servant to polish them. Dr. Charlie, president of the A.M.A. and one of the world's leading surgeons, cleaned them himself.

After a few mornings of this, Charlie woke up young Chuck and said: "Here, it's your turn."

From shining shoes and dissecting stray cats, Chuck went to Princeton University in the 1920s. On an ocean trip he met dancer Marilyn Miller and considered asking her to marry him.

His mother advised him: "You'll have to decide whether you want to be 'Dr. Mayo' or 'Mr. Miller'."

But when he met Alice Plank at a society affair, Marilyn had had it. Alice, a lovely and lively 19-year-old art student, visited Mrs. Mayo, who warned her: "The clinic must always come first. Then Charles. Then your children."

Chuck spent a year out of medical school with rheumatic fever, and thinks it was the most valuable experience of his life.

"Every doctor ought to be sick early in his career," he said. "I'd like to see every young doctor feel pain."

Dr. Chuck thinks the most interesting operation was one performed by his father on a woman who had lost her voice.

Careful diagnosis showed nothing organically wrong. She was put under anesthesia, and as she was waking up Dr. Charlie scratched her throat. She got her voice back.

When she was going home she was told exactly what her "operation" was.

"Doctor Mayo," she said (in excellent voice), "I think that is a very silly operation."

He replied: "Yes, but we always do silly operations for silly diseases."

In the war Chuck joined the U.S. Army Medical Corps and built and ran jungle hospitals in the Philippines and New Guinea. He visited Australia in 1942 on his way to Lae and Finschhafen, where he bulldozed and built two huge hospitals that thousands of American and Anzac soldiers will be eternally grateful for.

War memories

On this 1962 trip he and Mrs. Mayo will make a sentimental journey to the sites of these hospitals.

"I want to see how much the jungle took over," he told me, "and I want to stand where the surgery ward used to be and just close my eyes for a while."

Normally, in Rochester, Dr. Chuck performs between four and eight operations a day. There are about 1000 doctors in the place, and, in the words of expert observers, "specialties within specialties within specialties."

The Mayos insist that this so-called "group medicine" does not affect the essential doctor-patient relationship which American practitioners in particular hold so sacred —and which reaches its consummation at the Mayo Clinic. The patient, not the doctor or research, always comes first.

This concept — along with the catch-phrase "socialised medicine"—is the battle standard that the American Medical Association, of which Dr. Chuck Mayo is a pillar, has raised in its war against President Kennedy's proposed "medicare" health scheme for the aged.

During his visit, Dr. Chuck will see not only Australia's system of graduate medical education but its compromise with the "mass medicine" he deplores.

Chuck and Alice Mayo live at "Mayowood," 1600 acres of estate, dairy farm, and trees, with the 30-room mansion overlooking a spectacular tributary of the Mississippi.

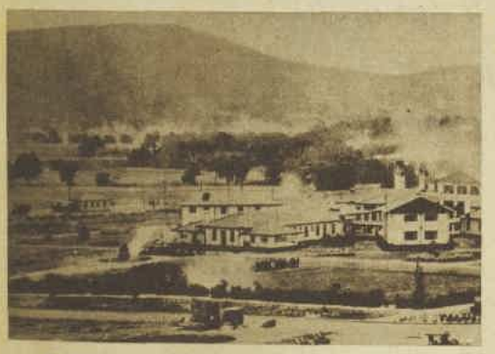
Japanese deer, imported by Chuck's father, roam the grounds.

Road signs read: "Deer Crossing — Caution." This is a standing Mayo double-entendre joke: so many of the local deer have got over the fence that the breed is not so Japanese any more.

The Mayos have six children — a daughter, Muff, who lives in Mexico with her husband; Charlie, a recently graduated doctor just flexing his wings at the clinic; Ned; Joe; Maria, who is married to Dr. Donald Sones, a Mayo Foundation fellow; and Alex, 18, who still lives with his parents.

Dr. Chuck goes to bed at 9.30 most nights, because he does his operations early in the morning. He has apologetically walked out on maharajahs and other dismayed guests to turn in early.

"I'll have no operations to do in Australia, I hope," he told me on the telephone from Minnesota the other day. The sound that followed seemed like a yawn.



● Pictures taken from Commonwealth Avenue in 1927 (above) and recently.

CITY OF THREE MILLION TREES

CANBERRA is renowned for the beauty of its 3,000,000 trees. The autumn glory of American pin oaks, golden poplars, and liquid-ambar vies in splendor with the flowering prunus and apple and peach blossom of springtime.

Yet 50 years ago there was hardly a tree to be seen in what is now the centre of the city.

Professor Lindsay Pryor, Professor of Botany at the Australian National University, has written a book describing the 133 varieties which have transformed the capital into a city of trees.

A former Director of Parks and Gardens, Professor Pryor was in charge of the Yarralumla Nursery, which has provided 100,000 saplings annually over the past several years to beautify the city.

"Trees in Canberra," published by the Department of the Interior (available from the Canberra Tourist Bureau, price 19/6, post free), is also a handy guide for a botanical tour of the city, and a reference book for gardeners.

It contains a street tree index identifying each of the species planted in Canberra, street by street.

Planting began in 1915 after early experiments to find suitable types to withstand the heavy winter frosts, the dry winds and high summer temperatures, the low average rainfall of 23 inches, and the rather high soil acidity.

Professor Pryor and his predecessors combed the world to find the immense variety.

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No Hollywood star ever faced such extreme close-ups as *you* face every day . . . nobody was ever on stage so long! Will the face you turn to your fans be flawless? Yes — if you use gentle, mild, creamy-smooth Lux Toilet Soap. This is the soap of the Hollywood stars, the soap with the rich lather that beautifies and purifies — leaving your skin so lovely to look at . . . so lovely to touch. No other soap can match the purity of Lux — no wonder it's the choice of 9 out of 10 glamorous stars. *And you . . .*

In four pastel shades and white

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Now, an hour of "Gunsmoke"

● In the U.S. Senate recently a representative from Kansas, making a stirring speech about America's famous West, named Wyatt Earp, Bat Masterson, and Matt Dillon as among the great lawmen of the era.

WHEN the opposition, interjecting, mentioned that Matt Dillon is merely a fictional character played by James Arness in a TV series called "Gunsmoke," the senator from Kansas was undeterred.

"Does any man in this august body have the courage to state to his children or grandchildren that Matt Dillon never existed?" he demanded, and went on with his speech uninterrupted.

It's a wonderful story, I think, and true, and shows that you can never underestimate the power of television—and "Gunsmoke."

"Gunsmoke" has always been No. 1 Western in America; its popularity has never flagged. The TV story in Australia is exactly the same.

It should be more popular than ever when "Gunsmoke" starts in its new form on Channel 9 on Tuesday, July 24, at 7.30 p.m., lasting an hour.

Producer of the show Norman Macdonnell says: "Expanding 'Gunsmoke' to a full hour allows us more time to develop the plot and characters, and gives the show new scope.

"We can now spend more time on various key people, letting them get involved in situations, problems, and events which would not have been possible in the 30-minute version."

Those key characters producer Macdonnell mentions are all back—Matt Dillon (James Arness), his sidekick, limping Chester (Dennis Weaver), "Doc" (Milburn Stone), and red-haired Miss Kitty (Amanda Blake), the intriguing part-owner of the Long Branch Saloon.

Chester was the big question-mark when the new series was planned.

Dennis Weaver decided he had become too identified in the role and planned to produce his own variety show in which he would both sing and dance.

He did actually leave the "Gunsmoke" cast and try the new variety show, but, happily for televiewers, he didn't like it, and, after reading some of the new 60-minute scripts, limped back at the double into his role of Chester.

As Doc Adams in "Gunsmoke," Milburn Stone had a rather gruesome honor bestowed on him just before the long version started—he was made an honorary coroner.

The American Coroners' Association, who made the award, sent him a handsome scroll for his office.

"The Coroners' Association figured I was doing such a good job of tending to the deceased cowpokes on our series that they made me an honorary member," said Doc. "It sort of touches me in the heart."

What interests me is the new situations that are going to occur in "Gunsmoke" in its new length.

I hear that Chester falls in love, still makes the same old bitter brew of coffee (diagnosed by Doc as worse than some of his medicine); Doc nearly gets himself killed; and that Miss Kitty and Matt get even more that way about each other than they've been for the past seven years.

Whatever comes, I feel confident that "Gunsmoke" will live up to its old and excellent standard.

I go so far as to name it the best series show of any type, American or British, on TV.

● Stars of "Gunsmoke," TV's top Western: Dennis Weaver (left) as Chester and James Arness as Marshal Matt Dillon.

New Films

With Miriam Fowler

★★★ Excellent ★★ Above average
★ Average No star — poor

★★★ EXODUS

Otto Preminger's absorbing three-and-a-half-hour marathon gives a comprehensive, colorful coverage of the Jewish post-war "exodus" to Palestine.

The plot is so rushed in spots that it is a little confusing.

Beginning with a mass Zionist escape from British detention camps on Cyprus, the story moves to Jewish guerrilla skirmishes in Palestine and conflict with Arabs.

In leading the mass escape, Paul Newman conveys a quiet vitality that makes him a modern Moses. His commando exploits kindle romance in Eva Marie Saint, a Gentile.—**Paris, Sydney.**

In a word . . . ALIVE.

★★ PARIS BLUES

With exciting guest-star sessions of Louis Armstrong and his trumpet, the jazz theme running through this drama will delight fans. The romantic plot is engaging but slight.—**Regent, Sydney.**

In a word . . . SWINGING.

★★ MR. HOBBS TAKES A VACATION

Jimmy Stewart turns effortless comic in this family comedy. Bullied into a family holiday by his wife, Maureen O'Hara, Jimmy is swamped with chaffing sons, daughters, and grandchildren at a dilapidated seaside hideaway. Humorous action is highlighted by a farcical bird-watching jaunt and a teenage dance.—**Century, Sydney.**

In a word . . . TICKLISH.

★ THE UNFAITHFULS

Uppercrust carryings-on in Rome, the wrongful arrest of a serving-girl, and blackmail are thrown together in a weak attempt at sensationalism. This unmoving drama attempts, but fails, to ride the "Dolce Vita" scandal wave. Gina Lollobrigida makes the most of her minor featured role.—**Capitol, Sydney.**

In a word . . . SORDID.

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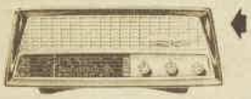

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GO REFRESHED!

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SCRUFFY

Second instalment of our hilarious serial

By PAUL GALLICO

ONE August day in 1939, CAPTAIN TIMOTHY BAILEY, Officer-in-Charge of Apes, was busily compiling a list of urgently wanted supplies for the Barbary apes, who, since 1763, have roamed freely round Gibraltar. The legend is that if the apes disappear or die, then the British would have to leave the Rock. Bailey's chances of getting his list approved were slight, and when GUNNER LOVEJOY, Keeper of the Apes, reported that SCRUFFY, the ugliest and bad-tempered leader of the pack, had gone on another rampage, the cost of which would be more than a hundred pounds—restoring tourists' damaged possessions—Bailey knew trouble was ahead.

When BRIGADIER GASKELL received the complaints, his temper flared beyond control and he ordered Tim to be more like his predecessors, who presented a report once only, every six months, and in future Tim would have to pay for any damage out of his own pay.

Completely despondent, Tim went up to the apes' playground and found himself joined by Scruffy. Even though he was the main source of Tim's troubles, he could not help giving him a nut—whereupon Scruffy, in his usual evil way, bit Tim's hand.

It is then Tim realises a girl has been watching them, as she comes over and bandages his hand, introducing herself as FELICITY FRENCH, the daughter of ADMIRAL FRENCH. He tells her all his troubles, and Felicity, in her turn, thinks about him so much she absentmindedly nearly knocks down a pedestrian, ALFONSO T. RAMIREZ, while driving home. She informs her mother, LADY FRENCH, she has just met a man she might marry, but Lady French is horrified, as Tim is in the Army, not the Navy. NOW READ ON:

INFURIATED by having been laughed at by a young English girl as well as shaken by this narrow escape, Mr. Ramirez had felt the need of a drink and continued on his way to a pub, the Admiral Nelson, where he often stopped for a beer on his way home, there to encounter his second humiliation of the day.

It was always a lonely beer he had in the Admiral Nelson, since no one ever asked him to join up or opened conversation with him. Even strangers who came into the pub in search of companionship as well as drink would not bother to pass the time of day with the unprepossessing little man with the thick lenses, pasty, unhealthy-looking skin, squat body, and shoe-brush haircut.

It was about his usual hour, just past six o'clock, when Ramirez entered the bar, which had not yet begun to fill up, although at one end he saw Gunner Lovejoy.

Ramirez knew the Gunner by sight. Everyone on the Rock knew Gunner Lovejoy, Keeper of the Apes. The Gunner, on the other hand, particularly when he was having a drink, saw no one.

This particular evening Ramirez felt the need of some kind of companionship or human contact to the point where, unfortunately, he chose to force himself upon the Gunner, who was on his third Monkey Juice, a revolting potion he had invented himself. It was stout, laced with a dash of lime juice.

As Ramirez entered, Lovejoy turned his head at the noise to see who had arrived, looked directly at and through Ramirez as though he were not there, although they had both been frequenting the same bar at the same hour for years.

Lovejoy had already turned away when Ramirez spoke to the sun-tanned area that was the back of the Gunner's neck between the collar of his tunic and his Artilleryman's cap.

"Would you care to have a drink, Sergeant?" he asked politely.

Lovejoy, who was neither a sergeant nor a bombardier but a plain gunner, turned slowly, hesitated, but only for a moment. The hesitation had been caused by the fact that he was thirsty, he was alone, pay day was two days away, and a free drink was a free drink.

But as he looked Ramirez up and down he was unable to keep his lip from curling or the expression upon his face as of one looking at a toad. It was an expression which Gunner Lovejoy reserved in general for civilians, but this man actually resembled that unhappy amphibian.

Lovejoy wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and replied, "I never drink with civilians," turned his back, pulled his last half-crown from his pocket, slapped it on to the bar, and said, "Another of the same, Joe," and thereby drove another nail into what might become the coffin of the British Empire.

That day Alfonso T. Ramirez, having been almost run down and killed and then laughed at by the rich daughter of the English, had now been spurned by the poorest of the same nation and the lowest in grade of service. The little mouth again formed into a small and angry "o" and he turned, went out of the bar, and set off to keep his appointment with the ultimate encounter of the day.

Mr. Ramirez, who was some forty years of age and an expert employed in the Optical Repairs Department of the Navy Yard, where he engaged upon the finest and most delicate precision work on range-finders, telescopes, etc., was the possessor of two secrets, one of them safely and securely buried, the other unfortunately somewhat more vulnerable.

To page 56

"Give me back my hair," Ramirez yelled as Scruffy eyed his prize.

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CHERISHED AS ONE OF THE WORLD'S SEVEN GREAT FRAGRANCES

Worth Reporting

PERTH girl Sandra Pearson not only wore a film-star wedding gown when she married recently. She had a film-star send-off, too.

"There were so many people at the gate," said Sandra's mother, Mrs. H. W. Pearson, of Carlisle, W.A., "that Sandra could hardly get out of the house and into the bridal car."

At the church were two people who had helped to give Sandra her exciting wedding day — her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Pearson, of Victoria Park, W.A., whose love story won Sandra's wedding dress and sent Sandra and her husband, George Etheridge, of Albany, W.A., on a honeymoon at Hayman Island.

(Mrs. Pearson won our Wedding Dress Contest this year with her story of how she and her husband first met and fell in love. Her prize was the wedding dress worn by Debbie Reynolds in the Paramount film "The Pleasure of His Company" and the honeymoon-for-two at Hayman Island.)

Wedding plans were for September, but with no wedding dress and honeymoon financing to be considered Sandra decided on a June wedding. And George bought a new tractor.

He has land at Albany, and hopes to be a full-time farmer. At present he is a bulldozer contractor.

NEWLYWEDS Mr. and Mrs. George ***Etheridge and her grandmother, Mrs. Pearson, who won the wedding dress for her.***

"Man of the Year"

THE "Man of the Year" in the western region of the U.S.A. and Canada is—dinkum—a lady.

Anita Loeber (above) is a management analyst, working with electronic computers to streamline management procedures in the Los Angeles County Administration.

She was given the title by the System and Procedures Association, an international group of leading businessmen.

"It was the only title they had," Miss Loeber told us. "I guess nobody expected a woman to win it."

Before working in Los Angeles county, Miss Loeber was with the U.S. State Department in Europe and South America.

It was her first job after graduating from the University of Southern California with a B.Sc. degree in Public Administration.

What about streamlining housekeeping procedures?

"It can't be done," Miss Loeber laughed. "If you don't give the turkey a full three hours in the oven it won't be cooked.

"Housework can be improved, though," she said. "You can always get a man in to clean the windows."

Mother is author now

WHEN Margaret Newstead's book "In Good Hands" was being published in London, Australian artist Romela Clifton was living just round the corner from Harrap's publishing house.

"Mr. George Harrap knew I wanted Romela to do the illustrations," Margaret told us. "He arranged for a proof to be sent to her and we left it to her to do as she liked."

Romela, who won the 1960 Helena Rubinstein art prize, is Margaret's lifelong friend.

Margaret belongs to Perth (her paternal grandfather was Sir Robert McMillan, Chief Justice of W.A.), but she now lives at the Amberley R.A.A.F. Base, near Brisbane, where her husband is a Wing-Commander.

"In Good Hands" is based on Mrs. Newstead's experiences in the W.A. bush and is dedicated to Miss D. Austin, her teacher at the Burgess Siding State School.

The story is about two capable teenage boys, named after her own sons, Peter, 18, and Richard, 16.

"All items in the book have a grain of truth in them, but I am NOT the mother in the book," said Margaret. "She had to be quite a foolish woman, to allow the plot to develop."

Mrs. Newstead wrote the novel two years ago and entered it in the Adelaide Arts Festival, but had no luck there, although she was approached by a publishing firm soon afterwards. The book is distributed by Rigby's, of Adelaide.

● *Margaret Newstead*

THE Duke of Bedford is going to take in lodgers (perhaps "paying guests" would be kinder) at Woburn Abbey, his stately home in Bedfordshire.

Guests, eight at a time, will spend the evening with the Duke and his family, dine off golden plates, and share the ducal cup of cocoa at bedtime — for £55 sterling a night.

A sort of well-bred and breakfast?

Cool, dog, cool!

CHESTER, two-year-old part collie, part pekingese, of Dallas, Texas, U.S.A., has an air-conditioner in his kennel (above). His owners, Mr. and Mrs. A. Cheney, want him to be more comfortable in summer.

We rang various air-conditioning people here, but none had ever had a request for anything like that. But it could be done, we were told. Average price for a small room-conditioner is about £225.

One veterinary surgeon thought it was a good idea.

"There's no reason why a dog shouldn't have the same comforts as a human," he said. "If people have the money they may as well spend it on that as on anything else."

But another vet was aghast.

"Nonsense," he said. "Dogs are by nature adaptable to climate conditions. Humans would be, too, if they hadn't become softened by over-civilisation."

With a hangdog expression we reached out and turned off the office air-conditioner . . .

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Their happiness was at stake . . . a romantic story

Taking a chance on love

By Mary James

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

DRIVING to the Parkinsons they did not say a word to each other. Time enough later on, reflected Paula wryly, for them to say their thoughts aloud. She scarcely dared to look at Andrew, knowing that the very sight of his severe familiar profile would be enough to melt the resolution that was shaping in her mind. She loved him, and perhaps for quite some time after the "break" she would go on loving him, achingly, unhappily, but time would . . . What was it that time was supposed to do to a broken love affair?

Just before they reached the Parkinsons' house, where the party was being held, Andrew broke the silence.

"You'll like them — they've been friends of mine for years," he said.

Paula answered a little too brightly: "I'm sure I will! We're there, are we? Oh, what a lovely house!"

Andrew introduced her as his fiancee. She could detect the avid interest and speculation she aroused as she went from group to group at Andrew's side. She knew how much gossip her weekend visit had aroused: "Five years a widower and now Andrew Campion is getting married again. It's a good thing, isn't it? I mean, considering . . ."

Considering? That meant Andrew's child Benjy. Whenever Paula remembered him her heart and emotions were tangled up in a knot of despair. Those enormous dark eyes that watched her, the firm, resolute little mouth, the mumbling little voice breaking off in a smothered nervous giggle. There was no getting away from Benjy and he was the last person in the world she wanted to think about during the few hours that she spent at the Parkinsons'.

Early on during the evening, Andrew dragged her over to a corner to meet a small vivacious woman whom Paula already recognised as her hostess, Minna Parkinson. As she had known she would, Minna at once brought up the subject of Benjy.

"He's a nice little kid," she said, her eyes resting on Paula longer than was necessary.

"I know," answered Paula, smiling, and her face was stiff with insincerity.

Minna's voice lowered. "Of course, he's terribly spoilt . . ."

"I wouldn't . . ." Paula was beginning, but under the other woman's calm gaze she changed her mind, shrugged faintly and drawled: "I suppose so. I'm not really used to children, you know."

Minna warned: "He's a handful. You'll need to keep a tight rein on him or he'll run wild all over the place."

Andrew returned at that moment and caught the drift of the conversation. "He's not a bad kid," he said cheerfully.

Minna laid her hand for a moment on his arm. "He's a dreadful child, Andrew, and it's high time someone else had a hand in his upbringing after undiluted Father and Mrs. Honey. I only hope Paula is going to be sensible about it . . ." She drifted away to talk to some other friends and Andrew and Paula were left alone. She did not look at him, and she was reasonably sure that he was not looking at her either.

"I'd like to leave soon," she murmured.

"Me, too." He took her hand, and his fingers laced though hers. The sensation she had was like being torn in two. Andy, oh, Andy!

The countryside lay in an undisturbed scented sleep. When Andrew switched off the engine of the car and the headlights, the darkness enclosed them in a tight little privacy that was momentarily disconcerting.

Paula fumbled at the door. "Let's get out and walk about a bit," she suggested.

He pulled her back. "We've got to talk," he

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"I love you so much," Paula whispered as Andrew enfolded her in his arms.

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PF27

Continuing . . .

TAKING A CHANCE ON LOVE

from page 19

said roughly. She waited, hands clasped tightly together in her lap. She did not want to make an opening, wanted him to make the first move.

"You don't like Benjy, do you?" He asked the question quietly, not really a question, she thought afterwards, but a flat, unquestionable statement.

He waited for her response, but she was still silent. He went on half impatiently: "And, of course, I suspect that he doesn't like you." He took out his cigarettes, offering her one, which she refused with a shake of her head. He lit one for himself before he continued: "It's pretty hopeless, isn't it, darling?"

She made a mute gesture with her hands. "Yes, Andrew, I suppose it is," she whispered.

She saw his cigarette glowing brightly as he drew on it with a deep intake of breath. Still he did not touch her. "But I'm not letting you go, my angel. You needn't think that for one moment," he said firmly. She turned her head to look at him and saw that he was smiling, his dark eyes brilliant with determination.

The little boy was sitting on the stairs when they arrived home. He looked very small and frail in his pyjamas, his dark hair tumbling over his wide forehead, his eyes looking dark in his white face.

"Why aren't you in bed and asleep, youngster? It's long past eleven o'clock," exclaimed Andrew. He strode toward the small form and swept it up in his arms. Benjy put his arms round his father's neck as they went upstairs.

The door to the kitchen opened and the housekeeper, Mrs. Honey, came into the hall with her noiseless, hurried movement. She shook her head as she addressed Paula, holding out her hands to take her coat. "He wouldn't settle down. I read him a whole story and then gave him a hot drink, but he couldn't seem to doze off somehow," she said fussily.

It has nothing to do with me — now, thought Paula dully.

"Perhaps stories at bedtime excite him too much," she suggested matter-of-factly, and was conscious of Mrs. Honey's incredulous stare as she moved into the small room that Andrew called his "snuggery," where there was a log fire and a sense of isolated cosiness from the rest of the house.

"I'll bring you and Mr. Campion some coffee," she heard Mrs. Honey's prim voice saying behind her.

Kneeling on the hearth-rug with the heat from the flames warming her already hot cheeks, Paula reminded herself that it was Monday night. Before very long it would be Tuesday, the dawn breaking with cold relentlessness over the sleeping quietude of Andrew's garden. A few hours' sleep and then it would be another day, the last day, the day when she must return to London, and in the solitude of her tiny flat sort out the experience of this past week.

In retrospect she saw herself hurrying back from the office, packing the last few items in her case, and in a last-minute idiotic blissful secrecy peering at her reflection in the mirror, grimacing delightedly as she told herself: "Goodbye, you! I'm on my way to my new home, to Andrew, to the future!" Then, as it had been all those days before she finally came to Fieldings, the figure of Benjy had remained a vague background shape with scarcely any real existence.

Once she had asked Andrew: "How old is he—your little boy?"

He had laughed. "He's seven."

"Are you very fond of him?" She had asked the question simply for something to say.

"Yes, of course. He's all I've got," Andrew had told her. When he came down to join her, she poured out the coffee Mrs. Honey had placed on the low table and took the cup to him with both hands. In the few minutes that she had been alone she had gathered up her courage and determination and felt it encircling her like a belt of steel.

"It isn't any use, Andrew," she said calmly. "The trouble is, Benjy and I are jealous of each other. We're both strung out taut like two lengths of elastic, and twang whenever we're near each other. We're watching each other, waiting to see which of us breaks first under the strain."

He sounded almost angry. "A small boy — what nonsense, darling! I grant you a period of adjustment is necessary, for you as well as for Benjy — you could meet him halfway, make him see how good life will be for—for the three of us . . ." She hardened herself against the pleading in his voice, stiffening as his hands went round her.

"It's too much of a chance . . ."

"You don't love me enough to take the chance," he cried.

"I love you too much to risk taking a chance that includes Benjy," she whispered. But she let him take her in his arms, raised her lips to his, and gave him the depth and passion of her love.

It was late when she at last went to her room. Her whole being ached and throbbed with the thought of Andrew, and she dreaded the moment when she closed the door and reached the ultimate moment of facing up to the inevitable decision. It was impossible to sleep.

When she had undressed, she slipped on her thin dressing-gown and curled up on the wide, comfortable cushioned windowseat. The darkness, the solitude, the quiet were balm to her unhappiness. Surely somewhere, she thought, raising her face to the motionless sky, there must be a solution for her and Andy? Wasn't the love they had for each other strong enough to surmount the most prodigious difficulties?

Crossing her arms on the windowsill she rested her forehead on her clasped hands and went on thinking . . . thinking . . . remembering . . .

As they had driven up to the house Benjy had come running down the steps to greet them, ignoring Paula, his eyes, large and adoring, fastened on his father. "Daddy, Daddy!" Andrew had leapt from the car and swept the small form up into his arms. She had seen his face, alight, infinitely gentle with the tenderness of a love that he would never feel for anyone but Benjy. "Hello, son!"

Then they were introduced, and the small face had lost a little of its eagerness, had stiffened into polite obedience: "How do you do." There was a precocious sharpness in the small pointed face so touchingly like Andrew's. "That's a pretty dress!"

Like most women who knew little about children and did not like them indiscriminately, Paula had a high standard of what she consided were likeable qualities in a child. Even at that first meeting she was uneasily aware that Benjy fell short of this requirement. She was even irritated a little when he followed her up to her bedroom and hung around while she changed and unpacked.

"What's this for? Oh, does it squirt—can I try? Are you going to be my new mother? Mrs. Honey says I'm to be gentlemanly about sharing you with Daddy . . ." The high piping voice followed Paula as she moved about the room.

"I'd like you to go now—I want to change," she said patiently.

"Oh, but why? Must I really? I always stay and watch Daddy. I'll look out of the window if you like . . ."

She put her hands on his shoulders and marched him toward the door. "Yes, please go, Benjy," she said firmly.

"But I don't want to . . .!" His face was crimson, mutinous.

"But I want you to. Go, Benjy," she insisted. She closed the door, and was conscious of a faint trembling in her limbs as she leaned up against it.

Andrew was waiting for

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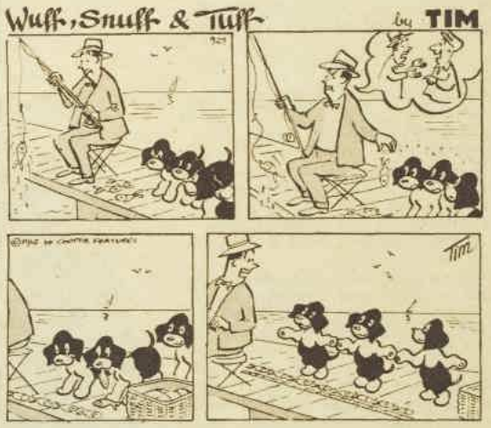
FOR THE CHILDREN



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The Cousins

An appealing short story complete on this page

By DOROTHY M. ROSE

"What prompted her to ring?" Bill asked as Edith thoughtfully replaced the telephone.

IT had been years since I'd heard from my cousin Leora or thought about what she'd once been able to do to me. So the telephone call was a complete surprise. And it came at the worst possible time.

Maybe every ten-year-old marriage comes to that rock-bottom time if you've married too young, tied a man down with responsibility, and haven't been able to help him at all. My Bill had gone as far as he could now against the college-bred competition at the office. He'd been passed over in the last promotions. Bill was touchy about it. We avoided the subject.

And now . . . Leora. "It would be wonderful, Leora," I lied into the phone, while I cast about frantically in my mind for a quick inventory of what Bill and the kids and I had to wear. "But I'm not sure about Saturday . . ." Bill hadn't bought his new winter suit yet.

But Leora was going on assuredly, ignoring my hesitation. I'd forgotten any invitation from her was more like a summons. "Meet us at the club, then, Edith. We'll lunch there and take you back to the house later."

Leora had always closed conversations abruptly, without burdening herself with small talk. She hung up now. The little trait brought her back vividly, as though we were kids again. I glanced around our living-room, seeing it through Leora's eyes, the way I used to measure everything.

Then Bill looked up questioningly from his paper and I thought quickly . . . I'm not ashamed of Bill. I was the one who'd held him back. The babies had come so quickly. We'd wanted them, of course. But at thirty the moonlight and roses get less important. The rest of it was going to be drudgery and making ends meet. That's an awful thing to do to a man.

"Edith . . ." Bill said. "Who was it?"

I sank down opposite him. "My cousin Leora."

Bill's eyebrows shot up. "The prosperous one?"

I nodded. Bill had never met Leora. The last time she'd scrawled a few lines on the back of a Christmas card, she and her husband had been living in New York.

"What prompted the sudden call?" Bill said.

I wondered, too. Leora usually had reasons. "It seems," I said, "they took a house in Edgewood for the summer. Right on the water. They've stayed on because of the golf course."

Bill whistled. "Her husband must do pretty well," he said.

"Adam?" I said. "I don't think he has much of a job. It's Leora."

I knew Bill was watching me closely. "Is this a big deal?" he asked. "Look, why don't you get a new outfit? It's been a long time."

We'd been through that. I wasn't going to get a single thing for myself until Bill got the new suit. Anyway, you couldn't compete with Leora.

I'd hated those family visits to Leora's when I was a girl. For one thing, I was the one out of the six kids in my family who'd worn Leora's hand-me-downs, because I was closest to her in age. Leora was always yanking at the dress I had on, retying a bow, telling me impatiently it went this way or that. And there was the day she'd said unemotionally, merely as a statement of fact . . . "I'd never wear anyone else's clothes."

But it was the dolls that had made me unhappiest during those visits.

Leora had a whole trunk of them: small, perfect creatures they were, with arms and legs that moved, and porcelain faces, and hair Leora claimed was real. They were dressed in complete outfits, every costume designed and hand-sewn by Leora herself. I was permitted to watch her dress and undress them, choosing their clothes according to her whim, but I was forbidden to touch. They were breakable, Leora said.

It was natural Leora had developed the flair she had with clothes. She was a buyer now. She could look at a dress and tell to the fraction of a cent what it would cost to reproduce; just the way she'd be able to look at me on Saturday and determine accurately on what bargain counter I'd found my dress, and how long ago. And if she made me feel the way I had when we were kids, Bill would know, and a lot of the things he and I had never said to each other would be as though spoken.

We were early on Saturday and had to shush the kids in the grandiose lobby of the club, no easy job with three kids all under ten. Bill looked as out of place and uncomfortable as I felt, sitting there where we didn't belong, with the golfers wandering in and out.

When they finally arrived, Leora stopped short and stared. "You've brought the children!" she said.

I'd just assumed they'd been included in her invitation.

But Leora's reaction made me feel stupid, as though I'd chosen the wrong fork at table.

"Never mind," she said airily. "We'll make the best of it."

"Glad you brought them," Adam said, shaking Bill's hand. "I like kids. Come from a big family myself. Wish we had a few of our own."

Leora glanced back at him coolly as we trailed her into the club's dining-room. It was almost the last thing Adam said all day. Leora took care of the talk during lunch, telling us about the dress business, what the trends were, how rushed she was.

Afterwards we went back to their house and Leora conducted me on a full-scale tour, while Adam and Bill watched the boys through the door.

But in the room Leora had converted to a workroom for herself, I really got a jolt. The dolls were there — the same ones, this time behind glass on a shelf on the wall. Leora smiled at me nostalgically, slid the glass back, and smoothed one of the dresses. As she did so, my Janie's hand went up toward the shelf. Leora closed the glass quickly. "Sorry," she said. "But they're breakable."

I took Janie's hand in mine and squeezed it. It was warm and real, and in that moment I knew Leora had nothing I coveted.

I was still chewing on it on the way home. The kids were bouncing on the back seat, but Bill, at the wheel, seemed quiet and deflated.

"I can see why she invited you," he said thoughtfully. "Did you always feed her ego that way?"

I started. He was right, of course. But if Bill thought I envied Leora any more . . .! "She has been a big help to Adam," I said. "I haven't been to you."

"Has she?" Bill said. "So the poor guy doesn't make enough? No, I guess he doesn't. He scarcely even makes a sound." He took his eyes off the road long enough to smile at me—a funny, teasing smile. "Were those the dolls you used to want so much?"

I didn't know I'd ever told Bill about the dolls. But in ten years I guess you tell a man everything.

"Do they still bother you?" Bill asked softly.

I'd been thinking about the dolls. Poor Leora! Maybe the dolls were the children she'd never had, the children she didn't even want, since she wanted other things more. Bill's hand closed over mine and everything seemed like moonlight and roses. There'd be drudgery for us, but Bill would get ahead on his own. "No," I said. "I was a kid then. I'm a big girl now."

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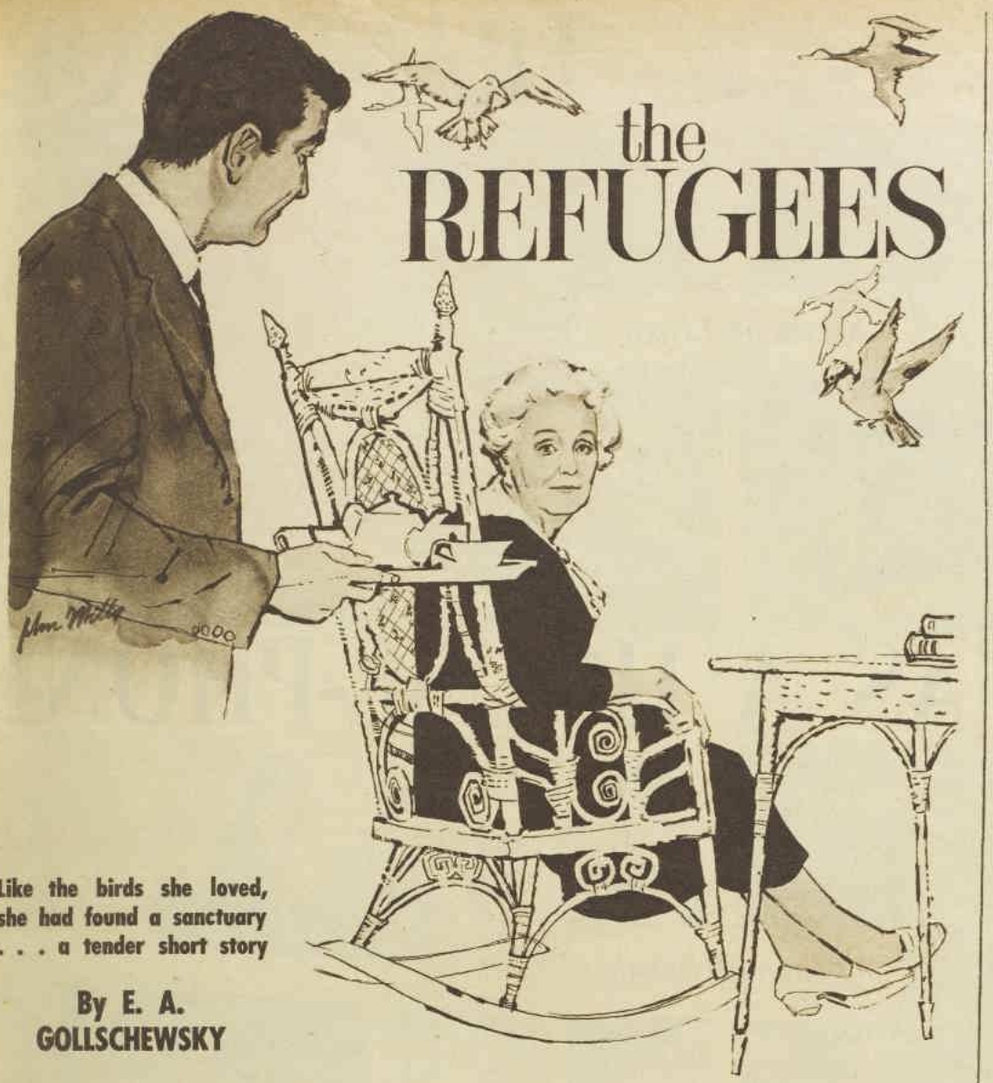

Like the birds she loved, she had found a sanctuary . . . a tender short story

By E. A. GOLLSCHEWSKY

Harold carefully prepared a tray for their afternoon tea and carried it to his mother.

SHE had come to live in the flat, the end one of four in a row comprising a single storey building with a series of sharp hips in its roof. It had once been a gracious family home, and she had vaguely known the owners when she was a girl and the house one of the show places in town. Now she was 77 years of age, and the house was saggingly derelict, needing paint. But it spelt home to her.

Like some colorful, restless bird of the bush she loved, she found sanctuary in the teeming city; coming to rest like a brilliantly feathered kingfisher on a creek-side stump, or a jewel-bright parrot on a branch of blossom-laden bougainvillea.

She had raised her family on a prosperous country property; developed a taste for solitude and an understanding of dusty, narrow little country towns; learned how to handle money, people, and animals; and implacably refused to admit that she was failing.

With these weapons to hand, she came, a stranger, to the city and began to learn to live there.

Perhaps the colors she wore helped her dispel the fears attendant on age. Certainly, they offset the pure white of her hair with an impression of youthful vitality. Her son, Harold, used the word "gaudy" when he spoke of her mode of dress, condemning the purples and greens, the deep, glowing reds with a frowning disapproval. He didn't realise they were an armor. Harold was not a perceptive man.

He had violently opposed the flat. It was in an area of run-down gentility. It was shabby. Who, after all, lived there? Rabble, he said. Broken-down somebodies. Owners of the scallop trawlers which tied up at the wharf at the bottom of the back garden.

Had she sold her place in the country to live in a dump like this? He could find her a perfect little brick cottage in a quiet locality. There were any amount on his books, modern houses or period—whatever she fancied. There she could live among people of her own kind.

She had laughed. Indulgently, and with that look of kindly patience she often wore when dealing with her son.

"I don't care much about people, really," she said. "And I have no 'kind' as you call it. We are all people to me. All people." And because he looked irritable, sceptical, and baffled, she added, "It's the flat itself I like. For some reason or other."

Harold stared about him, looking for something in those drab surroundings to recommend itself. Nothing offered.

The building itself was a long, low one, sectioned off into self-contained flats for its entire length. The front door of each one opened on to a grassy verge facing a busy industrial street, and each back door on to a small landing at the top of a steep flight of steps.

The ground was steeply sloping. It fell away from a ragged lawn containing several laundry hoists into a rankly overgrown garden. Here, crumbling terraces, overturned urns, enormous fruit trees long unpruned, trellises trailing ragged swathes of brilliant bougainvillea, rotting passionfruit, and glimpses of purple wisteria were all that remained of an old and cherished beauty.

The sloping garden was finally lost in the dense green of low-growing mangroves: a tidal salt-water creek cut behind the building of flats, at right-angles to the broad, slow river which carried continual water traffic.

Three big buildings occupied the land forming this corner. Overlooking the river itself was a reception and ball room, very popular for weddings, official dinners, and functions of all kinds. It was also the meeting place for various sailing, swimming, rowing, and surf-ski clubs. Cars hummed up to it all day long and most of the night. Conversation, music, and laughter thrummed from it continually so that it resembled nothing so much as a beehive, with busy humans hurrying in, hurrying out of the entrance doors.

This building overlooked by an extra storey the long, ridged, peeling red roof of the flats. The junction of the muddy, pest-infested creek and the calm river was right in the corner of its backyard.

Mrs. Tunney's flat was 27D, at the far end of the building. Separated from it by a narrow strip of cinders and tough grass, and belching smoke and flame most of the time, was a huge iron and steelworks.

All day long the furnaces roared, sparks flew, electric welders gushed white heat, spacemen in helmets and goggles moved about like automatons, and the clang of metal rang out unceasingly, deafeningly.

Mrs. Tunney kept closed the row of casements which opened along one complete wall of her flat. Then the noise was muted, no worse, she insisted, than that made by a mob of cattle.

It was so long since Harold had heard cattle lowing that he accepted her statement, with some irritation. She was just determined to see something desirable in the place.

Across the busy street small stores and workshops lined the pavement. Above were serviced rooms from which issued cooking smells and radio voices. The clamor was always there.

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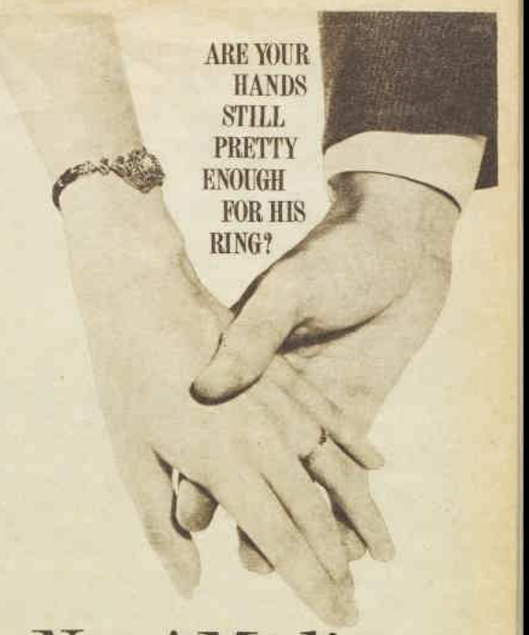

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Lucky moderns

I WONDER if young people today realise how fortunate they are to have so much freedom? When I was a young girl I was in service in England and had one Sunday afternoon off a month. I had one dress to work in and one for church and my afternoons off. Unbleached calico underclothing was worn by girls of my station. Until I married and came to this wonderful country 50 years ago I had no idea of freedom. My grandchildren can't believe me when I tell them of my youth. In my opinion, they and their parents have never really "worked."

£1/1/- to "Grandmother" (name supplied), East Victoria Park, W.A.

Makings of a Scrooge

MY young son is mean to all his schoolfriends and I don't think anyone likes him. He often buys sweets and won't share them with anyone, saying he got them with his money and if anyone wants them they can buy their own. I'm afraid he'll grow up to be a miser. How can I teach him to be generous?

£1/1/- to "Worried Mother" (name supplied), Frankston, Vic.

Long-service soap

FOR a number of years I've been in the habit of putting perfumed soap into drawers and cupboards containing clothing for my two daughters and myself. I began with a cake of soap which is now 16 years old and still retains its perfume. I'd be interested to learn the age of the oldest cake of soap currently in use for this purpose.

£1/1/- to Mrs. S. Crain, Geebung, Qld.

She has 169 descendants

MY mother's living family numbers 169. She has seven daughters and two sons, 54 grandchildren, 103 great-grandchildren, and three great-great-grandchildren. There are more to come. We recently had a five-generation snap taken with Mum (81), myself (61), my eldest child (41), her eldest (21), and her youngest (1).

£1/1/- to N. Truman, Bunbury, W.A.

Should pupils be told?

AT a recent mothers' meeting at our school we discussed whether or not children should be told where they came in class. One mother said she didn't consider awarding positions was fair to those children who didn't come first, second, or third. I think if a child comes first in his class he deserves praise, and if he comes last he needs help and will receive plenty of encouragement.

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. McMahon, Pymble, N.S.W.

Grandchildren

"HADIT" (W.A.), who complains of the exhausting and unwelcome "youthful invasion" of her grandchildren in school holidays, is either too old to be bothered with the joys of grandchildren or too young to appreciate them. My four grandchildren stay with me every weekend and holidays, yet I can never see enough of them. We gad about together and they make me feel years younger than I am.

£1/1/- to "Happy Nana" (name supplied), Leederville, W.A.

★ ★ ★

FOR me life is worth living again when my "invasion" arrives. Living alone in one of those peaceful routines, I begin preparing for my family's visit weeks before necessary and have a wonderful time. I feel privileged that my children let me share my three grandsons.

£1/1/- to M. Doran, Port Augusta, S.A.

★ ★ ★

AS an aunt with a devoted following of nieces and nephews, I usually invite a couple here to holiday with my two. Believe me, you need the ingenuity of a kindergarten mistress on wet days, the endurance of a mother at bedtimes, and the discipline of a teacher through the day if everyone is to enjoy themselves. When I'm a Gran I won't have the necessary stamina. I think "Hadit" is right.

£1/1/- to "This Above All" (name supplied), Murchison, Vic.

★ ★ ★

MY husband and I can't see enough of our small granddaughters. Their parents bring them 100 miles every alternate weekend and during holidays to see us. We get tired, too, but it is more than worth while.

£1/1/- to "Nana and Pa" (name supplied), Kensington, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

EACH case should be considered on its merits. Some Grannies love to have their grandchildren to stay, but those like "Hadit" should not be burdened, as her physical and mental strength obviously cannot stand it. Advancing years should be allowed their peace.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. White, Mount Gambier, S.A.

Ross Campbell writes...

I HAVE been bringing up to date my list of irritating people and things.

In some cases my feeling is purely a personal quirk. Thus I mistrust characters called Kurt in novels (they usually turn out bad, too). I don't like seeing tennis players carrying six racquets or hearing a dog called a "pooch." And I am unsympathetic to couples wearing matching sweaters.

Other items on the list are there for more sound and solid reasons. For example, people who get out of an automatic lift without shutting the door properly.

I often have to walk up or down floors at the office because of these persons.

Usually I say rude things about them in a low voice, but I don't know who they are. The lift-door-leaver-open has always gone, vanished, by the time you begin to hate him.

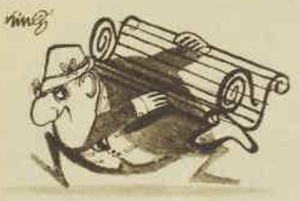
Another type high on my list is the one who honks a motor horn to attract the attention of a friend.

Herb Smith sees good old Les Jones on the footpath in the shopping centre and gives a loud blast.

THIS SEAT IS TAKEN

Everyone in range jumps and wonders what's wrong, especially the drivers of other cars. But Les turns and waves, so Herb drives on satisfied.

In summer I am irritated by young men who jump up and down



on diving-boards without diving in. But you don't see these chaps in winter — they are doubtless busy doing other exasperating things.

This winter I have switched my resentment to another group: *people who keep seats for their friends at the football.*

They were out in force at the first Rugby League Test. By the time I arrived they had occupied most of the best seats. Beside each of them was a coat, or a hat, or a basket, to show a seat was being kept.

Some had very big overcoats and were keeping two seats.

A fair number were women. Their husbands or boy-friends turned up and sat down comfortably just before the big match. They were the sort of men who have the game sewn up. I gazed enviously at them, having been there for hours watching walking races and other preliminaries of no great interest.

My friend Albert Waffle tells me you have a perfect right to go up to one of the seat-keeping persons and take the vacant seat.

But if you did that you would have to sit for the rest of the afternoon next to somebody who would like to see you boiled in oil. I find this atmosphere takes away from the pleasure of the occasion.

No, I haven't the nerve to do anything about it. But I would like the seat-keepers, and those they keep seats for, to know that *I glare at them.*

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A KNIGHT TO REMEMBER

That was the night . . .

I never saw the moon so big and golden — only the moon and our ship and the dark water . . . the breeze, warm as a caress, and the faint throbbing of the music from the ship's band. Sometimes these things are all together in a kind of magic. There you are, worlds away, in a wonder of your own. Somewhere down the globe lies Australia, yonder lies Europe, but here and now is enchantment.

When I first left for this holiday I was a little sad. When the streamers break as the ship pulls away you think of home. But you wake in another world, a world where people are putting off care, a world of gaiety and exciting newness. There is fun and good fellowship and when the sun goes down the sky is filled with stars.

This night there was a moon — a golden moon shining on a white ship, a moon hung in the sky like a great lantern. All day we had played deck games and swum in the pool . . . and just lazed in the sun and talked. The fancy dress ball was fairyland. That's where I met my Knight . . . and never a more gallant Knight won the heart of a Lady. They say there's never the time and the place and the loved one all together. They're wrong. Is it the mood, is it the magic? A time and a place stay in your mind forever, a time of perfection.

Voyages come to an end, but not memories. I sailed into Romance.

There are three Sitmar liners sailing a variety of routes to England and return. Fairsea, Castel Felice and Fair Sky are all one class, air-conditioned ships offering you the trip you dream about at surprisingly low fares. CONSULT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT for complete details of itineraries and accommodation for overseas sailings and current Pacific Cruises.

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How to be 30 for 40 years..

- *Think yourself into beauty*
- Walk right
- *Posture's important*
- *Whittle while you work*
- Diet for radiance
- *Conquer fatigue*
- Sleep tight!
- *Coddle your* { *hair, eyes, feet, voice*
- Be nice to everybody

● More and more women are acquiring an "ageless" look — a "thirtyish" look — a look they can stick to despite the passing birthdays and never "look their age." The secret, says former beauty editor Molly Castle, is to keep (or recapture) the slenderness, springy step, soft voice, good health, and happy outlook of youth. She tells here how it's done.

IT doesn't matter what age a woman is. It's never too late for her to begin to improve her appearance, and succeed in achieving new youthfulness.

The perfect age

WHO wants youth? The young have time enough to be miserable, and most of them are.

What we're after is the perpetuation of perfection—that perfect age when women are young and beautiful and wise and experienced. Or should be.

Thirty is a very pleasant age. Thirty or thirtyish. In this article you will find a great many things which will help you to keep at your thirtyish peak of perfection.

Experts have convinced me that what a woman eats she will become, that posture and exercise can re-form the human body into the perfect shape, and that vitality, youthfulness, beauty, and health can result.

So in this article I have concocted the experts' views into a witches' brew for the magical preservation of the age, or agelessness, you desire.

But remember than an exercise in a book, a face cream in a jar, a magic food in a package won't keep you young.

You have to use them.

As old as you *look*, or as old as you *are*?

MEDICAL science has done so much that nowadays middle-aged people are still young, and old people may have more bonus years of happy living ahead of them.

In any case, middle-age is more a frame of mind than a frame of years. I distinctly remember that I felt a great deal older and more life-weary at nineteen than I do now that I have a son of that age.

More and more, doctors are measuring age biologically rather than chronologically —your biological age (BA) being, broadly speaking, what your buoyant health, good looks, and mental outlook proclaim you to be, and your chronological age (CA) being the number of years you have lived.

Your BA can be thirtyish when your CA is much, much better forgotten!

It is true that life makes a birthday present of a year on each anniversary.

But in actual fact age is neither toxic nor catching. It's not an illness and it can't cause one.

Those assorted aches and pains, attacks of boredom or hysteria, that sense of all-pervading tiredness, so often blamed on tempus fugiting, are more often a question of character than chronology.

Certain factors affect your BA. These include your inherited physique and the longevity of your parents and grandparents, your temperament and outlook, and, to a considerable extent, your outward appearance.

But the way you treat the various parts of your body comes into it: what sort of food you give them with which to do their repairs, whether or not you overburden them with too much poundage, whether you smoke them to death.

MOLLY CASTLE, the author.

There have been people — not as many as there may be in the future—who have started highly successful careers at eighty. Grandma Moses is the best known. The first eighty years of her life were spent as a farm wife, mother, grandmother; the last twenty as a famous painter.

Though our CA may be fixed, we can often do a great deal to see that our BA is less next year than it is now.

True, you can't change your grandparents, but you **can** alter your habits. You can lose excess weight, improve your appearance, revolutionise your plan of posture, eating, thinking.

NEXT YEAR YOU MAY BE 10 YEARS YOUNGER — BIOLOGICAL AGE.

And now for some practical advice to achieve this wonderful end.

Believe yourself beautiful

THERE are people who claim Cleopatra looked like the back of a Sphinx; that she was not really beautiful at all, but merely made people think she was.

The power of thought can be very convincing, and, if to everyone in your world you appear young and beautiful, it doesn't matter much whether you really are or not.

In order to create an illusion of beauty you have to believe it yourself. This takes practice — especially if up to now you have considered yourself strictly the ugly-duckling type.

A person who doesn't believe in herself goes round looking like a question-mark, head poked slightly forward, spine curving listlessly, knees sagging a little. Is this you?

Try being an exclamation mark instead! Right away you'll look more important.

Your spine and knees straighten up, your head is held high, your rib-case comes up, stomach and buttocks clamp together as if joined together by a giant snap-fastener.

You look ten years younger.

If a woman can, when necessary, create around herself the aura of beauty, fascination, charm, she does not need Grecian features.

Perhaps you're the type who prefers wearing pants to skirts.

It's a curious thing, but few women who wear pants visualise how they look from the rear. It's not enough to be slim as a boy; you have to know how to move.

First, when standing, imagine your front and rear are fastened tight together with inner snaps. Pull your tummy in accordingly.

Next, when walking, picture yourself gliding through a narrow alley just the width of your hips. If you rolled or lurched, you'd graze the skin off a hipbone.

So when you wear shorts or slacks—and at other times, too—move from back to front instead of from side to side. You'll get there faster and look a lot trimmer.

The woman most likely to succeed is the woman with the traditional, slightly feline approach to life. That doesn't mean she must be kittenish or cute—these things are rarely attractive.

A slight touch of tiger, however, can do something for us. Padding through the jungles of the big city with the liquid, aloof, yet somehow conscious grace of a tiger gives a woman a delicious sense of menace.

The graceful slink of the cat family's walk—wild or domestic—is worth watching and learning from—walkwise.

If you are small, thinking tall will create the illusion of height.

But if you are already tall, even, you may have always thought, too tall — still think tall. There's no posture more tragic than a tall woman thinking small, crouching within herself; and none more magnificent than a tall woman with a wonderful carriage and poise.

Four ways to make yourself seem beautiful:

1. Think yourself young and lovely. Believe in your own beauty, and you will light a lamp that will shine, dazzling most of the people most of the time.

2. The next best thing to not being discovered in an old housecoat is not to let yourself down if you are. Behave as if you were wearing a ball gown and tiara.

3. Create a mental picture of yourself as you would like to be and keep it in front of your mind all day. Re-create this image just before you go to sleep each night and let your subconscious turn it into reality.

4. Before a party, lie down for 15 minutes with pads on your eyes, cold cream on your face, rollers or clips in your hair, and your mental image of yourself in your mind's eye. You'll acquire a dewy look.

"Active, alerted posture"

"ACTIVE Alerted Posture" (A.A.P.) is a particular form of posture developed, practised, and taught by a famous orthopedic surgeon. It is not only the way you sit or stand when you are thinking about it. It is a complete way of living and moving that will keep you young in fact as well as in appearance.

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(You can look young forever)

If you use your body correctly for all sorts of tasks, like bending to pick something up or reaching to put it on a shelf, doing manual labor or brain work, playing a sport, driving a car, sweeping a floor, most sags and bulges, many aches and pains, and even accidents can be avoided.

A.A.P. can really stave off fatigue, tension, depression, and the effect of years.

You can start A.A.P. at two, 20, 60, 80, or even 90 — for as long as you are still upright without support. It will resculpt your entire figure.

You can whittle while you work. Hips, ankles, neck and chin, waistline and stomach can be remoulded very considerably. (However, if they are in a really bad way it may take time.)

There are two kinds of upright posture: A.A.P., which a few people adopt naturally but most have to be taught; and I.S.P., Inactive Slumping Posture, which is what most of us have. It is the source of many of our troubles. Give it away.

A.A.P. counteracts the downward tug of gravity on all our limbs and organs, for in this posture you stand lightly and in balance, with the body weight off the joints. It is a posture in which you are poised for action, and for this reason you may avoid many accidents due to slow co-ordination of body and mind.

No headaches

In A.A.P. you stand with the buttocks tucked under and the pelvis tilted so that it is at right-angles to the ground. Your internal organs are well supported.

You stand with your shoulders lifted and loosened, counteracting gravity's downward tug on your arms, shoulders, and neck muscles. Without this pressure on the shoulder girdle, the blood will flow more freely to your brain.

Fatigue, poor memory, and headaches will thereby be reduced. There is no strain on the joints.

By standing with your weight evenly distributed on your heels and the outer side of your feet, and with your toes slightly curled inward, and with the knees slightly flexed to make shock-absorbers, you will not only lessen the chances of foot troubles (like fallen arches, which are very ageing) but you will walk with a spring.

It will feel as different as it feels to drive your car with air in the tyres instead of bumping home on the rims after you've had a flat.

Your lungs, too, will have room to expand fully when the weight of the shoulder girdle is taken off the rib-case. This means more oxygen, so prettier skin and eyes, and better health.

It takes time to unlearn the bad habits of a lifetime and replace them with good habits, but it is worth the effort.

Look in a full-length mirror (preferably a two-way one). If you have the usual slumping posture, your pelvis is tilted forward and so is your head, giving your spine an S curve. All right, you admit you look the dickens, but you feel comfortable.

But suppose that, with a sudden unguarded movement, you strain a joint. Since you have been misusing this joint for a long time it is already in a weakened state, and the pain you suffer may seem out of all proportion to the severity of the injury. This may be the beginning of that painful and ageing condition called osteoarthritis, which comes to many as they get older.

But, apart from such gloomy thoughts, you **look** much better with A.A.P.

Back to that two-way mirror for the correct posture. The aim is to make a straight plumb line of gravity from crown to sole, and at the same time to take the weight off the arches of the feet, the knees, and the shoulders. Straighten the spine and keep the stomach in. Better than a new foundation garment, isn't it?

Now **think** your way up your spine and neck to the very tip of your head, stretching each vertebra and neck kink as you go. You can even take hold of your head at each side and pull it up out of the shoulders.

Next, lift and loosen the shoulder girdle, shrugging your shoulders several times to make sure they are relaxed. You should be able to move them forward, backward, and upward, and there should be no feeling that they weigh heavily on the neck muscles.

Nothing is more calculated to give a scrawny, middle-aged look to the sides of the neck than the constant downward tug of the arms' weight on the neck muscles.

You now need a firm pedestal to support your correctly aligned torso. By lightly flexing the knees you take weight off them and can place your feet directly under your pelvis.

Your feet should be parallel, about half an inch apart, and the two together should form a pedestal, with the arches of both feet making the dome. This places the weight of the body on the outer sides of the feet, with the toes gripping the floor.

● *This is active alerted posture.*

Memorise the whole posture — you can't carry full-length mirrors about all day.

A.A.P. has to become an ingrained habit if it is to succeed in making you look and feel better, live longer, look younger. You must practise it regularly and consciously until it becomes a habit.

If you practise it for an hour a day it will be a start. Then, if you can remember to stand looking your best most of the time for, say, a month, you will be getting results—and compliments.

Keep it up and finally the habit of good posture will remain with you for life.

● *The "thirtyish" look has grace without figure-bulges, poise, a pretty sense of current fashion styles. And what is best of all—nobody can tell her age!*

You are what you eat

TO keep on looking and feeling young, you must aim at having a well-formed body in perfect repair and running order. For this, good posture is important, but the right amount of the right foods is essential.

You need the kind of diet that helps to maintain young tissues, hair, teeth, which gives you freedom from illness and fatigue, and which guarantees youthful slimness.

Few of us have it, though.

Tissues are built and repaired with protein, which we will only get if we have meat, fish, eggs, milk or milk products, whole grains, and some vegetables. Little girls made from sugar and spice do **not** grow up to a satisfactory older age!

The food habits that you develop early and practise in your 30s and 40s can be critically important in keeping you from falling apart as you grow older.

But it is **never too late** to start eating for health, wellbeing, and the resulting beauty.

Sometimes we are tempted to make poor meal choices because of social pressures (which tend to make us eat sweet or heavy foods), laziness (fixing that starchy snack if you're alone), greed (love of the delicious things that are bad for you), or just bad habits.

Resist these temptations.

I haven't space here to analyse in detail all the various factors of proper diet. A great deal has been written on the subject, however, and pamphlets and booklets are readily available in the bookshops.

Read one or two. Study of why we need proteins, carbohydrates, vitamins, minerals, and fats does pay off.

In the meantime: Two food habits of civilisation do tend to age us.

The first is eating **too much**, particularly

Continued overleaf

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How to be 30 for 40 years...

Continued from previous page

of high carbohydrates — over-processed sugars and grain. Overweight makes you look and feel older in your middle and later years. It can cause some of the disorders of age, too. And nobody looks her best if ill.

Our second bad habit is eating **too little of the right kinds of food,** the food that will do you good.

Another golden rule to health through food is to eat as little as possible—the ideal is none at all — of anything that does not give you a plus or positive value in the way of health.

For example, you can easily do without that piece of cake topped with chocolate sauce. It's so enormously fattening it can't do you good.

To be young—to feel young, to look young, to act young—is obviously very important to film stars. Many of them, known to be in their fifties, are more virile or beautiful, handsome, or slim than many people half their age.

Marlene Dietrich, Fred Astaire, Joan Crawford, Cary Grant, Bob Cummings have all found the value of a good diet.

Audrey Hepburn eats an excellent diet, both for health and figure. Every day she covers the basic five foods (described below) and rarely eats any high carbohydrate.

For breakfast she has two boiled eggs, a slice of whole-wheat toast with butter, drinks coffee with lots of hot milk. Mid-morning, a tall glass of freshly made orange juice. Lunch consists of cottage cheese or yoghurt with fruit and raw vegetables. Dinner is meat or fish and vegetables.

Audrey is still young. If she keeps the diet up she'll look just as young when she, too, is a grandmother.

Foods to keep you young

HERE are the five basic food categories from which you should select your meals every day, varying the choices within the categories as much as possible for a really well-rounded weekly menu. (Only easily obtainable foods are mentioned.)

1. The protein group. Meat, poultry, fish, eggs. Protein is needed for the repair and replenishment of body tissue, so don't go without it. Two servings a day is minimum. (Remember that liver, for instance, is rich in iron, and has long been considered a good specific against pernicious anemia.)

1. The vitamin-mineral rich carbohydrate group. Vegetables and fruit. The low carbohydrate in this group is, with the whole grains, sufficient for the body's fuel need without adding any high carbohydrate (such as that cake with the chocolate sauce, cake and pastry in general, white bread). For vitamin C, have one or more servings of a citrus fruit. For vitamin A, yellow and dark green vegetables, one serving a day or more. The deeper the color, the better the vitamin content. The outer leaves of lettuce may have 30 times as much vitamin A as the white inner leaves.

Beauty vitamins

A complete lack of vitamin C causes scurvy — that's why English sailors, ordered to suck limes, came to be called "limeys." Vitamin C helps wounds to heal, wards off varicose veins (always unsightly), promotes better complexion, healthier nails, tougher gums (all adjuncts to beauty), wards off colds (great enemies to good looks), and does other good things for you as well.

Vitamin A is a beauty-aid, too, and gives healthier skin, mucous membrane, glands, teeth, among other things.

3. The calcium-rich group. Milk of all types, including yoghurt, cottage cheese, other cheeses. Every day, for protein, calcium, other minerals and vitamins, take the equivalent of a full glass of milk (it can be partly used in coffee, tea, desserts, etc.), plus a serving of any kind of cheese and/or yoghurt.

Calcium is needed as a constituent of bones and teeth; it is also important to the good state of blood, nerves, muscles, and a look of youth.

4. The B complex and vitamin E group. The whole grains, including whole wheat, whole rye or maize, brown rice, wheat germ. Have at least one serving a day of these foods, which also have additional protein and valuable minerals.

5. The Fats. These include butter and margarine, vegetable oils. Some fats are essential to health, and you should eat some every day. Essential fatty acids (which you can't do without) are found in abundance in nuts, soya beans, wheat germ, sunflower seeds, avocado, and oil made from these. There is some, but not so much, in olive oil, fish-liver oil, cream, egg-yolk, and lard.

Grey hair may go

Points to note: Wheat germ and brewers' yeast contain certain members of the B complex of vitamins, which are of special interest to people over thirty, because they help them to stay young-looking. Enough of these substances has, in some people, recolored grey hair. Grey hair can, of course, be recolored much more quickly at the hairdresser's, but these foods benefit other parts of the body when included in a balanced diet.

Eat fresh oranges, apples, tomatoes, etc.

Yoghurt and wheat germ are really bonus foods, because they offer an enormous amount of vitamins, minerals, and protein without too many calories.

Don't let fatigue tire you out

YOU may think you are tired when you are really fatigued. There's a big difference.

Tiredness won't hurt you, but fatigue can ruin your looks and joy.

Tiredness is caused by hard and probably satisfying work or play, a muscular or mental effort. It is nature's way of telling you to check in for repairs.

Sleep is the best cure. When you wake up after this kind of tiredness you will be renewed and ready to go.

Fatigue, on the other hand, may have physical causes such as low blood sugar, overweight, lack of oxygen, poor diet.

More often it stems from the emotions than the muscles, and the body **feels** tired because the emotions have worked on the glands to produce this feeling.

Fatigue may be even worse when you get up in the morning. It may last for months or even years.

The prime causes of female emotional fatigue, says a well-known psychologist, are boredom, monotony, low-grade, continuous anger which simmers without boiling over, or sometimes an unconscious resentment of her social role.

The woman believes she is not appreciated as a wife and mother.

If you feel fatigued:

Check up with your doctor to see if you're not a bit on the anemic side, or if something else is wrong.

If you're feeling rather martyred by your lot, try to remember that nobody gets a free joyride through life.

Then: Are you overweight? Three extra stone, or even one, can be tiring to drag around day after day.

Do you love your husband and family? Of course—most of the time. But sometimes, naturally, you hate them.

Don't bottle up your inner conflicts until they immobilise you with fatigue—ingrown anger can do more damage than an ingrown toenail.

So if you're justified in feeling angry, express your feelings — occasionally.

Are you bored with routine? Then make some changes.

Seven ways to beat fatigue:

1. Change your shoes.

2. If you're sitting down, stand up, stretch toward the ceiling, shrug your shoulders, wiggle your feet.

3. Take 15 minutes to relax in a hot bath, or five to lie down with your feet up.

4. Make a cup of tea (or coffee). But don't eat anything with it. Boredom and fatigue can lead to overweight this way.

5. If you've been indoors alone and are bored, ring up a friend or walk smartly round the block.

6. Switch on the TV or radio and do a few dance steps.

7. Comb your hair and renew your make-up.

Sleep and Repair

PROPER sleep is one of the best beauty aids.

Many film stars succeed magnificently in keeping young. For instance, Mexican-born Dolores del Rio still looks about the same age as she did in 1926 when she made "What Price Glory?"

She won't admit to any special diet, and those about her claim it is rest and sleep that keep her so young.

She emerges from her Mexican villa for not more than a few hours each day looking magnificent, and then sleeps or rests for long periods.

All the time we are up and about we are wearing ourselves down. All the time we are asleep we are repairing the damage.

Even the world's top brain specialists do not completely understand sleep, but here are some things we do know.

- A good bed should hold you firmly so that you lie in a passive, supported posture with no strain anywhere.
- Reasons for sleeping poorly include fear, anger, hatred, guilt, indigestion, worry (often it's just the worry that we won't be able to go to sleep), too much supper or too little, too much light or noise, a stuffed-up nose, an itch or prickle on the skin or in the mind, a quarrel before bedtime.

Seven ways to get the most out of your night's sleep:

1. Don't overstimulate your mind, and don't quarrel last thing at night. Let your engine run down gradually.

2. Guard against inner resentment. Feeling sorry for yourself, angry with the world not only keeps you awake but spoils your health and looks. Relax your mind by thinking pleasant thoughts.

3. To relax your body: lie flat on your back, push first one heel toward the foot of the bed, then the other, then go limp. Push the head toward the top of the bed, relax limply.

4. To relax your face: open your mouth wide, breathe in, yawn. Close your mouth, fill cheeks with air, breathe out slowly.

5. If you do lie awake be sure to adopt a relaxed, supported posture. A proud posture, one of the hallmarks of beauty, is impossible with an aching back.

6. Sagging mattresses also make sagging backs. Have a good bed.

7. Occasional sleeplessness, as long as you are comfortable and relaxed, won't ruin your health or your looks. But avoid worrying over insomnia, turning and twisting, and fighting it, for that does the harm.

The body's wrapping-paper

A CLEAR, healthy skin does a lot to lower a person's BA, and you won't be making the most of yourself if you let your skin become dry, wrinkled, or badly groomed.

With passing time, the skin loses some of its elasticity. Frown lines, smile lines, grouchy or warm-hearted lines tend to remain. So cultivate a pleasant expression.

The vitamins needed most by the skin are A, D, and E. Fresh green leaves, yellow vegetables, and the germ of cereals (to name readily available foods) will give plenty of A and E.

Since the essential fatty acids mentioned earlier are found in salad oils, healthy skin can benefit in more ways than one by fresh salads at the start of a meal.

Even on a slimming diet these oils should not be omitted or the skin will dry and wrinkle. In slimming, remember it is food containing **solid** fat which remains **solid** in your body.

Fish-liver oils have vitamin D, but the best source is sunlight. But don't bathe immediately after taking the sun or you'll wash away the D. And don't have **too much** sun, or the skin will dry and burn.

Oranges or other citrus for vitamin C (also good for the skin).

Here are some wrinkles on wrinkles:

(a) A well-oiled skin is likely to be soft, elastic, wrinkle-free.

(b) Creams soften the skin, make it glossier, protect it from weather, and retard the formation of lines.

(c) Gentle massage will rouse blood circulation and smooth the lines out temporarily.

(d) But the best preventives for wrinkles are plenty of sleep, exercise, fresh air, proper diet.

Before you begin a face exercise take your head in your hands and pull it up so that your neck is stretched up from a straight spine, your chin is level, and the top of your head is reaching for the stars. And, above all, look pleasant.

Exercise 1: Stretch the muscles of your cheeks into a wide grin, mouth shut. Press the tips of your fingers into the base of the cheekbones—where your dimples are if you have any—and try to stop the grin by pushing against it. Contract and relax slowly twice. Rest, then do it twice again.

Exercise 2: Put your fingertips together under your jaw. Try to prevent yourself from opening your mouth. Hard! Contract and relax twice; then twice again. Push and counterpush should be of equal strength.

Exercise 3: Clasp your hands behind your head, press back against them, using the muscles at the back of the neck. Twice, relax; then twice again.

These exercises will keep the muscles in good condition and prevent "sags."

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101 IDEAS FOR SPRING FETES

● **From September to Christmas, not a Saturday goes by without a fete somewhere in Australia. This feature tells how to make a fete a success.**

● *Pots of jam and jelly bring an eager, questing light to the eyes of bargain hunters.*

ACCORDING to one experienced organiser, the essentials for a successful fete are four — a treasurer with a plentiful supply of change, stalls laden with tempting goods, masses of open-handed visitors, and plenty of capable, cheerful helpers.

But there's an enormous amount of behind-the-scenes planning to be done before the fete gets to this stage.

The first thing to do well beforehand is to elect a committee.

Committee

Committee members need plenty of energy, a fair amount of spare time, the ability to get on well with everybody — and one another — and to keep their heads through any crisis.

The committee decides how many and what stalls to have, the type and number of competitions and entertainments, which official guests to invite, who will open it, and attends to the hundred and one other details.

It is usually composed of:

A Chairman with a flair for organisation who can make decisions quickly, keep committee members working happily together, and make sure that all phases of the operations are run smoothly.

A Secretary—a somewhat harassed creature in charge of all paperwork. She takes notes at meetings, writes letters, keeps copies of correspondence, and is constantly at the beck and call of other committee members. An important part of her job is to arrange insurance to cover accidents to the public and helpers; local branches of insurance companies will advise here. She also writes thank-you letters to everyone who has helped to make the fete a success.

A Treasurer, who keeps the books and looks after the money. She keeps a detailed account of expenditure and of takings and prepares a balance sheet to be sent to the head office of the charity after the fete. She advances money for hiring equipment and stocking stalls. On the day of the fete she controls cash-boxes and has plenty of change available.

A Publicity Officer, who arranges advertising with local newspapers and radio stations, organises the design and distribution of handouts and posters and sees that everybody hears about the fete. She also arranges flowers and invitations for official guests, transport if necessary, and looks after them at the fete.

A Stalls Officer to organise stocking, staffing, and decorating stalls. She checks with the hire firm on delivery and removal, and bullies people (in the nicest possible way) into donating or making things to sell. She sees that goods are well displayed, that each stall has enough helpers to serve people quickly, and keeps a motherly eye on each stall in case of crises.

A Competitions Officer, who organises guessing games, competitions, and entertainment. She arranges books of tickets, contacts entertainers, and tees-up prizes.

A Refreshments Officer, preferably someone with a large family who has a fair idea of how many cups in a pound of tea and how many sandwiches in a loaf of bread.

● *"What I like best about fetes are those big red toffee apples. And that goes for my brother, too!"*

She must see that tables are attractively set, seating is adequate, washing-up is quickly cleared away, and arranges refreshments for stall-holders as well as the public.

The first thing to decide is when to hold the fete. Before you finalise the date, see the local Council and Chamber of Commerce so you won't clash with other big events in the district. Allow three months at least for planning and preparation. Saturday afternoon is usually the best time—Dad's home and the whole family can come.

Next comes where. In spring and summer the answer is anywhere as long as it's out of doors. There's more space for stalls, more room for people to move about in comfort, and more scope for entertainments.

See if you can persuade somebody in the district with a big, beautiful garden to lend it for the occasion.

If no outdoor space is available and you have to rent a hall, deck it with greenery to give an outdoor atmosphere.

As soon as you choose the location, draw up a scaled floor plan which shows precisely where stalls are to be placed and how much space they take.

Keep it legal

Each State has its own laws and regulations governing the running of fetes.

If the fete is in aid of an independent body (say, a school), the appropriate government department in each capital city will supply the information.

If it's for a recognised charity, write to the head office of the charity for permission to hold the fete and ask them to advise on regulations which apply to your State.

The local council should also be notified because they often have regulations of their own by which you must abide.

About money

As soon as the committee is elected, the treasurer of the society should be consulted about a fete fund. She will know how far funds will stretch for a sum of money for preliminary organising. Don't be discouraged if the amount seems small. There are many ways of turning even as little as £2 into a worthwhile £20.

Give each member a few shillings and ask her to increase it as much as she can in any way that suits her.

A keen card-player could have a whist drive, charging an entrance fee and using her few shillings for prizes.

Enthusiastic gardeners can raise seedlings and sell them by the dozen.

Other members may bake cakes or make jam or small handicrafts which can be sold to bring in more money.

The committee treasurer keeps a record of how much she advances each member and how much she gets in return.

On the day of the fete the treasurer has an office in a separate tent, with two assistants to help her collect and check the money taken. She needs bags for collecting from the stalls, and at least two cashboxes, one for change and one for takings.

One assistant visits each stall every hour to collect money, the other one does a preliminary check on the money taken. The treasurer rechecks the money herself.

As the fete progresses money spent on preparations is deducted from the takings.

When the last person has left the ground a final count is taken to work out net profit on the day.

As an extra precaution, ask some independent person, such as the local bank manager or accountant, to check the money before it is finally banked.

The treasurer then prepares a balance sheet to send to the charity concerned.

Advertise

Talk, talk, talk to people about the fete for as long as you like beforehand, but don't begin the big burst with local newspapers and radio stations until two weeks beforehand.

If you advertise too soon people forget by the time fete day arrives.

Local newspapers and radio stations will sometimes give cut rates for charity functions and often a certain amount of publicity free in women's sections.

Posters are invaluable and can be put up three weeks to a month in advance. Two color themes are the most effective.

Ask the local shopkeepers' permission to put posters in their windows.

Handouts are helpful, too. A simple typed invitation reminding everyone to keep the date free is all you need. They can be put into letter-boxes about three weeks in advance.

The stalls

Stalls are the big attraction and should be as inviting as possible.

All goods should be easy to see and clearly marked with price tags for the convenience of sellers as well as buyers.

Each stall should be clearly labelled with an attractive poster so it's easy for people to find.

Cake and sweets stalls need shaded positions so merchandise won't spoil.

Distribute fast-selling stalls fairly evenly among the slower sellers so none will be neglected.

Be sure to have one helper on each stall who is good with change.

Stalls can be hired for the occasion. In capital cities the pink pages of the telephone book supply lists of hiring contractors.

An eight-foot square stall with counters on three sides, an entrance on the fourth, a striped canvas canopy and canvas around the counters costs around £2/15/- to hire. This price includes delivery, erection, dismantling, and removal.

Costs are less if you pick up stalls and erect them yourself.

In country districts local councils will often rent stalls at a reasonable rate, or you may be able to borrow or rent them from other organisations in the district.

Base prices on materials only. Count the making time as a donation of services. Never overcharge. Luxury prices are out at a fete.

● *Continued on page 36*

● *Designs to make overleaf*

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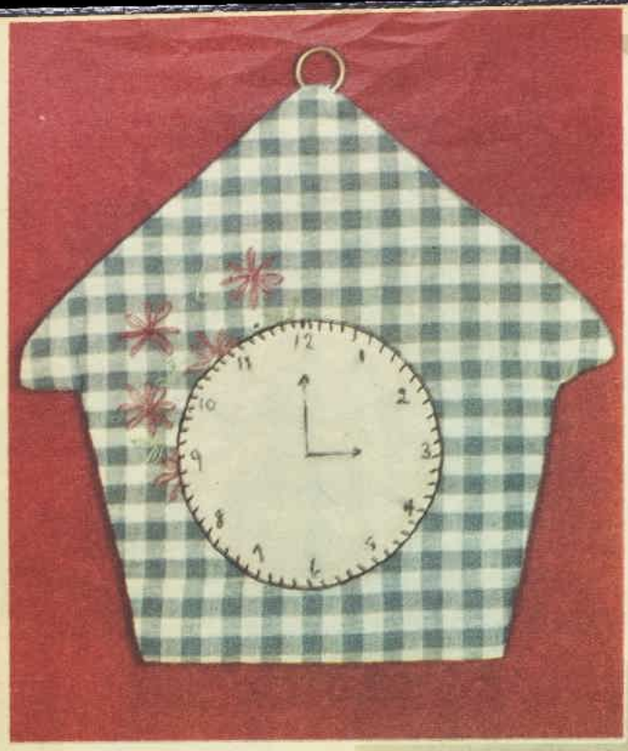
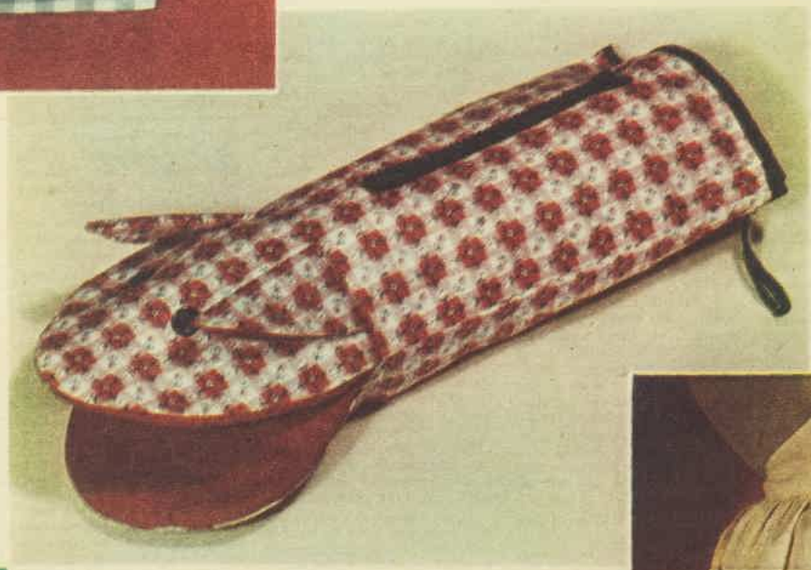
PRETTY AND PRACTICAL DESIGNS FOR THE HANDICRAFTS STALL



CLOCK POTHOLDER (above) is made from blue-and-white checked gingham. Flowers are hand-embroidered and clock hands and face are in marking-ink. Directions are given on opposite page.



BENNIE the Barbecue Dragon (left) is a fire-eating potholder to protect hands and arms from spitting sparks. He's easy to make from colorful fabric scraps and is just as at home in the kitchen. Diagram and directions are opposite.

PINK-AND-WHITE striped trousers (below) are guaranteed to keep lunch wraps tidily stored. Hang them on the kitchen wall near the breadboard or tucked away on the inside of a cupboard door. See directions opposite.

SOAPY SAM (left) is a terry-towelling bath mit that outdates conventional face cloths. It slips on easily over the hand and is caught with elastic at the wrist. Directions are on opposite page.

PRACTICAL sewing-apron (above) has four big pockets across the front and sewing equipment attached. Needles, scissors, and thread are removable for washing. See the directions opposite.

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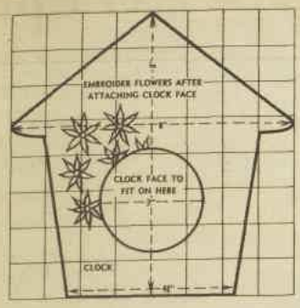


Clock potholder

Materials: Half yard cotton fabric (makes 4 potholders); ½yd. felt or other thick lining fabric; scrap of white material for clock face; red, green, and black embroidery cottons; black marking pencil or ink; small curtain-ring.

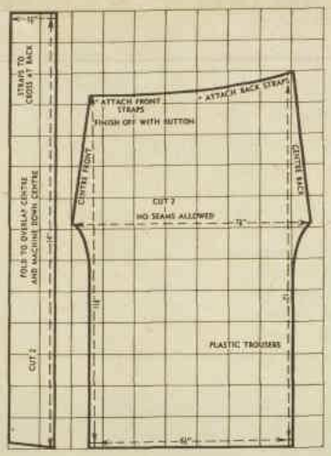
TO CUT OUT

Cut pattern twice from material and once from lining fabric. Cut a circle about teacup size from white fabric for clock face.

TO MAKE

Turn in edges of circle, press, then mark clock figures and hands with marking pencil. Machine to front of one piece of checked material. Blanket-stitch round edge of circle with black embroidery thread. Embroider flowers and leaves with red and green embroidery threads. With right sides of potholder facing, machine round the outline, leaving small gap for turning right side out. If thick felt is used for lining it can be inserted now. If flannel or other limp fabric is used, it should be stitched to wrong side of back before making up.

After stitching potholder together, turn right side out and handsew gap. Press and stitch on small curtain-ring to hang it by.

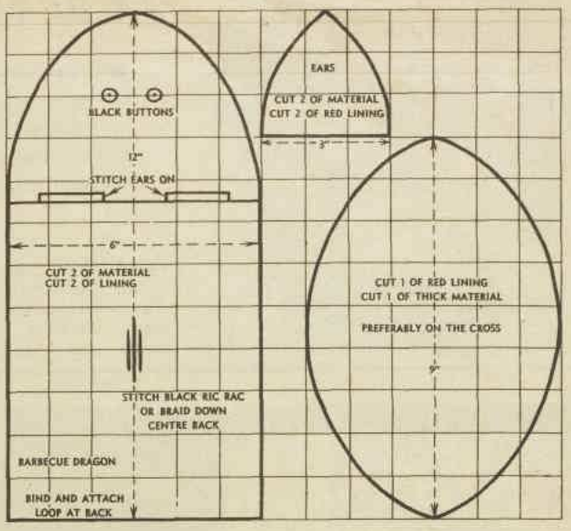


Pink-and-white striped trousers

Materials: Quarter yard plastic (makes 2 lunchwrap-holders); button; matching thread.

TO MAKE

Cut out pattern twice in plastic. With right sides facing, machine centre-back and centre-front seams. Machine along bottom of trouser legs and up leg seams. Turn right side out. Machine ¼in. hem round the top. Make straps from 2 strips of plastic 13in. long by 1in. wide. Fold plastic along the 13in. length so edges overlap, then machine down. Attach straps 2in. on either side of centre-back seam. Cross them over at back, stitch together on centre-front seam. Sew on button trim.



Bennie the Barbecue Dragon

Materials: Quarter yard figured material (dress-material scraps will do); ½yd. flannelette; small piece of red material for mouth and ears; piece of felt to line mouth; 1-3rd yard black braid; 2 small black buttons; matching thread.

Following diagram, cut body pattern twice in figured fabric and twice in flannelette. Cut mouth once in felt and once in red cotton. Cut ears twice in figured fabric and twice in red cotton.

(Any colored fabric can be used for the dragon's body, but ear lining and mouth should repeat main color in figured fabric.)

TO MAKE

Make ears first. With right sides facing, stitch figured fabric to red fabric round curved edges, leaving straight edge open. Turn right side out and press. Fold in half with figured fabric on outside. Turn in raw edges along straight edge and machine to head. (See picture opposite for position of ears and eyes.) Next sew on eye buttons, then stitch braid decoration to back, following the guide-line.

To make body lay 2 pieces of figured fabric, right sides together, between 2 pieces of flannelette. Machine along straight side edges (approx. 7½in.).

With plain red fabric inside and the felt outside, fit mouth to curved edge of head; machine into place.

Turn potholder right side out, press, and bind round wrist with black bias binding, inserting loop at back for hanging.

Practical sewing-apron

Materials: One yard striped cotton, matching thread, matching bias binding; piece of buckram stiffening 5½in. by 3½in.; 2 pieces of flannel each 5in. by 3in.; tape-measure, scissors; reel of cotton.

TO CUT OUT

Cut piece of cotton material 29½in. by 20in. for apron and second piece 29½in. by 8in. for pocket. Cut band 17½in. long, 3½in. wide at centre front and tapering to 1½in. at either side. Cut two ties, each 24in. by 3in.

TO MAKE

Bind top of pocket with bias binding, then stitch pocket to apron. Bottom edge of pocket should be 4½in. above apron hem. Stitch pocket into sections approximately 4in., 10½in., 8in., and 7½in., starting from the right-hand side.

Turn up ½in. hem at bottom of apron and press. Machine tape-measure to bottom of apron with figures upside down. Bind side edges of apron with bias binding. Gather top of apron to fit band.

Make bias binding tapes to hold scissors, reel of thread, and needlecase. Each tape should be long enough to tie on attachments for easy removal when apron is washed — about 12in. Tack tapes into position ready to stitch on with band. With right sides of band facing, seam along top edge and down sides. Turn right side out and press. Seam band to top of apron.

Fold side ties, right sides together, and seam right along edge and down one side. Turn inside out, turn in raw edges, and machine to sides of band.

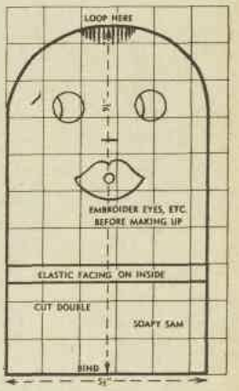
To make needlecase, cut 2 pieces striped cotton 5½in. by 3½in. Place same sized buckram stiffening between fabric layers and bind all edges and centre back with bias binding. Sew 2 leaves of flannel inside cover for needles and pins. Pink edges of flannel. Sew small piece of bias on to front of needlecase to hold thimble. Finish apron with bias bow at centre front of band.

Soapy Sam

Materials: Quarter yard terry-towelling (makes 3 wash mitts); matching thread; blue, red, and black embroidery cottons; small (11in.) pieces pale blue and white bias binding.

TO MAKE

Cut pattern on doubled terry-towelling. On one piece embroider nose, mouth, and hair with embroidery cotton. Stitch piece of white bias binding across fabric on wrong side 3in. from wrist end of both pieces. With right sides facing and ¼in. seam allowance, machine front and back of mitt together, including small bias loop at head end for hanging. Leave straight edge across bottom open. Insert elastic through the white bias binding and tighten to fit wrist loosely. Bind round bottom edge of mitt with pale blue bias binding.



THESE WILL ALWAYS ATTRACT BUYERS

FEW people can resist a bargain, and most people who go to fetes are attracted by handmade and homemade goods. The two combined are a sure guarantee of success.

Here are the homemade, handmade bargains that, over the years, fete organisers have proved to be best-sellers.

HANDICRAFTS: Afternoon-tea cloths; aprons of all kinds; beachbags; bedjackets; change-purses; coat-hangers; cutlery-bags; damping-down bottles (for ironing); decorative tiles; drink-coasters; egg-cosies; glamor-scuffs; guest-towels; handkerchief sachets; hand-knitted socks; hot-water-bag covers; knitting-bags; lace-trimmed handkerchiefs; lavender-bags; needlecases; pegbags; pincushions; plaited-leather belts; potholders; pyjama-bags; organdie popovers; plastic foam clothesbrush mitts; sequined shower-caps; shoebags; shopping-bags; soiled-clothes duffle-bags; stocking sachets; string-holders; table-mat sets; telephone-book covers; tea-towels; tissue-box covers; toilet-seat covers; traycloths; underwear-bags; velvet- or cotton-covered shoe-trees; wastepaper baskets and tins.

★ ★ ★

FLOWERS AND PLANTS: Artificial flowers; chicken-wire shapes for flower arrangements; dried-flower arrangements; driftwood; fresh flowers; garden stakes with decorative heads; indoor potplants; pot-pourri; seedlings; shooting bulbs in pots; shrubs; unusual plant containers.

★ ★ ★

FOOD: Crisp garden vegetables; fairy floss; fresh farm eggs; home-made jams, preserves, sauces, pickles, and mayonnaise; herbs, fresh and home-dried; hot dogs; personalised recipe books; sample groceries; two- and four-person dinners (food such as curries or sweet-and-sour pork cooked and ready to reheat).

★ ★ ★

FOR CHILDREN: Baby clothes; cloth puppets; secondhand comics; dolls' clothes; fur-fabric muffs and collars; little-girl jewellery from beads, felt, or shells; outgrown clothing for schoolagers; pretty little flower-trimmed headbands for parties; toys—rag, felt, or wood; hand-made lace collars.

★ ★ ★

PETS: Budgerigars; goldfish. hand-knitted dog-coats; kittens; plaited-leather dog-leads; puppies; white rabbits; tortoises; white mice (with Mum's consent).

★ ★ ★

MISCELLANEOUS: Antiques; beads, restrung from old necklaces; bottles—odd shapes and sizes; glamor flyswats; homemade cosmetics; jewellery; magazines, preferably old glossies; material remnants; cheese-trays; breadboards; magazine-racks; decorated tins for kitchen use.

Continued overleaf

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Tea-cosy made from silk scraps

● **Here's a handsome patchwork tea-cosy to put right over the pot and keep it hot as long as you want. Make it the prize for a special competition at the fete.**

COLORFUL patchwork cosy was made from scraps of Thai silk, but any closely woven fabric can be used. It is all handsewn and interlined with padding to retain heat.

THE patchwork craze is back again and if you've never tried this fascinating craft before you'll find it an absorbing hobby.

It's easy to do, results can be spectacular, and all that's needed is a plentiful supply of patches and a measure of patience.

Materials: Two-thirds yard orange material; ½ yard each of gold and dark green material; scraps of yellow, deep pink, pastel pink, and orange material; ½ yard cotton wadding; ½ yard orange cotton lining material; 7 dark green beads; matching thread for all fabric colors; contrasting embroidery cotton.

TO CUT OUT

Make a paper pattern for the outer top of the cosy, measuring 15in. across the base, 9in. at the highest point, and curving gently downwards at either side. Cut out two pieces of orange material from this pattern.

Next cut two 15 x 3½in. strips of gold material and two 15 x 3in. strips of green material to go along base of cover.

Then cut 14 triangles in a variety of shapes and sizes from colored scraps, for patchwork decorations.

TO MAKE

Turn under raw edges on all triangle-shaped patches. Press and baste to sides of cover. Using matching thread for each triangle color and fine stitches, slip-stitch seven triangles to each side of the cover.

When triangles are in position, work trimmings with embroidery cotton.

Follow the picture above when placing triangles and embroidery. Stitch instructions are given below.

After working the embroidery, attach the colored bands to the bottom of the cover.

Allowing ½in. seam, and with right sides together, sew one strip of the gold material along the straight edge of one side of the cover with backstitch. Then sew the green strip to the gold in the same way. Oversew all raw edges to prevent the material fraying.

Repeat the sewing-on of strips on the other side of the cover.

The two sides of the cover are now complete and ready for joining. To join, turn in ½in. round the curved edge of each half and press. Then topsew the two sides together, including beads as you go.

To make the lining, cut two pieces of lining fabric the same size as the cover. Trim off ½in. all the way round so lining will fit neatly inside the cover.

Cut two pieces of padding to match the lining.

Lay the two lining pieces, right sides facing, between the two layers of padding. Allowing ½in. seams, stitch the four pieces together around the curved edges with backstitch. Leave straight edge along bottom open. Turn lining right side out and press.

Turn up ½in. all the way round the straight bottom edge of the cosy cover and press.

Baste right side of straight edge of lining to the cover turn-up. Slip-stitch the lining to the cover ½in. above the base of the cover. (At this stage lining is outside cosy.)

Turn lining to inside of cover.

STITCHES USED

Herringbone-Stitch: This stitch is simple if you imagine two parallel straight lines about ⅜in. apart. Bring the needle through the top line. Then slightly farther along on the bottom line take up a piece of material with needle pointing in an anti-clockwise direction. Repeat this on the top line and so on. Line of work is from left to right. (This stitch is seen on the yellow triangle at extreme right of cosy.)

Whipped Running-Stitch: Sew lines with running stitch (evenly spaced stitches and spaces). Whip thicker contrasting thread through each running-stitch, taking care not to pick up any fabric with the needle. (This stitch is seen in the centre of the cosy and forms the straight lines running upwards.)

Cretan-Stitch: Bring needle up from back of work, make slanting-stitch, then insert needle into work and bring it out in straight line just a little below where it entered. Place thread under needle and pull needle through. Make another slanting-stitch in opposite direction, then insert needle into work and bring it out in straight line just a little above where it entered, making sure thread is under needle. Pull needle through. Repeat. (Cretan-stitch is seen on the far left of the cosy and on the pink panel at the right.)

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Supplement to THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Television

WHICH IS THE REAL LORRAE DESMOND?—Page 3.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4912921

The wombat won a naturalist's heart

● Australia's koalas are all looks and no brains, according to famous naturalist and writer Gerald Durrell. He thought they had appeal but not personality.

DURRELL, in Australia briefly with his wife, Jacquie, making a series of TV films for the B.B.C., was enchanted with Australian fauna, and names as the two big personality animals the wombat and the platypus.

The wombat is definitely the Durrells' favorite.

"They're like great hairy mounds," Mr. Durrell said, "and suddenly they look round at you with the eyes and expression of W. C. Fields.

"As for the platypus, I've rarely seen such a personality animal. One of the most notable animal personalities I have ever seen is David Fleay's platypus."

(David Fleay is probably Australia's best-known naturalist. He has an animal research reserve at West Burleigh, Queensland.)

When I went to see the Durrells just before they left Australia for Malaya, I felt I should take an animal cage with me.

In Gerald Durrell's books he is always anxiously looking for suitable cages for unexpectedly available animals or new cages for animals that have chewed their way out of old ones.

But instead of being surrounded by animals, the Durrells were flung back in luxury, relaxing as they waited for their ship, behaving like the fabulous Fon of Bafut of "A Zoo In My Luggage," and dispensing lavish hospitality.

Interviewing them is one of the most stimulating, interesting, and exhausting experiences.

They have plenty to say about everything and say it entertainingly; when Gerald finishes a sentence Jacquie takes up and goes on, which makes it difficult to separate one opinion from the other.

The Durrells came to Australia for the Natural History division of the B.B.C. to make a series of films about the work being done in the Pacific to conserve rare animals.

The series, as yet unnamed, will be six half-hour films—two made in New Zealand, two in Australia, and two in Malaya.

Eventually, the Durrells hope, the series will be shown here on A.B.C.-TV.

The project started with a visit to New Zealand, where two films were made.

One dealt with the problems caused by New Zealand's introduced animals, the deer and the possum; the other with kiwis, the rare Takahe bird, and New Zealand's living dinosaur, the Tuatara lizard.

Of the Australian films, one was made in Victoria and the other in New South Wales.

The Victorian one dealt with the conservation of lyre birds in Sherbrooke Forest, the breeding and moving of koalas from one area to another, and a successful night-spotting hunt for a Leadbeater's possum.

Most of the N.S.W. film was made in the C.S.I.R.O. animal research paddocks at Canberra, where they filmed the birth of a kangaroo, described by Durrell as the most marvellous thing he has ever seen.

The remainder of the film was shot at Griffith, N.S.W., where they visited the Mallee Fowl Reserve.

After their visit to New South Wales, the Durrells took off for David Fleay's Queensland sanctuary, where they filmed another series of films — "Animal Magic."

"Animal Magic" is a B.B.C.-TV children's session and lasts for 25 minutes.

The films made at the Fleay Sanctuary include ones about all our best-known animals — the koala, emu, cassowary, cuscus. The Durrells also made

By NAN MUSGROVE

a film of the famous Currumbin parrots and another of the platypus at Healesville.

"Animal Magic" is a special love of Durrell's. He often appears on it with animals from his own zoo on the Channel Island of Jersey.

The Durrells started their zoo after it became too painful to part with animals he secured for other zoos. It explains the intriguing title of one of his most popular books, "A Zoo In My Luggage." From what I have heard about the Durrell zoo, it must really be worth seeing.

They didn't find time to visit Sydney's Taronga Park Zoo, although Mr. Durrell knew its reputation.

He was taking no animals back to his zoo on Jersey, but hopes to collect some on his next Australian visit scheduled for August, 1963.

On that trip he plans an "exploring" trip through Queensland and to spend a lot more time with David Fleay.

"It was David Fleay's work with animals, and David Fleay, that brought me to Australia," Mr. Durrell said.

"Naturally I knew about him, and for years had wanted to meet and talk about animals with this remarkable man.

British naturalist and author Gerald Durrell and his wife, Jacquie, in Sydney during their TV film tour for the B.B.C.

"It was with very mixed feelings that we came here. No one in Britain knows anything about Australia — for which I blame your Government.

"They have no idea what it is like, how you live. We nearly didn't come here. We came although we believed you to be very anti-British, rude, uncouth people.

"What really decided me to come here was my eagerness to see David Fleay.

"Then we got here. We have been enchanted with the land and its people, who are straightforward, courteous, delightful, and five times as patriotic as any of us are.

"Frankly, we like you all so much that we cannot wait to come back.

"David Fleay's place at West Burleigh is the most remarkable place in Australia from the animal point of view.

"The animals are beautifully kept and are contented.

"Fleay is not a crank about animals; he is very intelligent with them. He is not oogie-woogie or fluffy about them, doesn't endow them with human qualities.

"I learned a tremendous amount from David Fleay in the short time I spent with him. He knows more about Australian animals than anyone else in the world.

"Anyone who can keep and breed a platypus is obviously a genius with animals."

Mr. Durrell, who is 5ft. 11in. tall, with blue eyes and gingery hair and beard, looks like a rather roguish lion with a lively sense of humor.

His wife, Jacquie, a tiny 5ft., with large dark brown eyes, looks, according to her husband, like an owl with hair.

The Durrell beard is a TV gimmick.

"Without it, he has a very long, odd-shaped face on TV," Jacquie told me. "It was my idea that he should grow one to cover his jawline."

"I look rather like Claude Hulbert without a beard," Durrell said, "and it is important to me to look as good as I can on TV. I don't want to frighten the children."

The Durrells didn't have much time to see our TV, but time enough to make a pungent Durrell criticism.

"It's too American," he said, "not Australian enough. Here you have this wonderful country full of material crying out to be made into TV films."

TOMMY HANLON'S *Thought for the Week*

Tommy Hanlon

● Momma once said: Only a pet-owner can realise how another pet-owner feels. We have had cats, dogs, goldfish, chickens, ducks, and even white mice as pets. But . . . only a dyed-in-the-wool pet-lover knows how you feel when your pet cat or dog just lies around the house listless, not wanting to play. Or . . . when it won't eat its food.

That certain feeling you get, knowing there's absolutely nothing you can do. You just hope and pray that everything will be all right tomorrow, and that once again your pet is its usual perky, happy, jovial self.

Momma's moral: There is nothing as helpless in the world as the owner of a sick goldfish.

Each week in this supplement we will publish Tommy Hanlon's Thought for the Week.

Only Maggi Soups have that real home-made

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DID YOU KNOW?

RICHARD BOONE . . . has son who'll also travel!

RICHARD BOONE'S nine-year-old son, Peter, will have a guest role in next season's series of "Have Gun, Will Travel," which stars Dad as Paladin, an adventurous dandy.

★ ★ ★

DESILU has a feature film on "The Untouchables" doing the rounds of theatres at the moment and it is meeting with some success. The movie is a two-parter from the TV series telescoped into one feature and entitled "The Scar-faced Mob."

There are rumors that Desilu is also contemplating a feature film on Eliot Ness to take the form of a full biography rather than just covering the period of his crime-busting activities.

Another story is that Desi Arnaz plans a series on Ness' private life.

★ ★ ★

JOHN CARROLL, Wayde Preston, and Jil Jarmyn have been signed to star in a new jungle series, "Tongaloa," being filmed in Mexico and Guatemala.

John Wayne, Edd ("Kookie") Byrnes, Randolph Scott, and Corinne Calvert will guest-star in several episodes.

★ ★ ★

THERE are a couple of surprises in store for next season's episodes of "The Rifleman." The romantic angle had to appear sooner or later.

Star Chuck Connors will have a steady girl-friend! His son in the series, Johnny Crawford, is likely to sing in a number of episodes, too.

FORMER undercover man of the "Tightrope" series, Mike Connors, is cast as a teacher at a Blackboard Jungle-style school in a planned series to be called "Turning Point."

★ ★ ★

PUPPETEER Shari Lewis and her husband, Jeremy Tarcher, are expecting an addition to their family early in July, which explains that cancelled Australian trip.

★ ★ ★

SINGER Tony Bennett's Hollywood Bowl concert soon will be filmed by his own company for distribution in Australia, Europe, and South America.

★ ★ ★

BING CROSBY and Juliet Prowse have been named as guests on the first of the series of Bob Hope specials to be made in the coming season.

★ ★ ★

GEORGE MAHARIS of "Route 66" has just recovered from a bout of hepatitis and his studio is now planning to film several episodes of the series in Europe during the summer.

★ ★ ★

VETERAN Jimmy ("Schnozzle") Durante is reputed to be getting 100,000 dollars (about £50,000) for a series of commercials being screened in the U.S. by a coffee-manufacturing firm.

★ ★ ★

"HONEYMOONERS" star Jackie Gleason says he now has enough movie offers to keep him busy until 1965.

By NAN MUSGROVE

Lorrae wants to be wife, sun-worshipper, as well as sultry star

● The evolution of a show-business personality is something generally read about in American magazines or novels. When you watch it with your own eyes, it is better, more interesting than the best best-seller.

AUSTRALIAN television viewers have had this absorbing experience with Lorrae Desmond. They have watched her evolve from a simple local-girl-made-good type in late 1959, to a really vital statistic in Australia's TV world of 1962.

In 1959 Lorrae came home to see her family after seven years in England's show-business world — working the summer seasons at popular beach resorts in pantomimes and making nightclub and TV appearances. While she was here she made two variety shows for A.B.C.-TV.

In good shape

She was the same shape as she is today, 5ft. 4in., of 36-24-36, keen to get on Australian TV, and with the very Australian ambition of making enough money to "have summer sun all the year round."

Last month she flew back from England to make nightclub appearances, to make her debut on July 25 as a dramatic actress on A.B.C.-TV, and to star in the 1962 season of "The Lorrae Desmond Show."

In the time between she'd been off round the world fulfilling international engagements, and been back in 1961 to establish herself as the star of the show which is named after her and is said by many people to be the best of its type on TV.

A lot has happened to Lorrae in the 30 months since she got home in 1959, a lot that was typified by her Press reception several weeks ago.

She'd "arrived" in a big way.

In 1959 the Press wasn't aware of her until she was "pushed" by the A.B.C. as an interesting personality story; in 1962 she got the full treatment, with a cocktail party Press reception, for which invitations were sought after.

At the reception, standing back watching, the signs of Lorrae's "arrival" were obvious.

Gentlemen of the Press murmured as they arranged to have seductive pictures taken, asked provocative questions. Marriage rumors were rife.

"What is your line as the A.B.C.'s sex image, Miss Desmond?" one reporter asked . . .

"How many countries have you visited since you knew what s-e-x meant, Miss Desmond?" . . .

"When will you marry, Miss Desmond?" . . .

Miss Desmond obligingly answered everything she wanted to, skilfully evaded what she didn't want to; pontificated about Australian men, sex-imaged her way through the interview.

She looked like show business, a more sophisticated edition of her 1959 self.

I wondered which was the real Lorrae, what was her ambition now? Sun, or sons, or to be Miss Show Business of 1962?

In the hope of finding out, I lunched with her one day in the sun on the terrace of a Kings Cross hotel.

As she ate her way slowly and reflectively through an egg-and-cheese salad ("I'm on a health kick"), Lorrae tried to tell me.

"I'D LIKE TO HAVE CHILDREN"

As I thought, she's really more Miss Show Business than anything else — show business gets first, second, and third prize with her.

But, like most human beings, she would like the best of all possible worlds — to be as she is in show business; to have an understanding husband waiting for her when she wanted him to be; and to be her real self, Beryl Hunt, of Sydney's suburban Strathfield, soaking up the sun in her old cerise jersey slack suit, without a trace of make-up.

I was surprised to find that Lorrae Desmond is a purely show-business name, Beryl Hunt is her given name, Lorrae a name she liked, and Desmond is her father's Christian name.

Beryl was mad about show business from the time she drew breath, but her practical mother guided her to a hairdressing course, and it was as a hard-working hairdresser at the Sydney salon of Norman Flohm that she saved enough for the big jump into show business.

These days Beryl Hunt only has a chance to come alive on Sundays, her day with the family. That day she sets off for Strathfield and Sunday dinner with the family.

Later in the day she goes in the family car to Ryde, a few miles away, for Sunday supper with her married sister, Norma.

Beryl Hunt loves the sun, the surf, and the beach.

On the other six days of the week Lorrae Desmond takes over.

Lorrae works like a beaver, rehearsing, practising, sleeping, eating, getting ready to be Miss Show Business.

She doesn't have to work much at her figure — "I don't feel like eating for weeks at a stretch" — works hard to get as much sleep as she can — "Sleep is more important to me than food" — has periods of silence, does special exercises to help her voice.

And when does Lorrae become the sex image?

"I think the purple sequined dress is my sexiest dress," she said. "I have such dresses made close to the figure to give a tidy line. I don't like frills. I like to look feminine, though."

She does.

She is happy

"Frankly, I haven't yet figured out what this sex-appeal thing is. I think it is possibly giving men the impression that you are weaker than they are. It makes them feel good.

"I've never yet really come close to getting married. Not many people are prepared to play second fiddle to show business.

"I'm very happy as I am, except that I'd like to have some children some time, and sometimes now I find myself getting very tired of putting on my Lorrae Desmond make-up. That's a symptom, I suppose."

I suppose it is, but it seems to me it will take more than one symptom to deflect Lorrae from her first love—show business.

Footnote: On our cover you see Beryl Hunt in her cerise slack suit and cuddly coat, the sex image in her purple sequined skin, and Miss Lorrae Desmond as Mrs. Jane Featherway, of "Family Album," Noel Coward's period piece in which she will appear on A.B.C.-TV on July 25 at 8.30 p.m.

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The funny men of England

Tony Hancock, Sid James, and Eric Sykes are probably responsible for more Australian chuckles, gurgles, guffaws, and belly-laughs than any other comedians, local or imported, on Australian TV.

ERIC SYKES

TONY HANCOCK

SID JAMES

● Hancock is probably best known, although some Australians prefer what one English critic called Sid James' "uncouth charm" to the sadder comedy of Hancock.

Both James and Hancock are in their late forties; the third member of the trio, Eric Sykes, is 38.

Hancock and Sykes are Englishmen, although Sykes always reminds me of famous French comic Jacques Tati; Sid James is a South African.

Sid wasn't born with such a craggy face as he sports on TV. Most of the bumps came from his years as a professional boxer, a middleweight, in South Africa.

"The biggest purse I ever got was fifty bob," Sid says. "And I had my nose busted for it.

"The doc fixed it up, but it broke again. Then my ears got a bit puffy after other fights and I cried finish. I'm not complaining, though — my face has certainly helped me on TV.

"I've had to work on it a bit myself. Late nights, card games, plenty of gin, irregular eating hours have all helped."

Hancock says his TV comedy character, a pompous, ineffectual man, is a reflection of his own character to a great extent.

Since he hit the big time in show business he has had two breakdowns— he worries too much, tries too hard.

One of his greatest worries is his size — he says he thinks fat makes the mind sluggish.

If Hancock's mind is an example of the sluggish mind, there should be more of them. They're good for laughs.

— Nan Musgrove

Only Maggi Soups have that real home-cooked flavour and goodness

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

July 25, 1962

Teenagers' WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

HOW TO LOOK AFTER YOUR RECORDS—page 11

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LETTERS

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to "Teenagers' Weekly," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Comic strip or common market?

AN older acquaintance was shocked recently when I admitted that, at the age of 19, the only part of the daily paper that I read regularly was the comic-strip page.

I dismissed the subsequent lecture from my mind until shortly afterwards I was talking to a boy who was obviously interested in world affairs and attempted to draw me into a discussion on the Common Market.

Only after I had struggled through the conversation with a few well-placed yeses and nos did the words of that lecture come back to me.

So, girls, don't be fooled into thinking that boys like only "dumb blondes." Some of the nicest boys also want a companion who will talk to them and share their own interests. — *Lynne Herrington, Gladesville, N.S.W.*

Who pays?

DO other female readers think that employers should pay for stockings damaged at work?

Every week we have to buy several pairs of stockings, and this is becoming very expensive. We have asked our bosses if they would be willing to pay for them, or even part of them, but they tell us not to wear stockings. They also say that they are not liable for the cost of damaged stockings. — *"Laddered," Beverly Hills, N.S.W.*

Uni. query

WHEN reading biographies of people of other countries I have been surprised to read that they have worked their way through university.

I've never heard it said of any Australian that he or she worked his or her way through university. Can this be done in Australia? — *Norma Abbott, Castle Hill, N.S.W.*

Mental health

RECENTLY, in a class debate, I was appalled to see the attitude of my room mates to the subject of mental disorders and those wonderful nurses, doctors, and welfare workers in asylums.

When the subject came under discussion, many class members sniggered. I attend a well-known Adelaide college and had thought the pupils more intelligent than to regard such matters lightly.

Are most Australian teenagers so ignorant on a very real social problem?

I regard increasing mental instability as a problem very near to us which must be solved. Surely a "broken brain" is no more shameful than a broken leg! — *"Teena," Hyde Park, S.A.*

State of mind

IS enjoyment only a state of mind? My best friend denies this, saying enjoyment is purely physical. True enough, but it is your brain which tells you what is pleasurable and what is not.

While she enjoys being the life of the party, I find my fun in watching other guests, studying their reactions, their temperaments, and picturing them in different circumstances.

Many people love a circus, others prefer Gilbert and Sullivan. Surely, then, enjoyment lies in doing what, to your mind, is fun.—*Susan East, Chadstone, Vic.*

Taxing time

WITH the end of the financial year approaching, an advisory centre should be established to help teenagers doing tax returns for the first time. If we do not learn how to complete tax returns properly now, we may make unintentional mistakes later on in life.—*William West, Lancefield, Vic.*

Ya-ya-yah

BAN the Ya Ya, folks, I say,
They're growing worse
every day.
Whenever I see it I have fears
Of what it'll be like in fifty
years. — *Barrie Chong, North Carlton, Vic.*

[A Ya Ya is the newest dress style from America — it's already a big hit in Victoria and will soon be introduced to other States. It's any type of dress, with the skirt shortened to 4in. above the knee for a "back-to-childhood" look. — Ed.]

Just looking

I AM convinced that Australia is not the sporting nation it is made out to be. For example, at a football match thousands of spectators watch from 22 to 36 players.

Could not the position be reversed? This happens in every sport. The majority of Australians accept the praise but will not move from their easy chair in front of the television. —*"Aussie," Macleod, Vic.*

The heel!

I HAVE a complaint to lodge about the height and thinness of the heels of shoes made for females.

Recently, while in town with a friend, *both* heels of my friend's shoes snapped and broke right off; there she was in the middle of Sydney at 11.55 a.m. on Saturday—barefooted!

I had to take the shoes in one hand and the mutilated heels in the other and rush in search of a bootmaker (a very hard man to find still at work at that time on Saturday). Fortunately, after persuading a bootmaker just about to close, the shoes were mended.

What about shorter, wider, fashionable heels? — *"Heeled," Hunter's Hill, N.S.W.*

No authority

I HAVE just read Michael Forwell's article in Teenagers' Weekly, June 13. How a boy of 17 can proclaim that a girl who has travelled overseas makes a better wife than one who has not is a big laugh to me.

He speaks as though he is an authority on the subject of marriage, but at his age I doubt he is even an authority on girls! —*Margaret Golbach, Balmain, N.S.W.*

Anti-progress

AUSTRALIA was the last continent to be discovered, yet she has few landmarks to link her people with the historic past.

There is a lack of interest in these historical buildings. Already the Government has demolished St. Malo in Sydney to make way for an expressway, and a recent attempt was made to destroy Australia's oldest hotel at Berrima.

To destroy these buildings with their colorful colonial history would be shameful and unforgivable. — *Tommy Page, Wahroonga, N.S.W.*

BEATNIK

"Like what makes you think he's asleep?"

Next week

YOUNG Australian entertainer Patsy Ann Noble has set off to make her way in the big wide world—and before she left Sydney she selected a special Australian wardrobe for her travels abroad. Next week we show you Patsy Ann modelling her favorite clothes from the collection. For boys we have the story of a 17-year-old lad who is holding down three jobs on his way up the ladder of fame.

Maths add up to happiness

● "K.I.P." (T.W., 6/6/62) wrote asking why girls were taught subjects like maths and Latin. She felt that cooking and dressmaking would be more useful.

THERE is nothing I would "welcome with open arms" less than a school curriculum which consisted primarily of cooking, housekeeping, and dressmaking. After all, this is 1962, the Atomic Age, and women, more than ever before, are holding responsible positions in the world of commerce, science, literature, and art.

I suppose that the ultimate goal of every woman is marriage, but with the marvellous opportunities available, especially in a progressive country like Australia, increasing numbers of girls are taking advantage of their opportunity and seeing as much of the world as they can before settling down.

Surely the average man has enough confidence in himself not to resent a wife of intellectual and educational equality? Surely he would prefer a stimulating, lively companion whose conversational topics do not begin with and end with the kitchen sink?—*J.B., Toowoomba, Qld.*

IF there are any subjects which girls should welcome with open arms, they are those we are least likely to meet in a domestic career. As if we won't have enough, later on, of cooking and housekeeping and dressmaking!

Let's jump at the chance of learning other things while we can; we are *not* likely to in the future. — *J. Anderson, Cronulla, N.S.W.*

IS "K.I.P." one of those girls who are content to accept women as household illiterates fit only to bear children, wash dishes, or (if her husband can afford it) play canasta and gin rummy?

An educated housewife can be an asset to her husband, children, herself, and society in general.

If "K.I.P." allowed her mother to teach her cooking, housekeeping, and dressmaking, and concentrated on educating herself she may open an entirely new world. — *Jeanyne Whitmont, Killara, N.S.W.*

COOKING, housekeeping, and dressmaking are easy enough to "pick-up" in later life, but hang on grimly to that knowledge of mathematics and Latin and other subjects.

Maths, although you probably cannot see, will help you work out your budget in unmarried and married life. Latin will help you understand the origin of words.

Few husbands mind bad housekeeping in early married life, but who will put up with a "dimwit"? — *H. Tanner, North Brighton, S.A.*

SURELY a good housewife and mother owes more to her husband and children than just a tidy home and three good meals a day? She should be conversant on subjects not wholly domestic so that she can intelligently discuss affairs and business with her husband.

She should be able to help her children with their studies and at least share with teacher her children's admiration and respect. For this a solid secondary, and possibly tertiary, education is a must.—*B. Johnson, Meadowbank, N.S.W.*

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Hayley Mills busily happy

By BEVERLY OTT

● A poor little highly paid film star, lonely for friendship in the Hollywood sob-sister tradition, is exactly what Hayley Mills is NOT. At boarding-school she shares a dormitory with seven girls. During holidays she visits her friends. When making a film she eats in the studio's cafeteria.

SHE never sits in a corner by herself, unless she has a book to finish. She talks to everyone, from the prop-boy to her co-star.

You've probably read a lot about Hayley Catherine Rose Vivien Mills — and you'll be reading a lot more. Some of it will be fiction, but this story is straight from the mill itself.

At home, a 450-acre farm in Richmond, Surrey, the Mills are a close-knit, fun-loving family. And a prominent one. Her father, John, is one of England's most distinguished actors. Her mother, Mary Hayley Bell, is a top novelist. Her sister, Juliet, a recent bride, has starred on Broadway and in movies. Just now, brother Jonathan is too busy being 12 to accept any of the many contracts he's been offered.

But when it comes to facts, the best source is Hayley herself. We'll let her take over . . .

"I've wanted to be an actress since I was seven," she says. "Except for a short time when I thought I'd make a fine veterinarian. I used to follow the vet around the farm when he delivered calves and gave injections. I went back to acting ambitions the day I watched him perform a rather gory operation on one of our pigs.

"'Tiger Bay,' my first movie, was what actually decided me.

"We knew the director, Lee Thompson, very well and he saw me fooling around one day, doing take-offs on TV commercials. He suggested that I take a screen test. Daddy came with me, which certainly helped, but I was absolutely terrified. I did the test with Horst Buchholz and was given the role.

Two separate lives

"Mr. Disney saw 'Tiger Bay' and wanted me to be in 'Pollyanna.' Mother and Daddy asked me what I thought about it, but it was hard for me to say because I had no idea what it would involve. They made a big decision when they decided to let me accept. They talked and talked for a long time — two solid weeks. Finally they agreed."

Her mother and father are definite about separating her private life and career. Hayley goes to Elmhurst, a boarding school for budding ballerinas. She followed Juliet, who chose the school when she was determined to be a dancer. The Mills' understanding with the school is that their daughter will neither give interviews nor pose for pictures during the term. It's doubtful that she could find the time, anyway.

"What do I like best about school? Weekends! That's when we get together and have a good time. Sometimes, we clear all the tables and chairs and jive.

"I love to jive and feel very kindly toward rock-'n-roll. My favorite singers are Elvis Presley, Johnny Mathis, and Peggy Lee."

Another school term will end her formal education. The thought delights her. Of the future, she says, "No university. Just career."

She has a flock of other interests. "I love to see movies. Daddy is my favorite actor. I admire Paul Newman, Marlon Brando, Maurice Chevalier, Shirley MacLaine, Audrey Hepburn . . . oh, hundreds of stars!

"Riding my horse, Anabel is my favorite hobby. I like to read (especially historical novels), write, play tennis, swim, paint, listen to records, bang about on the piano.

"Every so often, I try my hand at cooking. Usually very hard cakes. The family's polite about it, I must say. They pass around the indigestion powders under the table!"

Attitude to boys

And what about discipline? "Mother and Daddy are quite easy-going," she says. "They're wonderful parents. They encourage us to make our own decisions, but are always ready to help. There are a few rules, of course. No gumboots in the house, promptness at mealtimes, early nights when working, not too much TV, nor too many sweets . . . the usual things.

"Curfews? When you're working, you have to go to bed early. If you don't, you can't do your best the next morning. Otherwise, I don't have a set time to come in.

"My parents like to meet the boys I go out with. I don't date a great deal. In the States, girls get to know boys when they're really young. Here, there's not too much of that.

"I think American teenagers grow up more quickly than we do in England. We don't put so much emphasis on early dating. I suppose it's because there aren't a lot of co-ed schools.

"I had my first date in America. We went to a drive-in for a meal. I was fourteen and I think that's just about the right age to begin dating. On second thoughts, though, I guess the right age actually depends upon the girl.

"I've never double dated, but I do prefer to go out with a crowd, and I like to go to a movie or a fair. Then you don't get stuck. At a fair, you just scream a lot and eat candy —and probably get sick the next day! Movies are good if you don't know the boy too well.

"The trait I most admire in a boy is truthfulness. I like a boy with good manners and a sense of humor. I don't care for stuffed shirts. On the other hand, I hate showoffs. Still, if a boy's a bit brash, I can understand it. It's natural. At times, I tend to be that way, myself—to offset shyness.

"Most of all, I like someone to dance with and be comfortable with and have fun with. I don't have a steady. I think I'm too young. When you go steady in England, the next step is getting engaged. Right now I'd rather meet a lot of people than get bogged down with one fellow.

"Clothes? I like casual things. I won't buy anything that's uncomfortable, even if it's very smart."

At the moment Hayley's at work on her fifth picture, "The Castaways," which is being shot at Pinewood Studios, a few miles from London. "My professional ambition is to become a really good actress," she says. "My personal goal is to get married and become a mother. I want hundreds of children — and a stable!"

HAYLEY MILLS has many assets, but one of the biggest is her india-rubber face.

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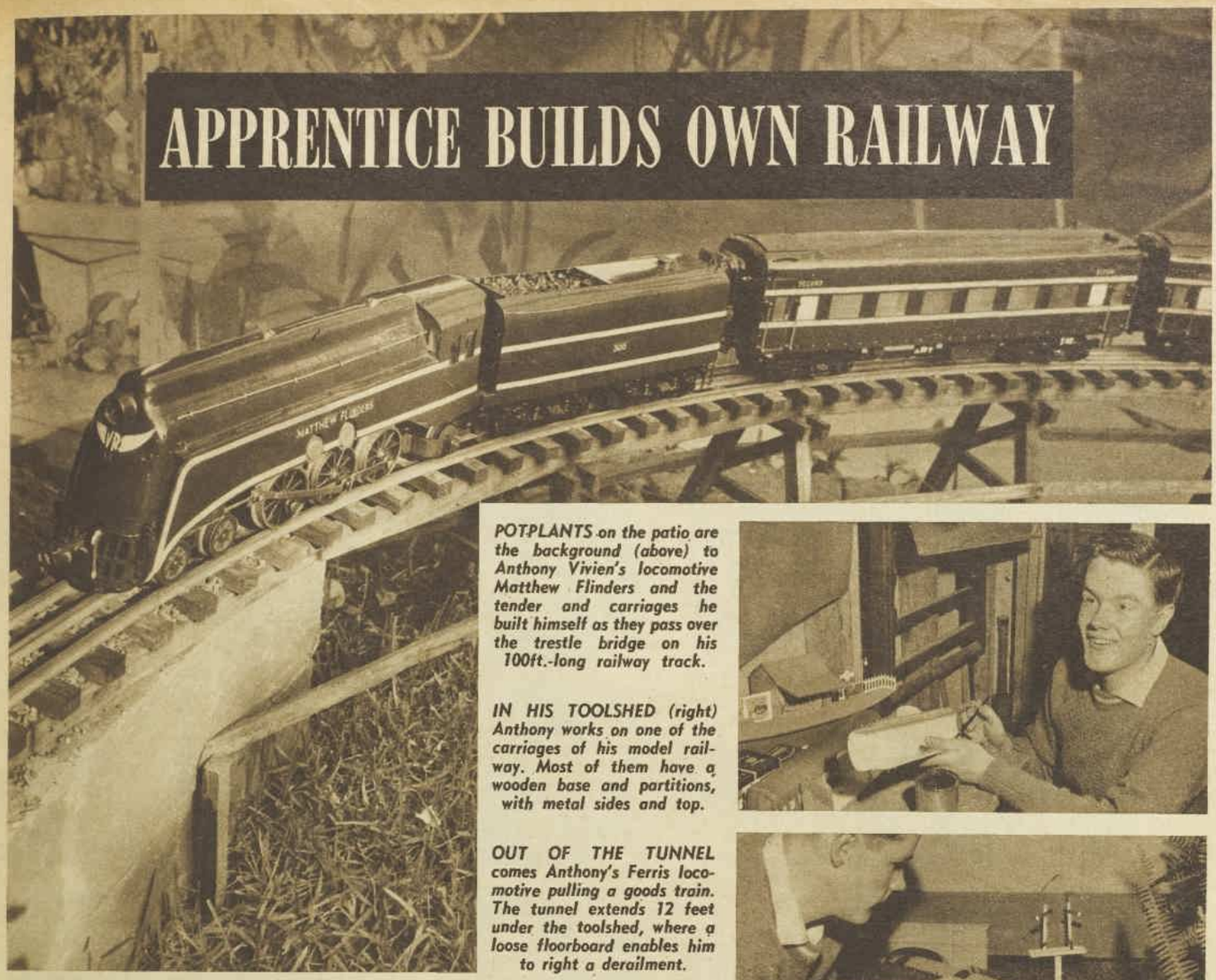
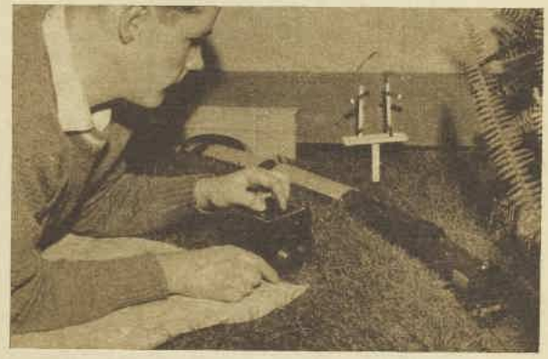
APPRENTICE BUILDS OWN RAILWAY



POTPLANTS on the patio are the background (above) to Anthony Vivien's locomotive Matthew Flinders and the tender and carriages he built himself as they pass over the trestle bridge on his 100ft.-long railway track.

IN HIS TOOLSHED (right) Anthony works on one of the carriages of his model railway. Most of them have a wooden base and partitions, with metal sides and top.



OUT OF THE TUNNEL comes Anthony's Ferris locomotive pulling a goods train. The tunnel extends 12 feet under the toolshed, where a loose floorboard enables him to right a derailment.

● A third-year apprentice carriage-builder in the Victorian Railways Department, 20-year-old Anthony Vivien, also makes carriages at home — carriages just 13 inches long.

By Margaret Berkeley

THE miniature carriages are for Anthony's model railway, which has 100 feet of track running round the perimeter of the back garden of his home in Hawthorn, Melbourne.

Making the most of every inch of space, Anthony has built the track under the shrubs at the edge of the garden beds and it goes under a toolshed into a tunnel 12 feet long.

A curved section which goes over the path leading to the back door of the house is hinged so that it can be lifted when the line is not in use, and at the other corner of the house the small locomotives chuff past Mrs. Vivien's potplants and patio across a curved trestle bridge.

This bridge was the only part of the permanent way which Anthony planned on paper.

"Trestle bridges aren't usually built on a curve," he said. "I looked at photographs of bridges and drew up a plan before I built it."

Anthony started work on the track last Christmas and finished it three months later. He built the station buildings over the past six years and the carriages over the past three years.

Until recently he set up the track in the lounge-room whenever he wanted to run the trains.

The ambitious backyard venture had to wait until he had more money—mere pocket-money doesn't cover this sort of hobby, even when it's done as economically as Anthony did it.

Most of the track is set between aluminium borders ("to keep back the lawn and leaves") with a foundation of one layer of concrete screenings plus a thin layer of fine road metal.

The brass rails, which Anthony bought wholesale in Melbourne in 12-foot lengths, cost about £10. They are 0 gauge (1¼ inches wide).

"The 00 gauge is more popular and is used a lot for table-top railways," he said, "but I think outside in the garden the wider gauge looks better and it makes it easier to build the carriages."

The sleepers — there are 1000 of them, ten to the foot—are teak, cut with a bandsaw from scraps which Anthony had at home. He hammered into each tiny sleeper six half-inch railway spikes, then soaked the sleepers in creosote for weather protection.

Anthony owns two electrically driven locomotives—Matthew Flinders, which is a Robilt S class engine which runs on 27 volts at 1½ amps, and a Ferris, running on 16 volts at 2½ amps. Each has to have its own transformer because of the different voltages.

The engines cost about £10 each and the transformers £7 each. Anthony has given the locomotives all sorts of extra fittings, like couplings, handrails, and air hoses, and he made their coal tenders himself.

He also has a steam locomotive. His mother says there's no glamor about this engine, but she loves to see it puffing along the track.

Anthony is not so sentimental about it. "I don't use it much," he said, "because I can't control it. It's just a novelty."

It is a £5 Renown tank engine with a very simple mechanism and can run for half an hour on one tankful of methylated spirit and a boiler of water heated by the four asbestos wicks.

Anthony has built 11 carriages and 13 goods wagons.

Although he saved himself a great deal of money making the carriages and wagons himself, he estimates the undergear and fittings for each one cost about £2.

He values the whole system at £200.

Signals, station buildings, a water tank, advertising hoardings — they all indicate the painstaking work Anthony puts into his hobby.

When it's not in use Anthony keeps the track covered with strips of canvas to stop leaves from the overhanging shrubs getting on the track. Because of the loose ballast on the track the leaves cannot be brushed off.

Even so, there's a lot of maintenance necessary; the sleepers have to be re-creosoted every six months, the track has to be wiped regularly with a fine wet and dry sandpaper to get rid of a black deposit which impairs the electrical contact.

Anthony thinks it's worth it, but now that he has finished the major part of the job he isn't spending quite as much time on the railway.

After all, it's winter time, and football beckons on Saturday afternoons for a keen Hawthorn Football Club supporter.

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY
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DION —

Lonely Teenagers; After the Dance; P.S. I Love You; Save the Last Dance For Me; Little Miss Blue; Havin' Fun; Close Your Eyes; Fools Rush In; My One and Only Love; North East End of the Corner; One for My Baby; Then I'll Be Tired of You.

BUDDY HOLLY —

Fool's Paradise; Lonesome Tears; (You're So Square) Baby, I Don't Care; Valley of Tears; Ready Teddy; Take Your Time; Look at Me; Little Baby; Now We're One; Well . . . All Right.

LONNIE LEE —

With Chorus and Orchestra directed by Eddie Cash Jnr. I Found a New Love; Every Little Girl; I'll Never Let You Go; Ruby Baby; Put Your Arms Around Me, Honey; Baby Let's Play House; Walkin' and Talkin'; Defenceless; You Are the One; Walkin' in the Rain; That's When Your Heartaches Begin; Dirty, Dirty Feelin'.

JOHNNY O'KEEFE —

With the Orchestra of Eddie Cash Jnr. and the Dee Jays. I'm Still Alive (The Chicken Song); I Believe; Jubilee; Mountain of Love; Peek-a-boo; I Ain't Gonna Do It; Save My Soul; Danny Boy; Unchained Melody; Billy Gant; My Baby Knows.

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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

Lonely and shy

"I AM a girl of 16½ with an inferiority complex, and consequently I am very, very lonely. I have only ever been out with three boys, and of these I only really liked one. After a date this particular boy asked me if he could kiss me goodnight, but I had never kissed and was afraid I would do it wrong, so I said no. I haven't seen him since that night. Now I'm afraid to go out with boys for fear that the same thing will happen. If a boy looks at me now I go red and look away. Please help me. I'm terribly miserable and lonely. I know it's my own fault and I'm just feeling sorry for myself, but I just haven't got the self-confidence to smile at a boy or talk naturally. My mother has advised me to join a club, but I can't hold a conversation and I would be so petrified I would freeze everyone off."

"Lonely," W.A.

I know how ghastly it is to be so shy, but if you could read my daily mail you would realise that nearly every teenager in existence feels the same way as you do, deep down. It helps to remember this when you meet people, try to be friendly and make them feel at ease.

Your mother's suggestion of joining a club is the best possible answer to loneliness. Your local church probably has a youth group, or you could join a sports club if you play any sports. You won't freeze everyone off if you remember: be friendly!

School or job?

"I AM doing Junior year at a State high school and my mother wants me to sit for my Junior examination at the end of the year. I do not agree with her when she says that I wouldn't be able to get a job without a Junior pass, and I would like to get a decent job as soon as the opportunity arises. I know it would be pure luck if I passed the examination. However, my mother warns me that if I sit for my Junior and fail it, after her paying the £3 entrance fee, I will regret it very much and never hear the end of how much she and my father sacrificed to put me through my schooling. My opinion is that I should get work as soon as possible to repay them with my board. My elder sisters and brothers left school early and obtained good jobs. What do you think I should do?"

"Cooped Up," Qld.

I think you can best repay your parents by working hard and passing your Junior. These days employers are looking more and more for people with qualifications, and you could get a much better job if you have your Junior.

Judging by your letter to me, you must be doing quite well in English. Are you sure you haven't just got cold feet about the examination? Go ahead and finish the year at school. But don't trust to pure luck to pass; work for it.

We want dates

"WE are sisters of 16 and 18, and we think that at this age we should be allowed to go out with boys. We have been sitting with boys in the pictures for quite a while, but this is without our parents' permission, and we feel we are doing wrong. We have an elder sister of 20, who never goes out with boys and we think this influences our mother. As we are the first girls in the family to want to go out with boys we find it rather difficult to find a way of asking if we may. Sometimes if our elder sister decides to go out with us we find ourselves in an awkward position. We have to cancel our plans and ignore our friends (four boys and two girls). Please give us your advice as to whether we are old enough to go out on solo dates—even group dates would satisfy us—and how to go about winning our parents' consent."

"Anxious," S.A.

There's one only way to get your parents' consent—ask them. Next time the boys ask you out, simply tell your mother about the invitation, who the boys are, and ask her if you may go.

Most girls of your age are allowed to have dates, and your mother will probably give her consent quite happily, provided she approves of the boys.

Twin troubles

"ALTHOUGH we wear plaits and glasses we are two very attractive twins, but we are having trouble with boys. When we attend dances we have one dance and that is that. Our friends tell us we have good personalities, but we never get a chance to use them. One day we went skating and two nice boys asked us to go around with them. We told them that we couldn't skate, but they only laughed. They took us out to the middle and left us there. When we see boys they say hullo and giggle to themselves as we pass, and at parties we never seem to have as much fun as the others, as when the boys see us they run away. We came from the country to the city six months ago and we are 16."

"Look and Run," Vic.

Being a twin can have its drawbacks as well as its advantages, especially if you look alike and your friends are never quite sure which one is which. Perhaps the boys can't make up their minds which one to dance with—it can be overwhelming, you know, to find two of a kind.

Try not to stick together too much at parties and help people to distinguish between you. If you've been dressing alike, dress differently, wear different hairstyles, or have different-colored frames for your glasses. Let them know that twins can be individuals.

If you have good personalities, use them all the time, whether you "get the chance" or not. Personality is not something you switch on and off like a light.

Crush on teacher

"WE are six average-looking girls, 15 years of age, and we are passionately in love with our biology teacher, who is 20 and very handsome. At our school socials he dances with us, and he tells us to look at his face and not at our feet. We did not pass the half-yearly exams, because we can't concentrate on our work. How can we get our minds off him? Please help us, as we have tried all methods."

"Profound Lovers," N.S.W.

If you have really tried to get your minds off him and failed, the best thing to do is to give in to it and try to please your biology teacher—by passing your exams.

Is he the one?

"I'VE been engaged nearly six months and at first I was perfectly happy, but all of a sudden this doubt of "Is he the right one?" has come back to me. I had this problem before I was engaged, and I went interstate for three months. We became engaged shortly after I came back, and I was truly happy and so sure, but now I'm so worried I don't know what to do. My fiance is away a lot, but when he is home there seems to be no problem at all and our wedding seems a long way off, but when my worries come back it seems too close. I've told my fiance and he was very understanding, though hurt, and he said it was up to me to sort it out."

"Doubting," Vic.

As long as you have doubts it is wisest to postpone your marriage until you can decide whether it really is the right step. You are lucky to have such a sympathetic fiance who understands your feelings.

I am afraid that no one can really help you in this situation; you are the only person who can make the decision.

Engagement party

"MY daughter and her boy-friend are talking 'engagement.' Could you please help me with engagement etiquette?

1. To me, it is desirable to announce the engagement at a party coinciding with the announcement in the papers. This is not possible, as reasonable notice of a party has to be given to relatives and friends. What is the answer to the problem?

2. I am considered 'square' by my children when I voice the opinion that an engagement party is a time for close relatives of both families to meet. Am I?

3. My family has met the boy's family only three times, as they live in the country. Although they will know beforehand of the forthcoming engagement, should I write them a personal letter when the engagement is announced or should the greeting come from the boy's family?

4. My husband and I are trying to delay this engagement, as we consider my daughter young. She was 18 in March, the boy is 21. They are both sensible and mature for their age. Is it better or wiser to delay the engagement or set a period of time before marriage?"

"Mother," Vic.

To answer your last question first, I think it depends at what age you will allow them to marry. Although there must be hundreds of exceptions to this rule, in general I don't think it is a good idea to have an engagement lasting more than a year.

Close friends and relatives like to be "in on the secret" before the engagement is publicly announced, and they would probably feel hurt if they first learned of it from the papers.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Confide in them when you ask them to the family party, which could be held on the day of the public announcement. Why not have another celebration for your daughter's young friends and satisfy everybody?

It is customary for the girl's mother to make the first move and invite the boy's parents to visit.

Mad as a cornet

"MUCH to my regret I find that we have to take an uncouth lout to band practice on Wednesday nights, because he has no other transport. When he started going to band practice recently he took a bottle of cordial and speaks of continuing the practice in the future. This worries me, because I feel that it will bring trouble upon me and my associates. How do you think I should tell him his company is unwelcome? Another thing that makes me mad is that he always teases me about my thinness, and I think this is because I play the cornet and he wanted to play it."

"Cornet Player," N.S.W.

Honestly, I can't see anything wrong in taking a bottle of cordial to band practice. Perhaps the poor lad gets thirsty! I don't know in what other ways he is uncouth and loutish, but do you think you are perhaps being just a little bit snobbish in your dislike of him?

No one can force you to drive him to band practice, but I don't really see how he can bring trouble to you and your friends merely because you pick him up and take him home again.

A word from Debbie

IT takes the cunning of Eve to look a wonderful fashion shape when the basic You is not exactly perfect.

Here's a set of fashion maxims that will help you get that second look from the boys:

- Up and down stripes make you look taller.
- Horizontal stripes add width to your figure.
- Full-gathered skirts are not for the short-waisted.
- Black absorbs your skin color.
- Bulky materials and wide belts are not for short plump girls.
- Contrasting belts cut height.
- Bolero jackets accent the bosom.
- Large collars broaden the shoulders.
- A V neckline lengthens your face and neck.
- A round neckline gives the illusion of a round face.
- Any grey winter day that you want to look twice as pretty as you really are, wear a touch of white near your face.

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ARCHITECTURE through the ages

By Morton Herman

Most refined creation

2. GREECE

WHILE Egypt was building the great temples of its antiquity, another civilisation was erecting temples of a different kind and of much more refinement.

Greece has been called the cradle of Western civilisation, and this small country saw the beginning of European architecture, which has, in turn, influenced the architecture of the whole world.

The Golden Age of Greece—the fifth century B.C.—was short, but during that time some of the world's greatest plays were written and great sculptures were carved and great architecture was conceived.

The earliest Grecian buildings were of timber. When stone and marble were introduced these materials were used to copy wooden forms. Columns, which are conspicuous in Grecian architecture, are refined imitations of tree trunks, and stone beams are decorative versions of wooden ones.

The Greeks did not admire originality in art. They wanted greater and greater refinement of well-tried ideas.

Above the city of Athens is a sacred hill called the Acropolis, and on it stand the proud remains of many temples. By far the most beautiful of these, and the most beautiful in all Greece, is the Parthenon—perhaps the most refined building man has ever created.

THE PARTHENON, built on the Acropolis, a hill above Athens. From "European Architecture in Color," by R. Furneaux Jordan (Thames and Hudson).

Although a ruin, whose magnificent sculptures are scattered in museums throughout the world, it still commands the admiration of all who see it. Everything in this building is made to please the eye: apparently straight horizontal lines are really gentle curves, columns are not straight-sided but swell slightly toward the middle, and they are not upright but slope inwards as they rise. The result is a building that, even in its present state, is a work of art.

Intended both to house the goddess Athene and to be a shrine to her, the Parthenon was designed to be seen mainly from the outside. The construction is composed of marble columns with short marble beams resting across them, surrounding blank walls of the same material.

The resulting appearance of solidity gives the monumental feeling which was deliberately planned by the architects Ictinus and Callicrates.

The master sculptor was Pheidias, and his work, now to be seen mainly outside Greece, has delighted people for 2000 years.

Next Week: ROME

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FRESH, NEW HAIRDOS

STYLED IN PARIS

ISN'T it wonderful what a girl can do with upswept hair and a spray of jasmine for glamor evening wear?

NATURAL and simple is still the order of the day for Paris' favorite casual hairdo. Young Genevieve loves the one above.

● ***In Paris the current look of teenage hair is simple and casual for day, graceful and glamorous in the evening.***

That's according to the inspired ideas of hairstylist Alexandre, who dreamed up the two hairdos pictured above. He should know.

To model his styles Alexandre chose 17-year-old French film actress Genevieve Grad, who looks just as fetching in the casual style as she does in the Botticelli evening "do."

Easy Short Setting

MONSIEUR ALEXIS at Antoine created the soft, easy-to-manage style at left above, suitable for short to medium-length hair. Crisply layered cutting is essential—after that it is up to you with about 13 medium-sized rollers, five hair grips, and a dash of good hair spray.

Many girls find it hard to set their hair at home with so many rollers. Try using the brush-type ones, which easily catch short ends; beer or setting lotion also helps the hair to grip rollers more securely.

A hairnet or chiffon scarf will keep the set well in position while drying.

When dry remove rollers one at a time for back-combing. To give your hair more body spray it lightly at this stage.

Next back-comb each lock of hair lightly to give shape to the set; then brush the hair back off the face, pulling forward only side curls and fringe.

The shape completed, spray all over again lightly.

TOP-ROLLERS (left) turn away from an imaginary parting on top left of crown, are not placed symmetrically.

USE the hair-grips (right) to set fringe and the short hair-ends at the nape of the neck. Dry well.

KERBING ROAD-HOGS BACKFIRES!

● I see that some lasses in the American State of South Carolina have formed a rather strange club.

IT'S called the DROND club—the letters standing for Drive Right Or No Date.

Members agree to drop boy-friends who are reckless drivers.

(There's just one little doubt in my mind, of course. Surely, in South Carolina, nothing could be finer than driving left? Right?)

Now I'm all for safe driving. No reckless boy should have **any** passenger.

So I'm rather fond of DROND.

I'm aware, nevertheless, that such an attitude by girls could have too far-reaching results and cause some problems.

A boy might become so keen on sticking to the rules of the road that he would let them intrude on the dating they earned him.

For instance, even though a girl made unreasonable demands on their date he would be too safety-conscious to put his foot down.

Then a date could be pretty dull for the girl involved.

The boy would not be very fast. And he would sound his horn before making a pass.

Of course, only quiet girls would probably go on DROND dates.

Law-abiding boy drivers would steer clear of (want no truck with) a **siren!**

A careful driver would also not be very gallant.

With an eye on road safety more than on his date he would praise her on her appearance by saying, "You look like a **rear** vision."

The boy could be so careful he would not kiss his girl in the car.

He could have the attitude that one tiny smack could easily lead to a bad **smoush!**

I can also see, by the way, how the DROND principle could be applied to other erring dates—but the damsels, this time.

Blokes plagued by yakking backseat-drivers could form a club with the motto: "Talkative Hens Emphatically Earn No Dates."

Which is, naturally, THE END!

ALSO in the news recently was how a British university student won his wife in a raffle!

He paid 3d. for the winning ticket in a student raffle which had as first prize a candlelight dinner with a girl student.

The candlelight apparently sparked off a romance and now the couple will marry.

Oh, well, I always knew girls had tickets on themselves.

And that marriage was a lottery in which pretty well every male's number must one day be up.

All I can say is that I hope it is a very happy (art) union.

—Robin Adair

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LISTEN HERE with Ainslie Baker

Local boys still on top: e.g., Rob!

● Rob E. G. is receiving a deluge of congratulations on becoming compere of Sydney Channel 9's early Saturday afternoon teenage talent show, "Opportunity Knocks."

HE'S right in touch with teen taste, and if he and the show are happy with each other after a trial period of four weeks Rob has all sorts of plans for its development.

These include finding new talent, as well as introducing established names among those of the newcomers. Though the show's seen only in N.S.W. at the moment, he wants to bring promising teenagers over from other States.

Rob interrupted a series of Bendigo personal appearances to rush back for the first show, gets back from more personal-appearance and TV dates in Adelaide just in time for the July 21 show, and has a northern Queensland tour hanging in the balance.

His latest disc, "Rob E. G.'s Big Four" (Festival EP), is unusually interesting. Though all the numbers have been released as singles, these are new recordings. "Comanche Sunset," especially, has a new, more danceable sound.

The other tracks are "Sleepwalk," "Railroadin'," and "Whiplash." All but "Sleepwalk" are his own compositions.

IF you find the bus-ride to school or work becoming dull, follow the example of 14-year-old **Steven Kipner**, a pupil at Brisbane State High School, and try writing a song.

The idea for "I'm Counting Up My Love," flipside to 15-year-old aboriginal boy Vicky Simm's new Festival release, "She's Got Soul," came to Steven on a school bus.

His early entry into the pop-music field is not so surprising, as he is the son of well-known songwriter Nat Kipner, who has had more than 20 songs published in recent years.

However, Steven, who has already composed a couple of radio commercials, had no help in writing "I'm Counting Up My Love." "I started with the title, then fitted the words to the music as I went along," he said.

He has already had a taste of life in the entertainment world. He has sung in radio talent quests and appeared on a teenage television show. But he has made up his mind that the bright lights won't be part of his career. He wants to be a commercial artist.

AUSTRALIAN **Eula Parker**, whose "Village of St. Bernadette" made the world hit parades a while back, has written a new song, and it's to be recorded by **Sharon O'Brien** for Pye.

"Mirror, Mirror on the Wall" is the title and I hear it's ideal for Sharon's sweet voice. A brand-new treatment of the lovely old "It's Been a Long, Long Time" will be on the other side of the disc.

Local talent: Back on TV and on top of the world after her recent collapse, and with a country tour already behind her, little **Judy Stone** is still keeping up the daily hour on horseback that was part of her more-play-and-less-work cure. She does her riding round about St. Marys, driving over each day from her home at Granville.

There's more play ahead, too, for early in August she's off to Kosciusko to try winter sports for the first time.

Judy's Festival LP "I'll Step Down" is an absolute beauty. There's a lot of lush violin sound, Judy is wonderful, and there are 11 ballads she hasn't recorded before. "It's the Talk of the Town," "I'll Get By," and "I Only Have Eyes For You" are just three of them.

IT'S not often a record company receives the lyrics of a song by telegram, but that's how the New Zealand version of **Lucky Starr's** "I've Been Everywhere" finally turned up at Festival's office. It was the longest telegram anyone there had ever seen and had been sent by veteran travelling showman Geoff Mack, composer of the song, from a post office in northern Queensland.

Rush-recorded, it makes the fourth track on the "Lucky's Been Everywhere" Festival EP, which also holds the original Australian version, the American one, and the British one, making it a real collectors' item.

SUCH diverse tunes as "Corina," "Hot Toddy," "The World Is Waiting For the Sunrise" make **Warren Carr's** "Li'l Old Me and My Piano" (Leedon) a sing-along or dance-along LP, according to your mood. There's an orchestral backing.

AFTER what must seem a long wait to his fans, **Jerry Wilder's** debut disc is out at last on the Leedon label. It's his own "Teresa Bella," slightly Latin-styled, fast, and with some romantic Italian-language moments. "Yesiree, Yesiree" on the flip gives more indication of Jerry's potential as a singer in the Presley style.

Pops: When it's **Elvis Presley** who does the inviting, taking "Pot Luck" (R.C.A. LP) is as good as sitting down to a feast. Mixed with romantic fare such as "Just For Old Time Sake" and "I Feel That I've Known You Forever" you'll find changes of flavor in "Night Rider" and "Gonna Get Back Home Somehow" among a whole lot of other good things.

STEVEN KIPNER, who composes songs on the bus-ride to school. He's a 14-year-old Brisbane boy.

WORTH HEARING

Tchaikovsky: "Swan Lake"

WHEN as a teenager I bought my first gramophone record, that record (or, strictly, set of records) was a selection from Tchaikovsky's "Swan Lake" ballet music. It cost me 12/- for a pair of lower-price 78s with 16 minutes of music.

The record-buyer today gets 40 minutes of "Swan Lake" for less than £3, along with stereo and hi-fi, and in view of the way the value of money has gone it is considerably better value.

Also I don't think my 1935 "Swan Lake" came anywhere near the brilliance and richness of the performance by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy recently issued under a Coronet label.

The beguiling melodies of the three great Tchaikovsky ballets have always charmed newcomers to music and they never grow entirely stale to older hands, no matter how often they may hear them repeated. "Swan Lake" (produced in 1895) was the last and perhaps musically the best of them, following "The Sleeping Beauty" (1890) and "The Nutcracker" (1892). The complete ballet takes a whole evening to perform; this recording gives a representative selection of its best music.

— Martin Long

How to look after your discs

● Most teenagers have a good deal of money tied up in their record collections, but the way some treat them you'd think that both money and records grew on trees.

THERE'S no need to be a fanatic or a big bore, but what's the point of a lot of records that are scratched, worn before their time, and horrible to listen to?

Looked at from another practical viewpoint, if you get tired of things, you do much better swapping or selling if it's known that what you offer is always in first-class condition.

Looking after records properly is very little more trouble than not looking after them at all. It's just a matter of knowing the right thing to do, and getting into the habit of doing it.

Ideally, records should be stored vertically (like books) on the shelves of a cupboard. Next best storage is flat on shelves which are wider than the records.

Make certain that the place you store your records is cool but free of damp.

They're best packed fairly tightly together, but make certain that there isn't a warped disc among them, or it will create undue pressure on its neighbors.

If you're forced to store your records one on top of the other, keep them in small piles and make certain that they're on a flat surface.

Get into the habit of handling records without touching the playing surface. Any finger mark you leave contains damaging oil.

Touch only the trackless outer margin and the centre label.

Before playing a record, wipe it over lightly with a damp linen cloth that you keep only for this purpose. Even the most carefully stored records collect tiny particles of dust, which you can see for yourself by holding the disc under a good light.

If these aren't removed, the action of the stylus grinds them into the surface, creating lasting damage.

The point of the stylus itself becomes damaged, too, and passes some of this damage on to all the other records.

Immediately after playing, return the disc to its plastic cover, and replace in the jacket.

NEVER leave a disc lying on the player.

NEVER attempt to force two discs into a single jacket. Too much pressure will warp a record.

Heat of any sort will warp records, so never leave them exposed to sunlight, under a table lamp, or near a fire or any other sort of heating.

Of course, all the care in the world won't preserve your records if you insist on playing them with a worn-out stylus.

Generally speaking, a sapphire should be good for something like 40 hours' playing, and a diamond stylus for about 80 hours.

First sign of wear is usually a distortion of high notes. A very badly worn needle will actually jump grooves.

Incidentally, never attempt to remove fluff from a stylus with your fingers. Brush it frequently with a brush obtainable from most stores.

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ROB E. G., Sydney composer-guitarist who took only three years to reach the top of the Top 40 with his recent disc "Si Si Senor (I Theenk)" (just in time for his 21st birthday). Rob (real name Robert Porter) began to study law, but gave it up for show business. An old boy of Fort Street High School, he did well in athletics, swimming, and water-polo. He began to strum the guitar at 8.

Only Maggi Soups have that real home-cooked flavour and goodness

1. making sure thread is under needle

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THE SWEETS AND CAKES STALLS

● **Home-made sweets and cakes always sell rapidly at fetes and bazaars. Stocking the stalls means hard work for willing helpers. But these recipes are not elaborate and take a minimum of time to produce in large quantities.**

***ENTICING** lolly-bags are made from inexpensive crepe paper. Arrange them in colorful piles on the sweets stall and you'll be calling for reserves in double-quick time. See directions overleaf.*

THESE sweets recipes have been adjusted so that they can be cooked with or without a sugar thermometer. Quantities can be increased to make larger batches if desired. But most types of confectionery, if made with the ordinary home kitchen equipment, are usually more successful when made in several batches instead of one mass production.

All spoon measurements are level and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure is used in all the recipes.

MOCHA FUDGE SQUARES

One and a half pounds sugar, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 3 tablespoons cocoa, 1 dessertspoon instant coffee powder, ½ pint milk, 2oz. white shortening (chopped), ¼ cup chopped mixed nuts.

Grease shallow 7in.-square tin. Place in saucepan the sugar, cream of tartar, cocoa, coffee powder; mix in the milk. Heat slowly until sugar dissolves and mixture boils. Boil as quickly as possible until little of mixture forms a soft ball when tested in cold water (238deg.). Remove at once, add white shortening and nuts, stir until mixture begins to thicken and shortening becomes absorbed. Pour into prepared tin, mark into squares as mixture begins to cool. Cut into squares. When firm, wrap in waxed or transparent wrapping paper, store in airtight container.

ROCKY ROAD

Six ounces marshmallows, ¾ cup sifted icing-sugar, vanilla, 3 tablespoons cocoa, 4oz. white shortening, ½ cup chopped walnuts or fresh peanuts, 3 colored jellettes (chopped).

Cut marshmallows into small pieces, cubes, or triangles. Grease 7in. - square tin. Melt white shortening over gentle heat (it must be only lukewarm). Add to icing-sugar, cocoa, and flavoring, mixing until smooth. Fold through marshmallows, walnut crumbs, and jellette pieces. Press into prepared tin, chill. Cut into squares, wrap if desired.

CHOCOLATES

Half a pound white shortening, ½lb. icing-sugar, 6 tablespoons cocoa, 4 tablespoons full cream powdered milk, pinch of salt.

Melt white shortening over gentle heat (it must be only lukewarm, not hot). Sift into basin the icing-sugar, cocoa, powdered milk, and salt. Add white shortening, mixing until completely smooth and beginning to thicken. Pour into 6in.-square shallow tin, allow to set. Cut into small squares.

Flavor Variations: The addition of the following ingredients gives an interesting flavor:

Mocha: Add 1 dessertspoon instant coffee powder and 1 teaspoon malted milk powder.

Coconut Rough: Add ½ cup desiccated coconut and ¼ teaspoon grated orange rind.

Fruit and Nut Squares: Add ½ cup chopped seedless raisins and 1 dessertspoon chopped nuts.

Almond Squares: Blanch 2oz. almonds, halve them, toast lightly. Add to chocolate mixture with 1 teaspoon rum essence.

PEANUT BRITTLE

Eight tablespoons sugar, 1 dessertspoon water, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 2 teaspoons bicarbonate soda, 1 cup finely chopped salted peanuts.

Boil sugar, water, and golden syrup together until mixture forms hard ball when tested in little cold water. Add soda and peanuts, stir in quickly, pour on to greased shallow tin or marble slab. When cold chip into pieces as required.

***EQUIPMENT** and foodstuffs, at right, are necessary items for sweets-makers.*

BARLEY SUGAR

One cup sugar, 2 teaspoons glucose or good pinch cream of tartar, 3 tablespoons water.

Place sugar, glucose, and water in enamel saucepan, bring slowly to boil, cover for 1 minute. If using cream of tartar, add when boiling. Boil steadily without stirring until syrup changes to honey color. Spoon about 1 tablespoon at a time on to well-greased inverted slide or marble slab. When cool, shape into long stick and wind round wooden skewer.

CARAMELS

Quarter pound butter or substitute, ½lb. brown sugar, 1 tin condensed milk, 2 tablespoons golden syrup.

Melt butter or substitute. Add sugar, condensed milk, and golden syrup and heat until boiling. Stir constantly 15 to 20 minutes or until mixture leaves sides of saucepan. Pour into well-greased slab-tin. When cooling, mark into squares with knife. Break into squares when cold and wrap.

MARSHMALLOWS

One and a half cups boiling water, 2 cups sugar, 2 tablespoons gelatine, 3 tablespoons liquid glucose, cornflour, icing-sugar.

Combine half the water with sugar and glucose and the other half with gelatine. Heat and when both mixtures have dissolved combine and allow to cool slightly. Beat briskly until mixture increases in volume, becomes white, and starts to thicken. Pour into slab-tins which have been greased and dusted with mixture of cornflour and icing-sugar.

Variations: Add various shades of food colorings to mixture before completing beating. After cutting into squares, toss in coconut that has been toasted or colored.

COCONUT ROUGHS

One and a half pounds sugar, ½lb. glucose, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 cup coarsely shredded coconut, coloring.

Place sugar and glucose into saucepan, add water, stir with wooden spoon over low heat until sugar is dissolved. Place lid on for a couple of minutes to allow steam to dissolve any sugar clinging to sides of saucepan. Boil steadily without stirring. Pour into basin, allow to cool. Beat until beginning to whiten and thicken. Add vanilla, lemon juice, and coconut, also coloring if desired. Using fork, place small portion at a time on waxed paper to set.

POPCORN CLUSTERS

One ounce corn kernels, 2 teaspoons maize oil, 6oz. castor sugar, 2 teaspoons honey, 1-8th pint water, pinch of salt, ½ teaspoon vinegar.

"Pop" the corn in the hot oil and keep it warm. Dissolve sugar and honey in the water, add salt and vinegar, boil. Gather several corn kernels in a bunch, dip into the syrup to stick them together, then place on greased surface to set. Repeat with remainder of corn. Re-boil remaining syrup, heat until it caramelises, then spoon little over each cluster.

Continued overleaf

Recipes from our Leila Howard Test Kitchen

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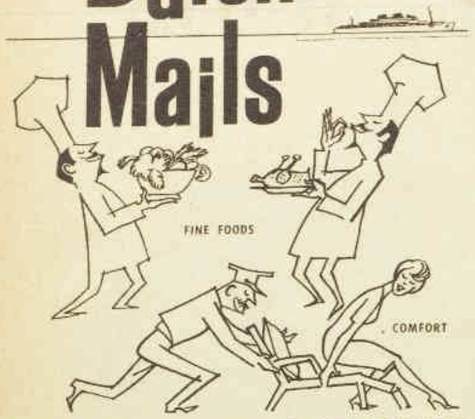
Dutch Mails



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Dalgety & New Zealand Loan Limited, 291-301 Elizabeth Street, Brisbane. 31-0331

HOW TO MAKE THE LOLLY-BAGS

(Shown in color on previous page)

MATERIALS

MATERIALS FOR ALL BAGS: Black, yellow, carrot-red, and grey crepe paper; small paper pieces cut from color advertisements for trimmings; rubber bands; paste.

101 Ideas

from page 31

BELOW are some ideas for stalls and entertainments.

Flower Stall: Place this stall just inside the gate to tempt visitors as they arrive. Arrange flowers in baskets in front with seedlings and potted plants on shelves behind. Dress uninhibited helpers in Eliza Doolittle costumes and let them cry their wares.

Pick-a-Parcel: Wrap as many oddly shaped articles as you can find in brightly colored paper. Charge a flat rate of 2/6 per parcel and nobody will be disappointed.

For Children: Youngsters are enthusiastic buyers and, in a district where there are many young marrieds with children, they rate a stall of their own. Stock it with sweets, dolls, toys, second-hand comics, and school needs. Persuade someone's father to dress up as a clown, and don't forget balloons!

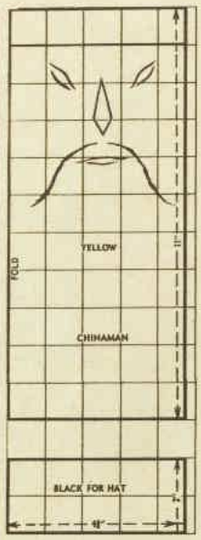
The White Elephant Stall is a marvellous chance to clear cupboards of old-fashioned china, glass, brass, mirrors, pictures, and small pieces of furniture. And you may come up with a real treasure. Remember those old jardinieres. Sixty years ago everyone had one. Ten years back you couldn't give them away. Now they are in as high-fashion room accents.

Refreshment Stall: A Devonshire tea with home-made scones and hot, strong tea is easiest to prepare and always rushed. Trestle tables can be hired for around 8/- each, separate small round tables for about 7/- each. If the weather is uncertain you can hire a marquee 40 by 20 feet for approximately £16.

Most people go to a fete to be amused and entertained as well as to buy, so plan competitions and entertainments to interest them all.

An Art Show by local schoolchildren will have Mums flocking. See the headmistress first and arrange with a well-known artist to judge the competition and present prizes. Charge a flat rate for admission.

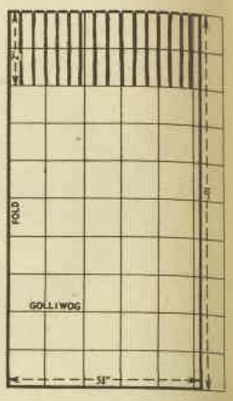
Pet Shows: Include all pets from bitzers up. Judge animals more for personality and grooming than for breeding.



CHINAMAN

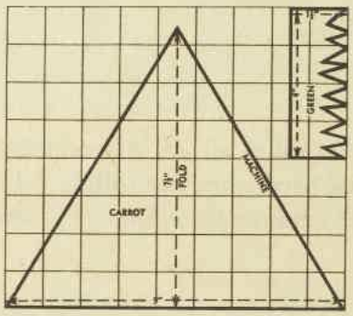
Enlarge pattern to size on crepe paper and cut out. Make a plait from 8in. strips of black crepe paper; machine ends. Seam open side edges of yellow paper. Fold black paper for hat in half lengthways and machine over top of yellow paper, including pigtail at back. Cut eyes, nose, and mouth from black paper and paste on to face. Make drooping moustache by rolling piece of black crepe paper about 5in. long between fingers.

Paste in position above mouth. Fill bag with popcorn or sweets. Wrap strip of black paper about 1½in. wide round neck and secure with rubber band. Turn up black paper strip to make collar.



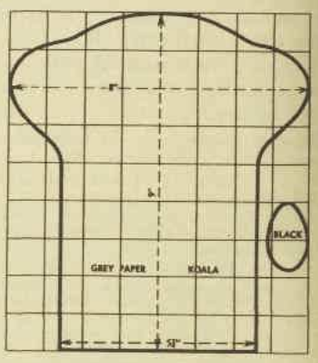
GOLLIWOG

Enlarge diagram to size on black crepe paper. Machine side seam and top to form bag. Top stitching should be two inches below top of crepe paper. Cut fringing from top of paper to top of stitching. For eyes (cut 2) shilling-sized white paper circles and (cut 2) sixpence-sized blue paper circles. Paste blue circles to white and white circles to face ½in. below fringe. Cut red mouth and nose from shiny paper and paste to face. Fill bag with popcorn (large cupful). Secure with rubber band and tie on bow of yellow paper.



CARROT

Enlarge diagram to size on carrot-colored crepe paper for the triangle and green for the fringe. Cut out triangle, fold through apex, and machine side edges together. Fill with popcorn to within 1½in. of the top. Cut fringe from green crepe paper. Bind to top of carrot and secure with rubber band.



KOALA

Enlarge pattern for body on grey crepe paper. Cut two body pieces. Machine body pieces together, leaving the bottom open. Cut small eye circles and big nose from glossy black paper and paste to face. Fill with popcorn or sweets and secure with rubber band.

THE SWEETS AND CAKES STALLS . . . *from previous page*

CHOCOLATE-COATED SWEETS

Four ounces white shortening, ½ cup drinking chocolate (or use instead 3oz. sifted icing-sugar, 4 tablespoons cocoa), ½ teaspoon vanilla essence.

Melt white shortening over gentle heat (must be only lukewarm, not hot). Add sifted dry ingredients and mix until smooth; add vanilla. Caramels, marshmallows, coconut ice, toffee, crystallised ginger, orange-peel shreds, honeycomb are suitable for "dipping" in. Place on waxed or greaseproof paper until set; remove and store in airtight containers.

TURKISH DELIGHT

One pound loaf sugar, ¼ pint water, 1oz. powdered gelatine, coloring, flavoring (grenadine, etc.) to taste, 2oz. icing-sugar, 1oz. cornflour.

Dissolve sugar and water in pan; boil. Dissolve gelatine in a little water, bring to boil, add to syrup. Tint a delicate color, add some flavoring to taste. Damp tin measuring about 6in. by 8in., pour mixture into it, allow to set firmly. To remove from tin, dip tin quickly into hot water; turn out Turkish Delight on to paper thickly sprinkled with mixed icing-sugar and cornflour. Cut into strips, using sharp knife dipped in hot water. Finish, by cutting into squares and rolling each piece thoroughly in sugar mixture on waxed paper.

TOFFEE APPLES

Six to 8 small apples, wooden skewers, 1oz. butter, 2 cups sugar, ½ cup water, 1 teaspoon vinegar or pinch cream of tartar, 1 dessertspoon glucose, red food coloring.

Wash and dry apples well, pierce through centre with skewer. Prepare thickly greased tray or sheet of greased paper. Combine sugar, water, vinegar, and glucose in saucepan. Bring to boil slowly, cook until syrup is light brown in color and snaps and crackles when dropped into cold water. Remove from heat, add coloring and butter; dip in apples to coat. Twirl a few seconds, put on greased tray, leave to set.

If desired, chopped nuts or desiccated coconut can be sprinkled on the toffee before it sets.

Continued overleaf

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Nora was naughty yesterday

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SPRING FETES . . . concluded

GUIDE TO CAKE-MAKING CONTEST

IF you decide on a cake-cookery contest for your fete you can avoid difficulties in judging and disappointments for competitors by issuing entry forms that are fully explanatory.

In addition to the various sections—for example, Section 1, Chocolate Cake; Section 2, Sponge, and so on—the entry form should also state required size of cakes and whether they are to be iced or filled.

State clearly that the judge has been chosen because of her special knowledge, and that while she may explain why certain points were allotted her decision is final.

Here is a guide for both competitors and judges to assist them with their entries and the judging:

By cutting a cake in halves the largest possible surface is visible for inspection, and if required for later sale it suffers least mutilation.

Volume: Lightness according to size and type of cake, scone, or biscuit is important, with the exception of fruit cakes.

Shape: Cakes should be symmetrical and only slightly rounded—never peaked or cracked. Layer cakes should be almost flat.

Texture: Felt by running tips of fingers very lightly over cut surface—crumbs should feel light—neither too dry nor too moist.

Grain: When closely examined, the cut surface should be even, with as few large air bubbles as possible and no marked difference of appearance of color between outer and inner sections.

Aroma: Each cake should have a pleasant, delicate aroma without evidence of strong essence flavorings. Fruit cakes especially should contain no caramelised odor due to over-cooking.

Cut: Knife should be easy to manipulate, with no drag on the cake itself, and the blade, after cutting, should be clean, with no sign of stickiness.

Skin adhesion: Outside "skin" of cake should not fall away but remain intact—especially in sponges and swiss rolls.

Taste: Because tasting is individual it cannot conform to rules and regulations and should be resorted to only when all other points between two entries are equal. There should be a delicate flavor with no evidence of artificial essences or obvious soda taste.

SPONGES: Usually uniced—this gives a better view of skin surface and evenness of browning. Even, golden brown all over, good shape, and no overhanging edges or "tucks." No sugar or flour spots and light, if any, cake-cooler marks.

ORANGE CAKE: Usually bar or loaf cake with orange-flavored icing. Good creamy color, fine even grain, and moist in texture but not soggy. Pleasant aroma of fresh, not artificial, orange flavor.

CHOCOLATE CAKE: Rich, dark, even chocolate color, fine grain, and moist but not soggy texture, especially in centre. No trace of white flour on base or sides of cake from dusting on tins. Icing can be used (unless otherwise stated) and decoration of cherries or nuts if desired. Aroma of large quantity of cocoa or darkening essence should not be evident.

DARK OR LIGHT FRUIT CAKES: Shape of cake should be even and careful lining of tin evident. When cut, fruit pieces should be small in size and evenly distributed. Even, fine grain and rich color maintained throughout. No dampness or soggy streaks, especially in centre. Top and sides of fruit cakes should be slightly moist with no crustiness. Sometimes very slight crack across top is permitted but is not strictly correct.

SCONES: Even size whether cut with knife or cutter, even golden color with no trace of excess flour on undersides. When broken open, grain should be slightly flaky, with no shiny spots to indicate unmixed butter. Top surface should be fairly smooth but not hard or crusty.

BISCUITS: Unless of "chewy" variety, should snap briskly, be even in size and shape, and good golden brown. Because of the variations in biscuit textures and flavors, tasting is sometimes necessary for final judging.

PLAIN AND FANCY MIXTURES: Variety in types of mixtures is important—not just one basic mix with alterations. If decorated, simple dainty designs with good blending of pastel colors are best.

SHORTBREAD: Unless shortbread biscuits are stipulated, should be in one piece, a delicate straw color and fine grain, of even thickness and no trace of sugar or flour spots. Aroma should be rich and "buttery" and shortbread should break cleanly with little crumbling.

The sweets and cakes stalls . . .

from page 36

CAKES that are easily made and do not require a great many expensive ingredients are best when they are to stock a stall. These recipes are ideal for this purpose.

COCONUT CHERRY BARS

One cup flour, ½ cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 3oz. butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 eggs, apricot or plum jam, 1½ cups coconut, ½ cup extra sugar, 2 or 3 tablespoons milk, 3oz. chopped glace cherries.

Sift flours with salt, rub in butter or substitute, add sugar. Mix to firm consistency with 1 beaten egg (reserve other egg for topping), adding a little extra milk if necessary. Spread thickly over base of greased slab-tin, smooth with knife and spread with thin layer of jam. Beat remaining egg lightly, add coconut, extra sugar, milk, and chopped cherries. Mix well, spread over mixture in tin. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Allow to cool in tin. When nearly cold cut into bars, cool on cake-cooler.

QUICK-MIX CHOCOLATE CAKE

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, pinch salt, 6oz. sugar, 3oz. dark chocolate, 3 tablespoons water, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg, ½ cup milk with 1 teaspoon lemon juice added to make it sour.

Sift flour, cinnamon, and salt. Add sugar, mix well. Grate chocolate, place in saucepan with water. Heat gently until chocolate is melted. Add butter or substitute, allow to melt. Add egg-yolk, fold lightly into dry ingredients. Fold in sour milk and lastly stiffly beaten egg-white. Turn into 2 greased 8in. sandwich-tins; bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Allow to stand a few minutes before turning out of tins. When cold fill and ice as follows:

Frosting and Filling: One cup sugar, 2 tablespoons water, 1 egg-white, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1oz. or 2oz. chocolate.

Boil water and sugar steadily 5 minutes without stirring. Pour gradually on to stiffly beaten egg-white. Add vanilla, whip with rotary beater until very thick. Spread between layers of cake and over top. Grate chocolate coarsely, sprinkle thickly over filling and topping.

BANANA LOAF

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, pinch grated lemon rind, 2 eggs, 8oz. self-raising flour, 3 bananas, ¼ pint milk, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar and lemon rind. Add beaten eggs. Lightly fold in sifted flour, then thoroughly mashed bananas. Lastly fold in soda dissolved in milk. Turn into greased loaf-tin, bake in moderate oven 50 to 55 minutes before turning on to cake-cooler. When quite cold spread top with lemon-flavored icing.

ONE-EGG NUT AND DATE CAKE

One cup chopped dates, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 cup water, ½ cup butter or substitute, ¾ cup sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup chopped nuts, 2 cups corn cereal, 1 cup self-raising flour, ¼ teaspoon salt.

Soak dates, water, and soda one hour. Cream shortening with sugar. Add egg, beat well. Fold in date mixture, nuts, crushed corn cereal, then sifted flour and salt. Turn into greased 7in. cake-tin, bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes until firm to touch. Allow to stand a few minutes before turning out of tin. Keep 2 or 3 days before cutting.

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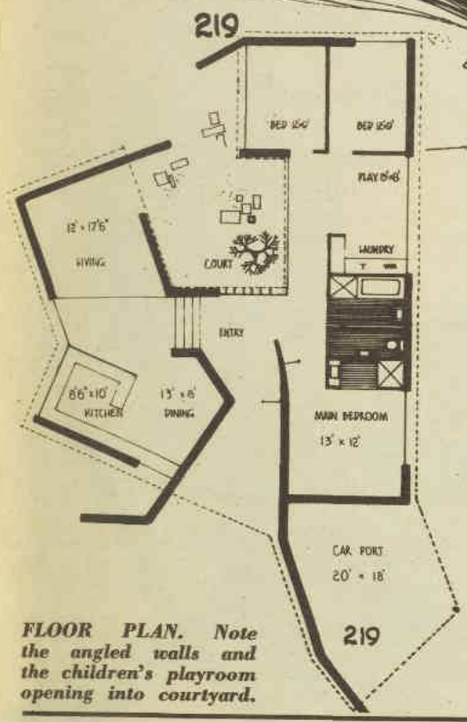
FREE-FORM HOUSE WITH COURT

This unusual contemporary home, designed by architects Woolley and Dysart for the recent Carlingford Homes Fair, N.S.W., surrounds a completely private courtyard.

PERSPECTIVE sketch shows distinctive design, with a funnel-shaped entrance and flat roof.



FLOOR PLAN. Note the angled walls and the children's playroom opening into courtyard.

A PLAYROOM specially designed for children opens into this courtyard and gives extra space for play which can be supervised by mother.

The unusual shape of Plan No. 219 gives a feeling of spaciousness. Although the living-dining area is on a different level from the rest of the house, the roof level stays the same. The ceiling height of ten feet in the living area makes the room seem much larger than it is.

The kitchen is U-shaped, with plenty of work space. The bench extends into the dining-room, which has angled walls.

There are three bedrooms, separated from the living area by the courtyard and a funnel-shaped entrance hall. The main bedroom has a private bathroom with shower recess and vanity basin.

The main bathroom has a second shower recess and hand-basin, and full-sized bath. The toilet is separate and has a small extra hand-basin.

The exterior of this house is very distinctive. Built of split charcoal-grey concrete blocks, it is low and hugs ground level. The roof is flat and made of bituminous felt and gravel.

Wide fascias and external timber window frames were made of western red cedar—a timber which does not have to be stained.

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Dress Sense

● This two-piece maternity dress was chosen for a young mother-to-be who asks for a maternity design and pattern suitable for a late-afternoon wedding.

By BETTY KEEP

HERE is part of the reader's letter, with my reply:

"I am in my fourth month of pregnancy, and as I have to attend a formal late-afternoon wedding I would like a style and pattern suitable for the occasion. I have 4½yds. of floral silk I was keeping for the spring. The wedding is in early September, so could I use the fabric? My normal size is 32in. bust."

Flower-printed silk would make a very pretty late-day maternity dress. Furthermore, flower prints are going to be very popular in spring fabrics. The design I have chosen (see illustration at right) is made in two pieces, and the top is finished with a softly draped collar. The rose trim is optional.

Please order according to bust size before pregnancy, as all our maternity patterns are drafted to allow room for expansion. Beside the illustration are details and how to order.

"What could you suggest to take the place of a hat to wear in the late afternoon? I feel I would like a change from the little cover-the-head veiling caps."

Bows once again occupy an important position atop hat-less heads. Two popular ideas are tiny bows worn at the side or a wide, flat bow at centre front. White or dark chocolate-brown satin and velvet ribbon are good choices for bows.

"Could you suggest a style for very fine wool? The frock is to wear under a coat, and I want it simple yet new-looking. Could it be made without sleeves, as I want to wear it later without a coat?"

Very new in spring fashion is an ultra-simple one-piece made in fine wool, with the midriff section shaped and fitted by a series of pin tucks. The design was shown in the Pierre Cardin spring collection. The neckline is collarless and the dress sleeveless.

"Is the suit with a blazer jacket still in fashion? I am 16 years of age and slim."

Yes, it is. Boyish clothes, tailored to a T and stripped to the fashion essentials, are right in fashion. One of the newest blazer jackets has concealed closing, wrist-length sleeves, and four patch pockets. Accompanying the jacket is a slim, narrowish skirt.

"Is it correct to wear black shoes with navy blue, or must they be matching navy?"

Black shoes with navy are much newer and smarter than navy with navy. Black patent looks particularly chic.

"Mine is a teenage query. I hope you will answer it personally or in your column. What type of skirt would be new and unusual to wear with blouses, sweaters, and shirts? I loved the kookie designs you published some time back."

The kookiness of last season's fashions is old hat. Designers of junior fashions are returning to classic sportswear. The hipster skirt worn low-slung on the hipline is new and chic for your age group. For extra gaiety the skirt can be worn with colorful detachable braces.

DS487.—Two-piece maternity dress in sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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HOW BUCKLEY'S CANADIOL WORKS to clear away the cold or 'flu cough. First, there's the cooling decongestant action: Buckley's attacks the congestion simply and directly, breaking up the tightness that causes the cough. As congestion goes, the cough stops . . . and Buckley's next swift step is to help the system shake off the very cause of the congestion. And all the time, that crisp and active taste lingers on and on . . . freshening the throat and gently soothing the chest.

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Make Buckley's your family standby, against *any* kind of cough.

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the decongestant mixture with active taste... active action!

Buckley's is all medication. No syrup. No sugar; ideal for diabetics.

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FRUIT OFF

DELICIOUS apple blossom makes a wonderful show in Mr. Herbert Stringer's orchard at Bilpin, N.S.W. Delicious is one of the most popular eating apples.

● Now is the time to plant out deciduous fruit trees. Choice of variety depends on where you live.

APPLES and pears do reasonably well in colder climates, and especially well when grown high on the tableland or mountain areas.

A newly discovered tropical apple, **Tropical Beauty,** widens the choice for Queenslanders.

Fruit-tree blossom must be pollinated. Without this, the potential fruit does not set, or, if it appears to do so, falls off shortly afterwards.

This applies to all apples, pears, and almonds, all cherries except the old **Morella** variety, and most plums.

Some fruit trees, therefore, need to have a mate that will supply pollen. A graft may do the same job.

APPLE TREES are most adaptable about soil: they do well in all kinds from clay to sand. The best, however, is a light sandy loam, 17 inches deep, over a good yellow clay.

The home gardener may wonder which of the 5000 varieties of apple trees will give good cross-pollination and produce maximum crops.

Experts seem to agree that four of the best for the small garden are **Gravenstein, Jonathan, Delicious,** and **Granny Smith.** If there's space for only two trees, Jonathan and Granny Smith are the varieties suggested; and if only one, choose Jonathan and bud or graft some variety on to it for cross-pollination purposes.

PEACHES like these beauties can be grown in most parts of the country — but beware of fruit-fly. The variety photographed is Wiggins, which fruits around Christmas.

PEARS grafted on the seedling pear stocks take from four to seven years to bear a crop of fruit. Those budded on the quince will yield a crop in the fourth year.

As most of the pears are not sufficiently self-pollinating to set fruit, it is necessary to include varieties that will pollinate with each other.

Pear trees do well in any good garden soil, but the ideal ground is a deep, friable loam with a well-drained subsoil through which the moisture can pass downwards freely.

Allow the trees plenty of space—a radius of 25ft. is not too much—as they are long-lived and grow to a great size.

APRICOT TREES, being self-pollinating, are one of the most

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THE TREES

useful to have in the garden. They can be grown in light sandy soil or in heavy clay soils.

Peach stock is mainly used, but Marianna plum stock and apricot stock are also used. Consult your nurseryman for the correct type of tree to plant in your area.

Apricots bear heavily. Provided rust, freckle, and shot-hole diseases are controlled by spraying, the fruit will be clean.

Fruitfly is a problem, but sprays will check this pest if used regularly.

In fruitfly areas plant early varieties. **Glengarry** and **Newcastle** both bear heavy crops of small fruit.

Ouillins is the next in order of ripening. It is a larger fruit, well

GARDENING

colored, useful for eating and stewing, but too soft for drying or bottling.

A new variety, **Case's Early,** raised by Mr. Bert Case, of East Kurrajong, will be available soon. The fruit ripens early in October, and for this reason is sure to be popular.

PEACH TREES require deep, open loam (well drained) and a moderately warm climate. They bear in the first to third year. It is not essential to grow more than one variety.

Here are some early varieties:

Aunty Becky: Large, white-fleshed, prolific slipstone (ripens New Year). **Bell's Improved:** Large, good-bearing slipstone (before Christmas). **Bell's November:** Good for coastal area (early November). **Blackburn:** Large, prolific slipstone; ripens New Year. The best early yellow peach.

If you live in fruitfly-free areas you have the additional choice of late-fruiting trees, including **Royal George** and **J. H. Hale** (January

PEACH BLOSSOM makes a lovely show in the garden before fruit appears.

fruiting); **Finlayson's Seedling** (mid-February); and **Lady Palmerston** (early March).

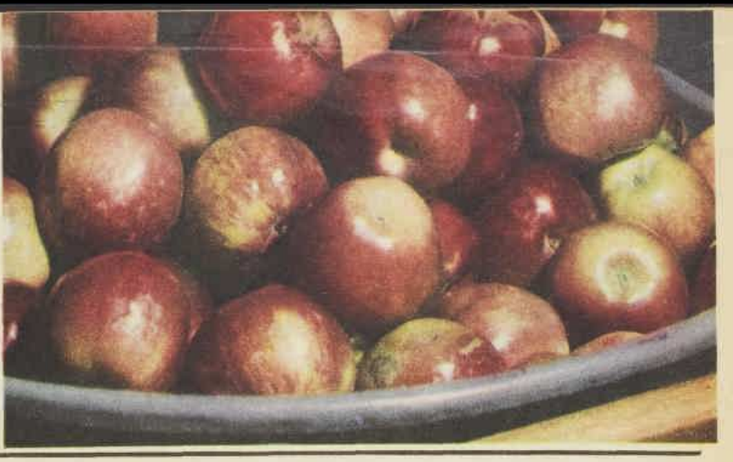
PLUM TREES bear well and are also decorative when in bloom. Choose trees suitable to your soil and district. They start bearing in the third to fifth year.

Here are some suggestions:

Angelina Burdett: Early dark purple, juicy. **Cherry Plum** (Red American): Medium, slipstone, early. **Burbank:** Large, slipstone, requires good soil, early. **Narrabeen:** Extremely large, sweet, juicy fruit. Heavy bearer, early February. **Santa Rosa:** Large, good cropper, ripens Christmas. **Satsuma** (Japanese blood plum): Large, early. **Shiro:** Early, yellow clingstone.

FIG TREES are self-pollinating and provide good fruit even in rather poor sandy areas. Where the soil is good the fruit is larger and the crops heavier. The most popular varieties include Black Genoa, Blue Provence, Brown Turkey, Green Ischia, White Ischia, White Genoa, and White Asiatic.

Other deciduous fruit trees that can be planted now are **persimmons, pecan nuts, cherries, mulberries, chestnuts, walnuts, quinces, grapes.** All are self-pollinating. **Prunes,** which are much used in the fresh state for jam, need pollinators.



RED JONATHANS being sorted and graded at Mr. Stringer's orchard. This variety is a highly colored full red sport of the Jonathan.

The flavour of fine cheese makes them a

family favourite

A golden pile of crisp Cheese Jatz adds pleasure to any occasion. They're popular at family get-togethers or when your friends drop in. Grown-ups and children alike love the fine cheese flavour of Cheese Jatz.

There is no Substitute for Quality

Arnott's
FAMOUS
CHEESE JATZ
Biscuits

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RECIPE WINS £5

● This week's prize of £5 in our regular cookery contest is awarded to Mrs. B. Norris, 51 Lanark Street, Mt. Lawley, Perth, for her recipe for mock sukiyaki.

MRS. NORRIS said she concocted this dish after watching Japanese cooks at work during the occupation of Singapore.

All spoon measurements are level.

MOCK SUKIYAKI

One chicken (about 2½ to 3½lb.), water, salt, pepper, 2 sticks celery (chopped), 2 shallots (chopped roughly), 2 tablespoons butter, 4 large onions, ¼ to ½ cup soy sauce, 1 cup cabbage (sliced in thick pieces, 1in. x ½in.), 1 cup chopped shallots, 1 cup beans (cut in 1½in. lengths), 1 cup cauliflower pieces, 1 cup button mushrooms or sliced mushrooms, 1 cup sliced tomato, 1 cup green peas, 6 eggs, boiled rice.

Cut chicken meat into small pieces, stand aside. Place chicken bones in saucepan with 6 or 8 cups water, little salt and pepper, shallots and celery. Simmer while preparing remainder of dish. Place butter in large pan (not too deep), fry onions until soft. Add chicken meat, fry about 10 minutes, turning occasionally. Stir in soy sauce, mix well. Drain chicken stock, add sufficient to pan to cook foods without catching. When mixture boils, add all prepared vegetables, keeping each vegetable in its own place. Add salt and pepper, do not stir. When vegetables are tender add eggs whole, one at a time, in a depression here and there. Allow to continue cooking until eggs are firm. The dish is then ready for serving. Serve with hot boiled rice in small bowls or cups with mustard seasoned with vinegar and salt, tomato sauce, chilli sauce, or sweet-sour sauce (see below).

Sweet-Sour Sauce: Two tablespoons vinegar, 4 tablespoons water, 1½ tablespoons sugar, 1½ teaspoons flour or cornflour, ½ teaspoon soy sauce, salt to taste; 1 teaspoon chopped fresh ginger, ½ teaspoon chopped red and green fresh chillies.

Place first six ingredients into saucepan and bring to the boil, stirring all the time. When thickened, add ginger and chopped chillies.

Final progress prizewinners in canned pineapple contest

● Below are the last three progress prizewinners in our Queensland canned pineapple recipe contest, in which £250 will be awarded in cash prizes.

THIS successful contest closed on July 9. The main prizewinners will be announced in our issue dated August 8.

First prize of £100 will be awarded for the best recipe entered in the contest. The second prize is £50; third prize, £20; and there will be eight consolation prizes of £10 each.

Here are the last three progress prizewinners. Each of them is awarded £5 worth of canned pineapple products.

PINE-TUNA PAGODAS

One cup tuna (drained), ¼ cup chopped pecan or walnuts, ½ cup finely chopped celery, 1 tablespoon chopped pimento, 1-3rd cup salad dressing, 1 ripe medium avocado (mashed), 1½ teaspoons lemon juice, salt, 2 tablespoons sliced ripe olives, 5 large slices canned pineapple (drained and chilled), 10 small slices canned pineapple (drained and chilled), 5 strawberries, lettuce leaves.

Break tuna into chunks, combine with nuts, celery, pimento, salt, salad dressing. Mix lightly in basin. Chill. Blend avocado, lemon juice, salt, and stir in olives. Chill. At serving-time place 5 large slices pineapple on lettuce leaves, spread with tuna mixture. Stack on 5 small pineapple slices, spread with avocado mixture. Top with remaining pineapple rings, anchor with cocktail sticks. Centre each with a strawberry, point up. Serve with pineapple dressing.

Pineapple Dressing: One-third cup sugar, 4 teaspoons cornflour, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 cup unsweetened pineapple juice, ¼ cup orange juice, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 beaten eggs, 6oz. cream cheese (softened).

Combine dry ingredients in saucepan, blend in fruit juices. Cook, stirring constantly until clear (5 to 8 minutes). Slowly stir into eggs, return to saucepan, cook over low heat 3 to 5 minutes or until mixture thickens slightly. Cool 5 minutes, then beat into softened cream cheese. Chill.

Progress prize of £5 pineapple products to Mrs. S. Lade, 13 Fairthorne Rd., Trevallyn, Launceston, Tas.

PINEAPPLE FISH

One snapper or bream, 1 can pineapple pieces, 1 onion (grated), 1½ dessertspoons sugar, 1½ dessertspoons soy sauce, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1 cup breadcrumbs, ½ cup chopped parsley, 1 banana, juice of 1 lemon, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, salt and pepper, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, egg or milk, lemon.

Clean fish well, wipe all over with damp cloth, sprinkle with lemon juice. Combine the breadcrumbs, ½ cup pineapple pieces, onion, half the parsley, mashed banana. Mix with a little milk or egg. Season to taste, stuff fish with mixture. Brush all over with melted butter, place into baking-dish with remainder of butter and a little pineapple syrup. Cover and bake 15 to 20 minutes until fish is tender, basting frequently.

Mix together the sauce, vinegar, sugar, and a little cold water in a saucepan and heat. Blend cornflour with a little cold water and add, stirring until mixture thickens and boils. Remove from heat, add all but ½ cup of pineapple pieces. Place fish on heated serving-platter, pour over the sauce, garnish with chopped parsley, pineapple pieces, and lemon wedges.

Progress prize of £5 pineapple products to Mrs. M. Overton, Somerville, Vic.

PINEAPPLE CREAM RING

One and a half cups milk, 2 eggs, ¾ cup sugar, 3 dessertspoons gelatine, ¼ cup cold water, extra cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Cream: Two cups canned crushed pineapple (not drained), 2 teaspoons lemon juice, 4 tablespoons cornflour, ¼ cup pineapple juice, 2 egg-whites, whipped cream, coloured jellies.

Separate whites from yolks of eggs; place yolks into top half of double saucepan. Beat well, then gradually add the milk. Add sugar, stir over boiling water until mixture thickens. Soften gelatine in water, stir into custard mixture, and dissolve. Add extra milk, flavor with vanilla. Pour into large basin; allow to cool, and when slightly thickened add the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into wetted or oiled mould; chill well. When set, turn out on serving-platter; fill with pineapple cream.

Pineapple Cream: Blend cornflour with pineapple juice until smooth. Place crushed pineapple in saucepan and heat, add lemon juice and stir in blended cornflour. Cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Remove from heat; cool. Beat egg-whites until very stiff, fold into pineapple mixture. Fill into centre of ring; top with whipped cream and decorate with pieces of colored jellies.

Progress prize of £5 pineapple products to Mrs. G. Smiles, 12 Jimbour St., Dalby, Qld.

A231

"But Daddy, what about protecting us?"

This family could and should be completely protected. Simply and economically, A.M.P. Family Protection Policies will assure them a debt-free home, a living income, money for the children. Ask about these policies.

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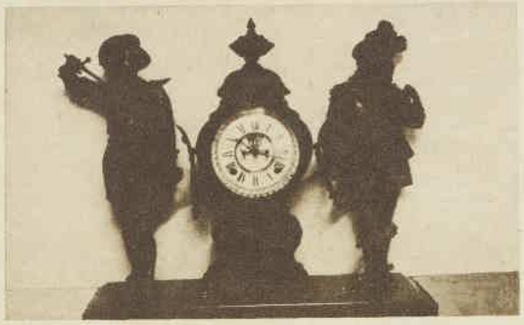
COLLECTORS' CORNER

● *Unusual English chair*



● *Clock with figures*

● **Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antique pieces of furniture and a bronze clock.**

● *Victorian writing-desk*

I have a desk, which I think is European mahogany, with an inside lining of sycamore veneer. There is no sign of any markings. Could you give me its age, please? —Mr. H. A. Sanders, Grafton, N.S.W.

Your very attractive small writing-desk (above, right) is Victorian Davenport, made in England about 1860. It was designed for a lady's use.

★ ★ ★

Could you give me some information about my chair, please? The sides are formed of 18 separate pieces, nine to each side. Each piece is about 1½in. wide. The back piece is deeply carved. — Mrs. L. Cunningham, Gulgong, N.S.W.

Your chair (above) is English and was made about 1875-85. The design was influenced by a 16th-century Italian example.

★ ★ ★

My clock is bronze and is on a black stand with bronze legs. The figures on either side look like a Roundhead and Cavalier. Could you tell me the clock's age, please? —Mrs. G. Neale, Botany, N.S.W.

Your Cavalier clock (above, centre) is French spelter bronze and was made between 1885-95.

HOME HINTS

● **These hints from readers each win a prize of £1/1/-.**

UNRAVELLED wool can be made like new by filling a hot-water bag with boiling water and winding the wool around it. Leave for a few hours and unwind. The wrinkles will have disappeared.—Mrs. M. L. Rasmus, 4 French St., Angaston, S.A.

★ ★ ★

Coir doormats will not leave a deposit of fibre underneath if the new mat is soaked well in water, then dried before use. — Miss D. Barr, c/o 70 Garrett St., Maroubra, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

A wire refrigerator shelf makes a handy large-size cooling rack when you are baking a large batch of small cakes or more cake layers than your regular racks will hold. — J. Picha, 2 Bade Ave., Portland, Vic.

★ ★ ★

When making a casserole of pork, lamb, or mutton, use half water and half pineapple juice —the flavor is delicious.—Mrs. R. Burns, "Trees," Darley St., Thirlmere, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

For a gay and economical array of flowerpots, use the plastic buckets sold at chain and hardware stores. Holes are easily cut in the bottom for drainage, they need no paint, are easily wiped clean. Handles can be removed easily or left on for easy moving of pots.—Mrs. H. M. Jacob, 126 Hockey St., Whyalla, S.A.

These lovely woollens need special washing care-LUX care!

Keeping woollens soft and shapely

— that's an art you can master only with Lux. Harsh washing methods can mat and shrink a precious woollie in just one go. But Lux is all pure soap — the natural washing care that suits natural fibres, keeps them soft and supple, colour-true. There are no harsh chemicals in Lux — absolutely none. That's why Lux is the *one* safe care for all woollens, from cashmere to inch-thick mohair . . . and for all fine machine-washables, too.

If it's safe in water, it's safe in Lux

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How to be 30 for 40 years.

Continued from page 30

Three "musts" for the best-dressed skin:

1. CLEAN IT. Not just on the surface and not just with soap and water, but with an under-the-surface cleanser and a blitz-clean once a week.

2. FEED IT. With fat, both on it and under it. Eat some fat (preferably fish or vegetable oils, or cream, butter, or margarine) every day. Feed it on top also with a good rich cold cream.

3. PROTECT IT. With a protective foundation which keeps the skin oiled and supple and does not clog the pores.

Make the most of your hair

IF you want to be born with a really fine head of hair you have to choose the right parents. For heredity determines whether a person has hair that is naturally scarce or abundant, coarse or fine, light or dark or red.

But there's a great deal you can still do if your ancestry has landed you with mediocre material.

And here's a cheering story:

I once acquired a red setter, about two years old, with a pedigree about a mile long and a very dejected look.

His coat, which should have had a rich red burnish, was coarse and matted, and the fur was falling out so rapidly that he was bald in spots.

"There's nothing wrong with this dog that a good diet won't cure," said the vet.

"Feed him a mineral- and vitamin-rich diet, including carrots, fresh meat—preferably liver—greens, and peelings.

"You may have to grind them up together to get him to take the peelings, but he'll soon be looking as glossy as a Derby winner.

"And, incidentally," he added, "if your own hair ever begins to fall out and look lifeless try eating plenty of peelings.

"Never peel fruits or vegetables. The skin of the cucumber, apple, carrot, radish, potato, grape, and tomato contains all the minerals important to hair."

Frankly, I was a little sceptical, but animals have a better instinct for food than people. The setter ate his meal daily and with relish, and after three months had one of the glossiest, healthiest, burnished, copper-colored dog coats I have ever seen.

Incidentally, I checked on the peelings theory to find if it was just an "old vet's tale." It had scientific backing, however, and a well-known nutrition authority confirmed that peelings contain several minerals of particular value to the hair's well-being.

As to grey hair. This is caused by a stoppage of the mechanism that produces color (pigment). It is governed by the bloodstream mainly, but partly by the glands.

Grey hair on a woman with a young, pink-and-white skin and blue or grey eyes can be both beautiful and exciting. A brunette with rich, creamy skin and grey hair can look out of this world. But most women prefer not to be grey.

However, we live in an age of wonderful rinses and tints. So that we can really have almost any color we want, and even if we decide to go grey we can have much pleasanter shades than nature intended.

In choosing a rinse or tint color always study skin tones and the color of the eyes.

With an olive complexion and dark eyes neither blond nor red hair is becoming. A true black looks the best, the most exciting.

With blue eyes and fair, pink-toned skin, gold, platinum, and even silver hair is becoming, and ash-blond marvellous.

With china-blue eyes and an alabaster-white skin (a rare combination but alluring) a blue-black will be enchanting.

What about green eyes and a fair skin? The obvious choice is a color between chestnut and red-gold; even a startling copper-red will look striking on a good-looking woman of this type.

With warm brown eyes and a peach-pink skin, dark chestnut or autumn-leaf hair coloring looks well.

And don't let anyone fool you into thinking that nature or mother knows best. They hardly ever do.

But even more important than the color is how your hair is cut and styled, washed and set, and maintained between times.

Setting at home is not too difficult if you watch how the experts roll it up on rollers, and sprays help to keep the set. Home perms are getting easier to apply by the minute, and a certain amount of lightening, brightening, and cosmetic coloring can be done at home.

Then, if necessary, you can keep your money for a really good cut. Haircutting is an expert's job, and not even a hairdresser can cut her own hair properly. You must have that good cut.

A first-rate stylist considers every aspect of a client's appearance — her face and figure, style, way of life, and age—before designing a haircut.

They also consider the hair texture.

Only those with oval faces, good hair lines, neatly chiselled features, and looking a little like Princess Grace can afford to pull their hair tightly back from their faces.

Rules for glossy hair:

1. KEEP IT CLEAN. Nothing makes hair fall out faster than allowing it to stay dirty. It's a fallacy to think washing "rots" it. Wash your hair once a week, using an oil shampoo or adding cream if it is dry.

2. STIMULATE IT. A hundred strokes with a brush may sound out of date, but it is still the best possible tonic for the hair and scalp. Brushing stimulates the hair's own oil secretions, makes the set smoother.

A pair of sparkling eyes

Like the rest of the body, eyes remain young and active if they get the right food, the right amount of exercise, and the right kind of thoughts.

Strange as it may seem, your attitude of mind may be the most important of the three, for tension, strain, and anxiety can be harmful both to the usefulness of the eyes and their appearance.

Eyes mirror our thoughts. If they reflect irritability, nervous exhaustion, cynicism, bitterness, suspicion, or just general meanness they aren't going to look young or attractive, either.

Also, such emotions may actually harm the eyes. Really bad fits of temper have been known to cause temporary blindness.

On the other hand, happy, relaxed eyes not only see better—they see more. Many people notice this after a good holiday.

If you wear glasses, enjoy them. See that they are gay, smart, becoming, as well as medically suitable. Take them off when you can (most glasses are crutches, and most people do look better without them).

Personally, I buy glasses almost as often as I buy a new hat. I get them in different shapes and colors and select them as carefully as I do costume jewellery, but I take them off at parties.

Here are some tips: an exaggerated harlequin line only looks well on the young and cute; large round glasses give an owl-like look and make a small neat face look sad; lines or shadows under the eyes are exaggerated by glasses with an eyebrow line above and a clear edge below.

How to keep your eyes right:

1. FEED THEM.

Without adequate vitamin A you develop night blindness. Eyes also need protein, vitamin B_2 and certain minerals. A mixed vegetable juice made with an electric juice extractor or a mixed vegetable juice bought in a tin will supply the vitamins and minerals. Blend in some powdered brewer's yeast for the B vitamins. Take some butter and some oil every day.

2. REST THEM.

Place the palms over the closed eyes with your elbows on a table and "see black" for a few seconds every hour.

3. PROTECT THEM.

Protect your eyes carefully from dust or other flying particles. Fresh air and reasonable sunlight, however, are good for them.

Are your feet killing you?

MAYBE your feet aren't actually killing you, but they may be adding 10 to 20 years to the way you look, especially if you're one of the overfed, badly shod city dwellers.

You'd think we hated our feet from the way we ill-treat them. It isn't really their fault if misusing them brings lines to your face, an ageing heaviness to your walk, and a dowager's hump.

Country folk who walk on soft earth in comfortable shoes don't have half the foot and posture troubles of those who teeter on spikes over the city's hard pavements.

Too-pointed shoes, which have the effect of forcing the big toe's joint outward, may cause the collapse of the transverse arch of the foot, and this may well be more painful than fallen arches, which is a flattening of the instep arch.

Too wide shoes may also cause the transverse arch to collapse, but at least they won't cause bunions.

An orthopedic surgeon told me that young girls leaving school and taking jobs often completely spoil their feet with the first shoes they buy with their own earnings. Their feet aren't yet fully developed, and the young bones and muscles can be distorted for life.

It's really too bad to think of the face wrinkles, the painful, bunions joints, the corns and callouses, ingrowing toenails, even arthritis, or weak spines that such youngsters are bringing on themselves.

You need well-made shoes.

You don't necessarily have to wear flat heels, but if you put a coin into the heel of the inside of your shoe and it slides down to the instep your heels are, orthopedically speaking, too high.

The shoes you buy should grip inside firmly at the back and sides of the heel and have enough room in front for the toes to wiggle.

But don't forget to wear good supportive shoes at least **some** of the time.

They won't make you look half as old as you will look hobbling along with hunched shoulders and poked-out neck. Honest.

Sunshine is good for feet, for the vitamin D in sunshine helps maintain all those little bones that keep the arches flexible as well as support your weight.

You'll help your feet meet the tough challenge of city pavements if, on holidays, you oil them and leave them uncovered. (Don't wash the oil off for about three hours to let the vitamin D be absorbed.)

At the beach walk barefoot on the sand.

Overweight, relating to feet, can be a two-way problem.

If your feet hurt you don't take exercise and tend to put on weight. And if you are already too heavy your feet are likely to hurt from the extra load.

Exercise your feet. There are many formal exercises, but you can do simple ones without interfering with your daily routine: Spreading the toes or curling them in bed; moving the feet in circular fashion clockwise and then anti-clockwise as you watch TV; wiggling your toes in your shoes at work; practising picking up pencils with them when you're alone.

Four ways to keep your feet from killing you:

1. STAND with your feet forming a pedestal, 1in. apart and parallel, with the insteps forming two halves of a dome, weight on the outer side of the foot, toes gripping the ground.

2. WEAR shoes large enough to make this possible. Buy them to fit (meaning width as well as length).

3. WALK with feet parallel. Push off with the ball of the foot and the toes to propel yourself forward.

4. Here's a tip from one of those apparently ageless film stars, Joan Crawford. She says she kicks her shoes off every time she comes into her house. She also believes that going barefoot helps posture.

She walks up and down stairs on tiptoe without holding the banister, and goes barefoot on sand or soft grass the way nature intended. If your civilised feet can't take it, get a pair of sandals with a thin rubber sole and two thongs on top meeting between the first and second toes. That lets air and sunshine get at your feet.

Your voice is an echo

A voice that registers interest and zest sheds years of age.

Practise putting warmth into your voice. You will change your life as well as your speaking tone, for the whole world will warm to **you.**

Four ways to a pleasanter speaking voice:

1. How do you SOUND? Borrow a tape-recorder or have a disc made of your voice.

It is the hoarse, throaty voice which tends to sound middle-aged. The thirty-year-old voice should be warm, clear, friendly, flexible. It should never be nasal, irritable, shrill, hoarse, breathy.

2. How do you STAND? You should stand actively alerted so that you can breathe with your chest, not your stomach.

3. How do you THINK? Bad speech habits often come from sloppy thinking. Not finishing sentences, mispronouncing words, even stuttering, are such faults.

4. How do you FEEL? A person who is in a constant state of simmering irritation talks in harsh, strident, aggressive tones. A person who thinks in terms of grumbles, irritations, boredom talks in those terms. You will never sound young and charming if you are feeling old and hateful. Say to your tape-recorder: "I feel so old and tired and bored with life I might as well be dead." Then try: "It's a glorious day, it would be fun to go for a walk in the sunshine. I feel great."

What a different sound!

• ***For our CALORIE COUNTER see pages 48-49.***

• NEXT WEEK — "Seven and a half ways to achieve a simply sensational shape"

Molly Castle continues advice from her book "How to be 30 for 40 Years" by giving a simple but highly effective set of exercises you can do to slim and beautify your figure.

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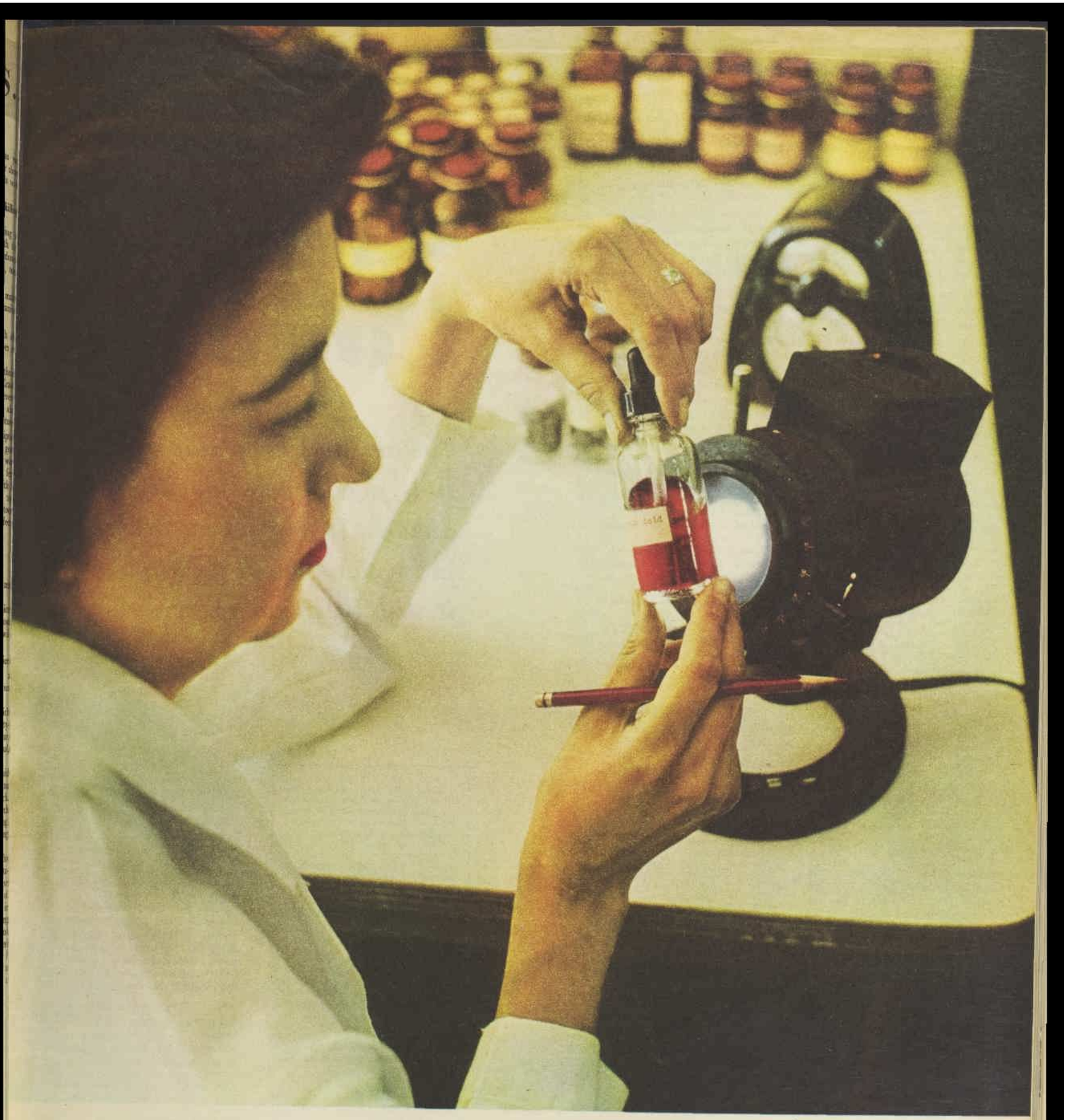

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Using a unique group of specially-equipped climate rooms, our research scientists determine in advance how long medications will resist changes caused by sunlight, moisture, and temperature in dozens of countries where Parke-Davis products are distributed.

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Calorie Counter

Cut out and keep this counter. It is a complete blueprint for dieters. It has been designed in sections so that, when cut, it will fit in an exercise book.

BEVERAGES

Apple Cider, 8oz. glass	100
Cocoa (all milk), breakfast cup, 8oz	300
Cocoa (half milk, half water), breakfast cup, 8oz.	200
Coffee	0
(Add 25 calories for each dessertspoon milk used; add 25 calories for each teaspoon sugar used.)	
Lemonade, Ginger Ale, 8oz. glass	175
Malted Milk, plain (no ice-cream), 8oz. glass	250
Malted Milk, chocolate (no ice-cream), 8oz. glass	400
Malted Milk with chocolate and ice-cream, 8oz. glass	600
Milk, 8oz. glass	200
Ovaltine, 8oz. cup	300
Orangeade, 8oz. glass	175
Soda Water	0
Tea	0
Water	0
Tonic Water, 8oz. glass	175
(Add calories for milk and sugar as in coffee.)	

BATTER FOODS

(Calorie count does not include the number in butter, jam, sugar, or syrup served with batter foods.)

1 Pancake, 6in. diameter	125
1 Pikelet, 3in. diameter	65
1 Waffle, 5in. diameter	200
1 Crumpet, 3in. diameter	175

THE BREAD PROBLEM

1 slice white bread ¼in. thick with 1 teaspoon butter is 100 calories. The following biscuits, lightly buttered, have the same calorie value (100): Two Sao, Trubake, or Iva; 4 Thin Captain or Salado; 2 Uneeda; 2 Ry-Vita; 4 Vita-Weat; 3 Saloon Crackers.

BREAD, BUNS, BISCUITS

1 slice White Bread, 3in. x 4in. x ¼in.	80
1 slice Wholemeal Bread, 3in. x 4in. x ¼in.	69
1 small Bread Roll, restaurant size	100
1 slice Bun Loaf with raisins or sultanas	75
1 slice Melba Toast, 3in. x 4in. x ¼in.	25
1 Yeast Bun, 2½in. diameter	140
1 Plain Biscuit	40
1 Shredded Wheatmeal Biscuit	42
1 Thin Captain Biscuit	27
1 Vita-Weat Biscuit	23
1 Ry-Vita Biscuit	29
1 Sweet Biscuit, plain	50
1 Diabetic Roll	70

CONDIMENTS AND SAUCES

Apple Sauce, 4oz.	100
Chilli Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful	25
Chocolate Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful	100
Chutney, 4 dessertspoonfuls	45
Cream Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful	35
French Dressing, 1 dessertspoonful	100
Gravy (thick), 8 dessertspoonfuls	80
Hard Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful	100
Hollandaise Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful	100
Horseradish Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful	5
Mayonnaise, 1 dessertspoonful	100
Mustard, 1 teaspoonful	10
Mustard pickles, 4 dessertspoonfuls	45
Tartare Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful	100
Thousand Island, 1 dessertspoonful	100
Melted Butter Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful	100
Tomato Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful	5
Vinegar	0
White sauce, medium-thick, 8 dessertspoonfuls	100
Worcestershire Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful	10

CAKES

Coffee Cake (not spread with butter), 3in. x 2in. x ¾in.	200
Shortbread, 2in. x 2in. x 1in.	100
Caramel Butter Cake, 3in. x 2in. x ¾in.	275
Chocolate Butter Cake, 3in. x 2in. x ¾in.	300
Gingerbread, 3in. x 2in. x ¾in.	200
Jam Roll, 3in. diameter	200
Madeira Cake, 3in. x 2in. x ¾in.	150
Pound or Christmas Cake, 3oz.	380
Patty Cake, iced, 2½in. diameter	200
Sponge Cake, plain, no icing, no filling, 3in. x 2in. x ¾in.	150
Sponge Cake with jam and fresh cream filling and icing, 3in. x 2in. x ¾in.	330
1 Chocolate Eclair with cream filling	300
1 piece French Pastry, small	200
1 Tart, afternoon-tea size	100
1 Tart, afternoon-tea size, with fruit filling	200
1 Lady's Finger	35

CEREALS

(Calorie count does not include the number in the milk and sugar used with cereal.)

All-Bran, 1oz.	97
Bran Flakes, 1oz.	109
Breakfast Biscuits, 1	107
Cornflakes, 1 oz.	114
Crispies, 1oz.	112
Rice Bubbles, 1oz.	110
Rolled Oats, cooked, 8oz. cup	200
Rolled Oats, dry, 8oz. cup	848
Scotch Oatmeal, 8oz. cup, cooked	200
Vita Brits, 1	57

DIETER'S FRIENDS

These have no calories: Coffee and tea (if no milk or sugar); soda water; vegetable and meat extracts. These have few calories: Asparagus, endive, lettuce, radishes, cucumber, celery, green peppers.

DAIRY PRODUCTS

Cheese — Cheddar, 1oz.	110
1oz. Cottage Cheese (made with skim milk)	32
1oz. Cream Cheese	110
Edam, 1oz.	120
Swiss (Gruyere), 1oz.	125
Gorgonzola, 1oz.	60
Processed (packet) Cheese, 1oz.	104
Butter, 1 dessertspoonful	100
Cream, 1 dessertspoonful	25
Milk, 8oz. glass	144
Milk (skimmed), 8oz. glass	72
Yoghurt, 1oz.	25

DESSERTS

PIES

(Pie slices are one-sixth of a 9in.-diameter pie 1in. thick.)

Apple, 1 slice	300
Apricot, 1 slice	350
Banana Custard, 1 slice	350
Butterscotch, 1 slice	350
Lemon Meringue, 1 slice	325
Mince (fruit), 1 slice	375
Peach, 1 slice	350
Rhubarb, 1 slice	450

PUDDINGS

Apple Dumpling, 1 medium size	300
Banana Custard, 4oz.	125
Blancmange, 4oz.	235
Bread Pudding, 4oz.	150
Custard, 4oz.	135
Fruit Gelatine shape, 4oz.	85
Ice-cream, 1oz. bucket	60
Jelly, 4oz.	75
Junket, 4oz.	75
Plum Pudding (no sauce), 4oz.	150
Rice Custard, 4oz.	150
Tapioca Pudding, 4oz.	150

FRUIT—STEWED OR TINNED

Apples, baked, medium size	150
Apples, stewed, 8oz. cup	200
Apricots, tinned, no syrup, 4 halves	100
Apricots, tinned, with syrup, 8oz. cup	200
Apricots, stewed, 5 medium size	125
Blackberries, tinned, with syrup, 8oz. cup	225
Cherries, tinned, with syrup, 4oz. cup	100

PARTY FOODS

Most party foods, which many dieters dismiss as "not counting," are diet-wreckers. For instance, 1oz. cashew nuts is 162 calories; 1 nip brandy, with water or soda, is 100, and about 140 with 2oz. of ginger ale; 1 8oz. glass of bottled beer is 125; 1 cocktail, 100-250; 1 plain sweet biscuit is 40; 1 cream-filled chocolate eclair, 300.

Figs, tinned, with syrup, 4oz. cup	150
Peaches, tinned, with syrup, 2 halves	100
Peaches, tinned, no syrup, 2 halves	75
Prunes, cooked without sugar, 4oz.	160
Prunes, cooked with sugar, 4oz.	240
Prunes, dried, 1 medium size	30

(Diabetic tinned fruits, alone or in pies, are equal in calorie content to fresh fruit. For example, two diabetic pear halves have the same number of calories as two cooked fresh pear halves if no sugar has been added in cooking.)

DRINKS

SPIRITS

Brandy, 1 nip or jigger	100
Gin, 1 nip or jigger	75
Rum, 1 nip or jigger	100
Whisky (Scotch), 1 nip or jigger	85
Whisky (Australian), 1 nip or jigger	85
Whisky (Bourbon), 1 nip or jigger	100

MALT DRINKS

Beer (bottled), 8oz. glass	125
Beer (draught), 8oz. glass	150
Stout, 8oz. glass	175

WINES

Red or white (sparkling), 3.2oz. glass*	90
Red or white (still), 3.2oz. glass*	75
Sherry (sweet or dry), 2oz. glass*	85
Port, 2oz. glass*	100

(*Standard wine glasses hold the quantities shown.)

MIXED DRINKS

Brandy Crusta, cocktail glass	250
Martini Dry, cocktail glass	100
Martini Sweet, cocktail glass	120
White Lady, cocktail glass	150
Mint Julep, 8oz. glass	200
Tom and Jerry, T & J mug	200

EGGS

Boiled (1)	70
Fried (1)	100
Omelet (1)	105
Poached (1)	75
Scrambled (1)	125
White only (1)	15
Yolk only (1)	60

FATS AND COOKING OILS

Bacon Fat, 1 dessertspoonful	150
Chicken Fat, 1 dessertspoonful	125
Cotton Seed Oil, 1 dessertspoonful	100
Crisco, 1 dessertspoonful	100
Dripping, 1 dessertspoonful	105
Lard, 1 dessertspoonful	125
Olive Oil, 1 dessertspoonful	125
Peanut Oil, 1 dessertspoonful	125

FLOUR FOODS

Flour, plain, 8oz. cup	824
Macaroni, cooked, 8oz. cup	200
Macaroni Cheese, cooked, 8oz. cup	250
Rice, unpolished, uncooked, 8oz. cup	750
Rice, unpolished, cooked, 8oz. cup	180
Rice, polished, white, cooked, 8oz. cup	200
Spaghetti, cooked, 8oz. cup	225

FISH

Bream, 4oz.	100
Caviare, 1 dessertspoonful	100
Crab Meat, fresh or tinned, 4oz.	100
Flathead, 4oz.	100
Garfish, 4oz.	100
Gefuelte Fish, 8oz. serve	150
Haddock, smoked, 4oz.	100
Lobster, 4oz.	100
Mackerel, 4oz.	125
Mullet, 4oz.	100
Murray Cod, 4oz.	250
Oysters, 8	100
Perch, 4oz.	100
Prawns, 4oz.	100
Salmon, tinned, pink, 4oz.	168
Salmon, tinned, red, 4oz.	200
Sardines, 8, in oil	120
Trout, 4oz.	125
Tuna, tinned, 4oz.	175

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● *The average daily calorific need depends on height, weight, and occupation (see charts at right). To maintain ideal weight a typist, for instance, needs about 1900 calories daily, a housewife from 2000-2700, bus conductress or laundress 2500-3000, a shop assistant 2000. To lose 1 lb. a week you must cut your eating down by 500 calories a day. This is not harmful.*

FRESH FRUIT

Apple, medium size	80
Apricot, medium size	20
Avocado Pear, half, medium size	250
Banana, medium size	100
Blackberries, 8oz. cup	85
Cherries, 8oz. cup	75
Gooseberries, 8oz. cup	200
Grapes, muscatel, 8oz. cup	100
Grapefruit, half, medium size	50
Lemon, medium size	25
Loganberries, 8oz. cup	136
Mandarin, medium size	35
Rockmelon, medium size	100
Cantaloupe, medium size	100
Honeydew Melon, medium size	200
Watermelon, medium slice	75
Nectarine, medium size	75
Orange, medium size	70
Papaw, 8oz.	70
Peach, medium size	50
Pear, medium size	50
Persimmon, medium size	75
Pineapple, 8oz.	75
Plum, medium size	20
Pomegranate, medium size	75
Raspberries, 8oz.	100
Strawberries, 8oz.	75

FRUIT AND VEGETABLE JUICES

Apple, 4oz. glass	100
Apricot, 4oz. glass	75
Carrot, 4oz. glass	25
Grape, 4oz. glass	60
Grapefruit, 4oz. glass	60
Orange, 4oz. glass	75
Pineapple, 4oz. glass	100
Tomato, 4oz. glass	25

(Diabetic fruit juices have no extra sugar added and are equal to fresh fruit juice.)

MEAT

Bacon, 3 half rashers, grilled	100
Beef, Roast, lean, 1 slice, 4in. x 4in. x ½in.	150
Bladebone Steak, 3oz.	275
Beef Stew, 8oz. cup	250
Corned, 1 slice, 4in. x 1in. x 1in.	100
Chuck Steak, 3oz.	265
Devon Sausage, 1oz.	65
Fillet Steak, 3oz.	250
Ham, 1oz.	115
Kidney, whole	250
Lamb Chops, 3oz.	300
Lamb, Roast Leg, 3oz.	230
Lamb, Roast Shoulder, 3oz.	300
Liver, 1 slice, 3in. x 2in. x ½in.	100
Meat Pie, 1	550
Minced Steak, 3oz.	300
Ox Tongue, 3oz.	177
Porterhouse Steak, 3oz.	290
Pork Chop, 3oz.	285
Pork, roast, 3oz.	275
Pork Sausage (1), large	250
Round Steak, 3oz.	200
Rump Steak, 3oz.	320
Sausage Roll, 1oz.	100
Sheep Brains, 3oz.	100
Sirloin Steak, 3oz.	250
T-bone steak, 3oz.	250
Tripe, 3oz.	125
Veal, breaded cutlet, 3oz.	185
Veal, roast, 3oz.	190
Veal Stew, 8oz. cup	240
Wiener Schnitzel, 3oz.	207

Your daily calories:

Here is an easy method of calculating your necessary daily calorie intake.

Determine the average weight for your height (see tables below). Multiply the number of pounds by 16 if your work is sedentary, 18 if it is fairly active, 20 if very active, and 25 to 34 if you do heavy work. The result is the number of calories needed to maintain your ideal weight. Cutting that number by only 500 a day—3500 a week—will reduce you by a pound a week, a safe rate of reducing for a healthy adult.

(There are 14 pounds in a stone. Seven stone is 98lb., eight stone is 112lb., nine stone is 126lb., 10 stone is 140lb., 11 stone is 154lb., 12 stone is 168lb., 13 stone is 182lb., 14 stone is 196lb., 15 stone is 210lb.)

IDEAL WEIGHTS FOR MEN

Undressed. For clothing and shoes allow 8 pounds.

L — Light frame. A — Average Frame. B — Big frame.

HEIGHT	AGE GROUPS											
	25-29			30-34			35-39			40-44		
	L	A	B	L	A	B	L	A	B	L	A	B
4'11"	110	116	138	112	118	140	112	118	140	112	117	139
5' 0"	112	118	140	114	120	142	114	120	142	114	119	141
5' 1"	114	120	142	116	122	144	116	122	144	116	121	143
5' 2"	115	123	143	117	125	145	117	125	145	117	124	144
5' 3"	118	126	146	120	128	148	120	128	148	120	127	147
5' 4"	122	130	150	124	132	152	124	132	152	124	131	151
5' 5"	125	134	154	127	136	156	127	136	156	127	135	155
5' 6"	130	138	159	132	140	161	132	140	161	132	139	160
5' 7"	133	142	163	135	144	165	135	144	165	135	143	164
5' 8"	136	146	167	138	148	169	138	148	169	138	147	168
5' 9"	140	150	173	143	153	176	143	153	176	143	152	175
5'10"	143	155	178	146	158	181	146	158	181	146	157	180
5'11"	149	161	185	152	164	188	152	164	188	152	163	187
6' 0"	154	167	190	157	170	193	157	170	193	157	169	192
6' 1"	159	173	193	162	176	196	162	176	196	162	175	195
6' 2"	164	178	195	168	182	203	168	182	203	168	181	202
	45-49			50-54			55-59			60-64		
4'11"	112	116	138	111	115	137	110	114	136	107	111	132
5' 0"	114	118	140	113	117	139	112	116	138	109	113	134
5' 1"	116	120	142	115	119	141	114	118	140	111	115	136
5' 2"	117	123	143	116	122	142	115	121	141	112	118	137
5' 3"	120	126	146	119	125	145	118	124	144	115	121	140
5' 4"	124	130	150	123	129	149	122	128	148	119	125	144
5' 5"	127	134	154	126	133	153	125	132	152	122	129	148
5' 6"	132	138	159	131	137	158	130	136	157	127	133	153
5' 7"	135	142	163	134	141	162	133	140	161	130	137	157
5' 8"	138	146	167	137	145	166	136	144	165	133	141	161
5' 9"	143	151	174	142	150	173	141	149	172	138	146	168
5'10"	146	156	179	145	155	178	144	154	177	141	151	173
5'11"	152	162	186	151	161	185	150	160	184	147	157	180
6' 0"	157	168	191	156	167	190	155	166	189	152	163	185
6' 1"	162	174	194	161	173	193	160	172	192	157	169	188
6' 2"	168	180	201	167	179	200	166	178	199	163	175	195

FOODS YOU MUST EAT EVERY DAY TO DIET AND BE HEALTHY

1 pint milk, 1 egg, 4oz. meat, poultry, fish or cheese, 1½ slices wholemeal bread, ½ cup cereal, 1 serving of green or yellow vegetables, 1 serving of citrus fruit, 1 piece of other fruit, 3 teaspoons of butter or other fats.

NUTS

(All nut calorie counts are for 1oz.)

Almonds	58
Hazelnuts	107
Brazil nuts	78
Cashew nuts	162
Coconut, desiccated	187
Peanuts, roasted	112
Walnuts	88

OLIVES

Olive, green, 1oz. (about 5, medium-size)	35
Olive, black, 1oz. (about 5, medium-size)	30

POULTRY

One ounce of poultry is about 1 slice, 4in. x 2in. x ¼in. thick. Allow 70 calories per oz. of chicken, duck, or turkey; 3oz. is a medium-size helping.

SPREADS FOR BREAD

Fish and meat pastes, 1oz.	54
Honey, level dessertspoonful	62
Jam, level dessertspoonful	55
Peanut Butter, level dessertspoonful	100
Vegetable and meat extracts	0

SOUP

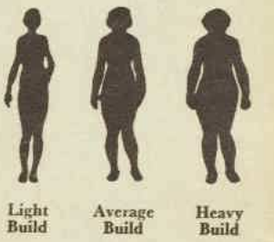
Asparagus, creamed, 8oz. cup	200
Beef Broth, 8oz. cup	100
Barley Broth, 8oz. cup	120
Bouillon, clear, 8oz. cup	10
Bouillon, cubes, 1 cube	2
Chicken Broth, 8oz. cup	50
Chicken Noodle, 8oz. cup	100
Consomme, clear, 8oz. cup	35
Lentil Soup, 8oz. cup	250
Onion, creamed, 8oz. cup	200
Onion, French, 8oz. cup	125
Pea Soup, 8oz. cup	145
Potato, 8oz. cup	200
Tomato Soup, 8oz. cup	75
Tomato Bouillon, 8oz. cup	30
Vegetable, 8oz. cup	150
Vegetable and Beef or Lamb Stock, 8oz. cup	175

VEGETABLES

Asparagus, cuts, 8oz. cup	40
Asparagus, spears, 5 large	15
Broad Beans, 8oz. cup	200
Butter Beans, 8oz. cup	25
Beans, French, 8oz. cup	25
Broccoli, 8oz. cup	45
Brussels Sprouts, 4oz.	56
Cabbage, 8oz. cup	15
Carrots, 8oz. cup	50
Cauliflower, 8oz. cup	25
Celery, 6 stalks	15
Choko, 4oz.	36
Corn, kernels, 8oz. cup	140
Corn on the cob, medium size	85
Cucumber, long green, medium size	10
Eggplant, medium slice	30
Endive, half head	10
Kohlrabi, 8oz. cup	45
Leek (1)	5
Lettuce, medium heart	20
Marrow, 4oz.	4
Mushrooms, 8oz. cup	25
Onions, boiled, 8oz. cup	80
Onions, fried, 8oz. cup	300
Parsnips, 8oz. cup	95
Peas, 8oz. cup	110
Peppers, green (capsicum), 1oz.	9
Potatoes, baked, 4oz.	250
Potatoes, boiled, 4oz.	90
Potatoes, mashed, 4oz.	120
Potatoes, french fried, 8 pieces 2in. x ½in. x ½in.	160
Pumpkin, 4oz.	40
Radishes (6)	10
Spinach, 8oz. cup	43
Squash, 8oz. cup	35
Tomato, medium size	30
Turnips, 8oz. cup	40

BUILD GUIDE FOR WOMEN

● You can generally tell at a glance whether a person has a light, average, or a big frame. But there is room for doubt with overweight people padded out with fat. There are seven parts of the body which vary noticeably in skeletons—shoulders, chest, pelvis, hips, wrists, knees, and ankles. If you are large in the majority of them you fit into the large-frame group. Wrists that measure 6¼" or under show you are in the light-frame classification.



Light Build — Average Build — Heavy Build

Ideal Weights for Women

Undressed. For clothing and shoes allow 4 pounds.

L — Light frame. A — Average frame. B — Big frame.

HEIGHT	AGE GROUPS														
	21-24			25-29			30-34			35-39			40-44		
	L	A	B	L	A	B	L	A	B	L	A	B	L	A	B
4' 9"	99	108	121	101	110	123	103	112	125	103	112	125	103	111	124
4'10"	101	110	123	103	112	125	105	114	127	105	114	127	105	113	126
4'11"	103	112	125	105	114	127	107	116	129	107	116	129	107	115	128
5' 0"	105	114	127	107	116	129	109	118	131	109	118	131	109	117	130
5' 1"	107	116	128	109	118	130	111	120	132	111	120	132	111	119	131
5' 2"	110	119	133	112	121	135	114	123	137	114	123	137	114	122	136
5' 3"	112	123	134	114	125	136	116	127	138	116	127	138	116	126	137
5' 4"	116	126	141	118	128	143	120	130	145	120	130	145	120	129	144
5' 5"	119	130	142	121	132	144	123	134	146	123	134	146	123	133	145
5' 6"	123	134	150	125	136	152	127	138	154	127	138	154	127	137	153
5' 7"	127	138	152	129	140	154	131	142	156	131	142	156	131	141	155
5' 8"	131	142	158	133	144	160	135	146	162	135	146	162	135	145	161
5' 9"	134	146	161	136	148	163	138	150	165	138	150	165	138	149	164

HEIGHT	AGE GROUPS														
	45-49			50-54			55-59			60-64			65-70		
	L	A	B	L	A	B	L	A	B	L	A	B	L	A	B
4' 9"	103	110	123	102	109	122	101	108	121	98	105	117	95	102	114
4'10"	105	112	125	104	111	124	103	110	123	100	107	119	97	104	116
4'11"	107	114	127	106	113	126	105	112	125	102	109	121	99	106	118
5' 0"	109	116	129	108	115	128	107	114	127	104	111	123	101	108	120
5' 1"	111	118	130	110	117	129	109	116	128	106	113	124	103	110	121
5' 2"	114	121	135	113	120	134	112	119	133	109	116	129	106	113	126
5' 3"	116	125	136	115	124	135	114	123	134	111	120	130	108	117	127
5' 4"	120	128	143	119	127	142	118	126	141	115	123	137	112	120	134
5' 5"	123	132	144	122	131	143	121	130	142	118	127	138	115	124	135
5' 6"	127	136	152	126	135	151	125	134	150	122	131	146	119	128	143
5' 7"	131	140	154	130	139	153	129	138	152	126	135	148	123	132	145
5' 8"	135	144	160	134	143	159	133	142	158	130	139	154	127	136	151
5' 9"	138	148	163	137	147	162	136	146	161	133	143	157	130	140	154

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winter with... GOLDEN CIRCLE

A view of Royal Seaforth Island from Lindeman Island, Great Barrier Reef.

Golden Circle

rich in Vitamin "C"

TROPICAL PINEAPPLE

PINEAPPLE CARAMEL PIE

15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE CRUSHED PINEAPPLE, dstspn. grated orange rind, ½ cup brown sugar, 3 dstspns. cornflour, ¼ tspn. salt, 1 tblspn. butter, pastry-lined 9 in. pie plate. Mix sugar, cornflour, salt. Blend with a little pineapple. Add remaining pineapple. Cook, stirring till thick and clear. Remove from heat. Stir in peel and butter. Cool. Spoon into lined plate, decorate top and edges and bake in hot oven about 25 minutes.

PINEAPPLE SHORTCAKES

Drain two 15 oz. cans GOLDEN CIRCLE SLICED PINEAPPLE. Keep juice aside. Melt 1 tblspn. butter in Swiss Roll tin and space out ten pineapple slices with cherry in each centre. SHORTCAKE: Sift 3 cups flour, 4½ tspns. baking powder, 1 tspn. salt and ½ cup sugar. Cut in ½ cup butter finely. Blend in 2 beaten eggs and ½ cup milk. Roll ⅜ in. thick, cut rounds to fit top of slices. SAUCE: Combine ½ cup pineapple juice, ½ cup brown sugar, 1 dstspn. lemon juice. Pour over shortcakes. Bake in hot oven 15-18 minutes.

PORK CHOPS WITH PINEAPPLE

15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE PINEAPPLE PIECES, ¼ cup brown sugar, 4 pork chops, 2 tblspns. soy sauce, 1 dstspn. ground ginger, ½ tspn. pepper. Brush chops with soy sauce and rub in ginger and pepper. Bake in moderate oven. Strain off part of fat and add brown sugar. Saute pineapple pieces in this mixture till glazed. Garnish chops with pineapple and serve with beans and potatoes.

FREE "Winter with Golden Circle" Recipes at your store—or write to THE C.O.D. CANNERY, NORTHGATE, BRISBANE, Q.

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WHEN YOU SUFFER FROM A COLD...

WOODS' IS WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD!

Study is difficult enough at the best of times. But, when your child is suffering from a heavy cold study becomes impossible. Help him pass those important exams—avoid absenteeism—dose him with Woods' Great Peppermint Compound. You'll be amazed how quickly relief comes and children will love its minty flavour. Strong enough to do a fast, effective job, Woods' contains no dangerous or habit-forming drugs. As a relief against colds, 'flu and bronchitis you can't do better than take a dose of Woods' Great Peppermint Compound. *The Family Remedy. Woods' Great Peppermint Compound is completely safe for every member of the family. Always keep a bottle in the home.

WOODS'
GREAT PEPPERMINT COMPOUND

AT HOME *with*

Margaret Sydney

● When the long-weekend holiday periods come round, with the fridge loaded to capacity, the bread-bin overflowing, and the kitchen cupboards bursting with the loads of groceries you've had to lay in, have you ever felt you might scream if you had to handle another pound of food?

HOW would you like to have to buy and carry and store and cook a shopping list like this?

125lb. butter	150lb. tomatoes
50lb. condensed milk	850lb. flour
60lb. poultry	15lb. oatmeal
535lb. sugar	1160 pints milk
30lb. dried fruits	35lb. powdered milk
85lb. tinned fruits	1120lb. meat
8lb. coffee	1050 eggs
15lb. margarine	40lb. jam
30lb. cheese	55lb. breakfast cereals
30lb. fish	30lb. tea

If you feel you couldn't cope with this, you're wrong! This is exactly the total of what you do cope with every year, according to the Commonwealth Statistician, if there happen to be five people living in your house.

And that's not all by any means.

You've got to add a mountain of bread to that, and biscuits and soaps and toilet rolls and lunchwraps and condiments and a ton or two of fruit and vegetables, together with all the other parcels you carry home from the chemist and the dry-cleaner and the shoe-repair shop.

Maybe most of your groceries and some of your meat are delivered, but you're still a pretty sturdy sort of packhorse, and you've still got to unpack all that and store it away and plan your use of it so that you get to it before the weevils and the moths.

Australians, according to the C.S., eat 25lb. of butter each a year, 224lb. of meat, 210 eggs, and 11lb. of breakfast cereals.

The tea figures surprised me—about 6lb. per person (I'm sure we double that average figure in this house) and only 1½lb. of coffee each a year.

But the figures show 176 pints of beer each every year (now I wonder who's drinking my share?).

The "woman" driver who "looked lousy"

I COULDN'T wait for Hugh to get home the other night to show him a newspaper clipping announcing that a Melbourne insurance company was offering a special 10 per cent. discount to women drivers.

Hugh is one of those irritating men given to muttering "Woman driver!" between clenched teeth at regular intervals.

One morning recently we and a lot of other people were held up by a car three or four places ahead of us in the traffic line which couldn't make up its mind whether to turn right or left or even what gear it should make the manoeuvre in.

"Woman driver," Hugh muttered, drumming his fingers irritably on the steering-wheel.

When we finally got past I had a look into the car and said:

"It might interest you to know that the driver was wearing a collar and tie and moustache and smoking a cigar."

"Well, there you are," Hugh said. "She's not only a lousy driver, she's lousy looking as well."

Merely a "millionaire motorist"

HIS contention is that women are less reckless than men, but more dangerous because "they have no road manners." I'm inclined to think there might be a grain of truth in the last part of that—maybe women are a bit less considerate of other people who are trying to use the road.

But on the other hand they're much less combative. I've never met a woman driver yet who wants to "get her own back" on some driver who has annoyed her by cutting-in ahead or who is annoyed by someone with fewer horses under his bonnet having the audacity to think he can beat her on a climb.

I suppose it's only fair to admit that I wouldn't have any temptation to get into that sort of competition myself, as I've never had anything but the haziest idea of the relative horsepower of different sorts of car!

"You're a millionaire motorist," Hugh tells me scornfully. "As long as it goes it's O.K. with you, and you haven't a clue what's happening under the bonnet."

This is so true that I have to fall back on the argument that it's a fair division of labor.

I'm no mechanic, but I know some useful and homely tricks that are mysteries to him; so he can worry about the car's insides while I worry about the family's.

Anyway, I'm willing to let the insurance company have the last word. The General Manager has said, "The average woman drives with her mind on the job, but the average man is thinking about work or football or something else . . . company records for the past three or four years proved that women were better drivers."

Traffic "like a well-trained ballet"

LOTS of letters have come in from readers who agree that "N for Novice"-or "F.L. for First Licence" plates would be a great help to people just beginning to drive in traffic.

They point out that more experienced drivers could then extend that little extra courtesy which means such a lot when you're still at the stage where a traffic snarl-up or a difficult turn is likely to panic you into stalling your engine.

The thing that always impresses me in heavy traffic is that modern man is really such a restrained and civilised being.

There are too many accidents and there is a very heavy road toll, but—

A modern car is a pretty lethal weapon, and it really is quite astonishing, when you think of it, that thousands and thousands of them can be on the roads at once, each advancing and pausing, and giving way and going on again like well-trained dancers going through the movements of a ballet.

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Continuing . . . TAKING A CHANCE ON LOVE

from page 20

her when she went downstairs. He drew her arm through his and led her out into the garden. Luncheon was laid under a tree on the lawn and they had it alone together.

"Benjy usually has his meal early so that he can have a rest in the afternoon," he explained and she was filled with a sense of relief.

The meal was only just finished when Benjy rejoined them. He trailed a wooden truck piled with books. "Chapter six," he proclaimed triumphantly, and climbed on to his father's knee.

Laughingly, Andrew looked at Paula. "'The House at Pooh Corner' — can you bear it?" he asked her gently.

She nodded, smiling, and settled herself in a more relaxed position in her deck chair. "I'll listen, too. It's years since I heard about Eeeye-ore and Piglet," she answered lightly.

"Start, start, start!" clamored Benjy impatiently. He leaned up against Andrew and put his thumb contentedly into his mouth. Paula thought disapprovingly: "He shouldn't suck his thumb at his age!"

Benjy monopolised Andrew the whole afternoon. Andrew said half-apologetically to Paula: "You don't mind, darling? You see, he's used to having me at weekends. I'd hate to disappoint him, because he looks forward to it so."

There was nothing Paula could say. She felt mean, hating her own sense of disappointment. This week-end had meant so much to her; she, too, had looked forward to it, had anticipated with delight the hours she would spend with Andrew in his own home, admiring his garden, which he had so often described to her, wandering with him, hand in hand, through the woods.

But there had been Benjy. Benjy like a small, hopping, mischievous elf, darting in and out between them, shouting, laughing, chattering, catching at their hands. Showing off, reflected Paula with a pang of distaste.

Then another day there had even been a scene; uncomfortable, dismaying, leaving behind a sense of anticlimax. It had come at bedtime when Mrs. Honey had broken into a game of "I Spy" to announce that she had "turned on the bath."

"But I don't want a bath!" shouted Benjy.

"It's long past your proper bedtime," said Mrs. Honey.

"But I don't want . . . I'm having fun! I'm not coming, I'm not! So there!" He leaped about like a crimson-faced, shining-eyed gnome of defiance.

"Benjy," remonstrated Andrew gently.

"I'm not! I'm not! . . ."

Mrs. Honey tried to capture him and the small boy kicked out savagely. "Now, now, that's naughty . . ."

"I don't care! I don't wanna!" His voice had risen to a shriek.

Paula made an involuntary movement toward him, catching him by his jersey. "Benjy . . ."

"Shut up! Shut up!" yelled Benjy.

In one stride Andrew was upon him. Easily he swept him up under his arm and carried him up the stairs, screaming and sobbing. "Now then, that's enough, young man. What an exhibition! You should be ashamed of yourself!"

"I'm not, I'm not!"

When Andrew returned they seemed enclosed in a pool of silence. "Drink?" he suggested. She nodded with a faint, sympathetic smile. Carrying her glass to her, he said wryly: "He certainly wasn't at his best. I think it was a case of exhibitionism for your benefit."

A few minutes later Mrs. Honey hovered in the doorway of the room in which they were silently sipping their drinks. "Benjy would like you to go up and say goodnight to him," she said calmly. She shook her head as Andrew made a move toward the door. "No; he wants Miss Sherwood."

Paula went up to the room where Benjy lay in his narrow bed. "I didn't have a bath after all," he whispered, and his face was lively with triumph—or was it malice? She couldn't be sure.

"Goodnight," she said briefly. She knew now, and the knowledge was like a cold shower, that she didn't like this child. He was spoilt, precocious, and wilful. Three qualities in a child that she most disliked.

He stared up at her, very small and vulnerable against the white sheets and pillow-case. Dark hair, dark eyes, strong, curving dark brows, and a mouth of wide-curving proportions. He had everything that had belonged to his mother and so very little of Andrew after all, thought Paula in a swift rush of jealousy. Through all the years that she and Andrew might share together, he would remain a living, constant reminder of Edna, who had died to give him life.

Benjy moved the sheet from his mouth. He transfixed her with a steady gaze. "Go away, I don't like you," he muttered.

Her lips twisted and she just stopped herself from saying: "I don't like you, either!" Instead she repeated: "Goodnight," and turned and left him.

. . . . . .

It was seven o'clock when she stirred, still resting on the window-seat, chilled, stiff, and weighed down with a sense of misery and almost quiescent resolution. She must pack, go downstairs, and leave the house before anyone else was astir. She did not want to meet Andy again in this house. There was an early train and she would walk to the village and catch it. Tomorrow—another day, another place, she would see Andy and they would be able to discuss everything in a detached, dispassionate light—maybe.

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FROM THE BIBLE

● ***"Fear God, and keep His commandments: for this is the whole duty of man."***

— Ecclesiastes 12.13.

Everything besides serving God and obeying Him takes second place, says the unknown one, the "preacher" who wrote the book called Ecclesiastes.

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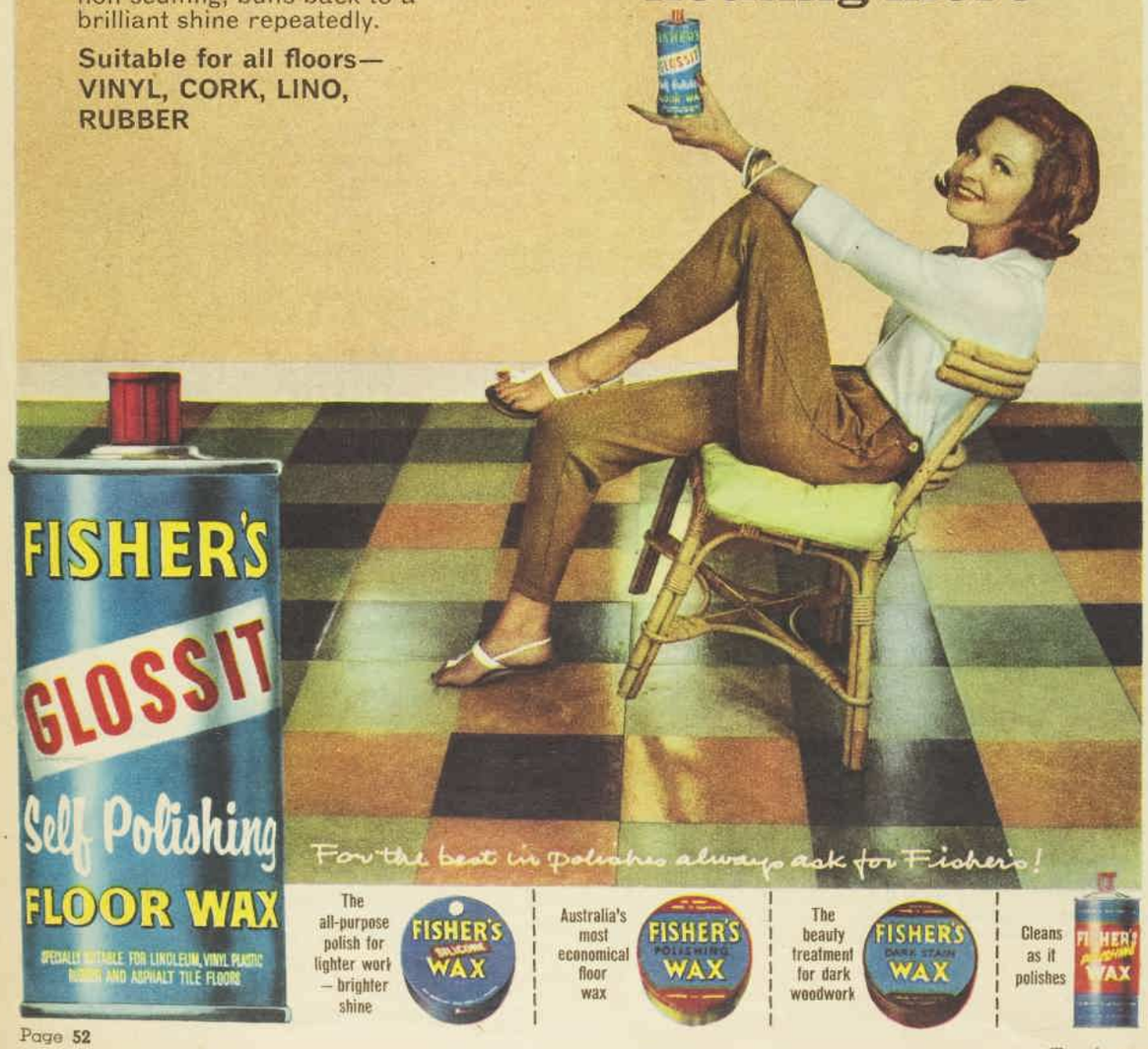

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Continuing . . . TAKING A CHANCE ON LOVE

from page 52

Mrs. Honey met her in the hall. "Will you have breakfast now, Miss Sherwood?" She looked at the suitcase in Paula's hand, the coat over her arm. Prim, neat, assured. Paula felt irritated. And yet there was a clean, orderly efficiency about the woman that one could not help but admire. Andrew was lucky to have such a wonderful housekeeper.

"I think I'll have to leave immediately if I'm to catch the train," she said briefly. For a moment there was an expression on the older woman's face as if she wanted to spill out a lot of information, but it was instantly replaced by the customary look of polite duty. She came out into the garden with Paula, and at the gate there was again a hesitant, confidential look on her face.

"I'm afraid Benjy was very troublesome. He was certainly at his very worst—he's a sweet child, really. I'm sorry he showed himself in such a bad light . . ." Mrs. Honey was filled with concern. "It's difficult with a child like that, robbed of his mother right from the start. One makes the mistake of thinking he should be pitied, and it leads to over-indulgence . . ."

Paula was embarrassed. "Goodbye, Mrs. Honey."

IT was a walk of fifteen minutes to the station. On inquiry she found she had another ten minutes to wait for the train. She wondered if Andy was awake and discovered the note she had written to him and left on the hall table. Written hurriedly, not daring to pause to think, every word to be remembered for days, weeks, months afterwards . . . "It's no good, darling. There is no need to explain — I know that you, too, have the same doubts, and doubt is a bad foundation for two people to build up a lifetime together."

We're not children, she told herself desperately, we're mature enough to know that life must go on, pain must ease itself . . . But, oh, tears stung her eyes, just now the pain was more than she felt she could bear!

She walked on to the deserted platform and made for the waiting-room. The air held a crisp coolness and she shivered a little. The waiting-room was small, most of its space taken up by a wooden seat and a large table. Wearily her eyes scanned the spotted cream-washed walls, the highly colored reproduction of a famous cathedral town washed in eternal sunshine and solitude . . . then, turning, she discovered that she was not alone.

"What on earth are you doing here?" She was conscious that her voice was a little shrill, sharpened by the shock of discovery.

Benjy was huddled up on the seat, knees drawn up to his chin, his fair falling over his forehead. He looked white, exhausted, and a little scared. His lips trembled as he said huskily: "I've run away."

For a moment she was swept by a surge of exasperated anger. Benjy again! Stepping in and creating an obstacle to her well-considered plans. "Why must you make such an utter little nuisance of yourself!" she demanded, the words escaping her before she had time to think.

He scowled at her through his hair. "It's what you want, isn't it? You don't like me. Mrs. Honey said so . . . she heard you telling Daddy and I heard her telling George, the gardener. She said she didn't think you'd want to take on me and you pro'bly wouldn't marry Daddy . . ." He broke off, and slowly knuckled his eyes which were blurred with tears.

Paula said coldly: "You should be glad then! You don't like me, either, you know."

His voice was so low that she had to bend down to catch the words. "I did like you. I do—I only said that because of what Mrs. Honey told George." He drew a deep, shuddering breath and looked up at her. "I thought you were a princess. I'd never seen such pretty things before . . ."

She sat down beside him and putting out her hand gently pushed back his hair. She was beginning to understand, helped by a sudden backward sweep of her own childhood's memory: the longing to be liked, to be noticed; the agony of loneliness when one dimly guessed that the effort one was making was going wrong. How wrong she had been! She and Andrew, because he was as much at fault as she was. It wasn't Andy who was in the middle of the knot of circumstances —it was Benjy, poor, bewildered, unhappy little Benjy, who wanted so much to be liked, to be loved!

She wanted to take him in her arms. It was a moment of sheer breathtaking beauty, making her feel a humility that wanted only to ask forgiveness of this little boy.

"I was running away as well," she said at last. He nodded, a ghost of a smile crossing his face. "We can't both go," he mumbled.

She held out her hand. "Neither of us is going. We're going back home together, to breakfast — to Daddy," she said gently. She leaned toward him and kissed his forehead. "It's where we belong, Benjy, isn't it?"

"I'll carry your case," he said stoutly.

They walked together out of the station, and there in the morning's first fresh sunshine was Andrew come to find them.

Benjy's voice was high, he swaggered a little. "Daddy, Daddy, I'm bringing her back!"

Andrew's arm was round her shoulder, for a moment his lips touched hers. Then he held out his free hand to his son. "Thank you, Benjy," he said quietly.

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Continuing . . . THE REFUGEES

from page 23

"I don't know what possessed you to settle here," Harold said. He was a successful broker and owned a string of real-estate offices. He looked about him with the eye of a trained agent. "These flats are only a step above slums. I can assure you Prudence is not going to like it."

"I don't suppose so." Prudence was Mrs. Tunney's daughter. Mention of her was enough to bring a look of uneasiness to the dignified old face.

"I told you I could get you into that block of modern home units over near Western Park. It's not as if you hadn't the money, even if they are a bit pricy."

"Oh, it wasn't the money, dear. It was the lift."

"Mother! It's not a bit of use trying to pose as a timid old lady to me. You drove your own car when you lived at Wonberah and broke all speed records. You used a typewriter and telephone in the homestead office. You've made film shorts and you hold a pilot's licence. Now, come off it."

"I expect you're right, dear." She was confusedly, guiltily reaching round wildly for a better excuse. He smiled at her with affection — and impatience.

"Don't you mind asking your friends here?"

"You're forgetting. I have no friends in the city."

"Our friends, then. I've got a wife, you know, and a family of in-laws."

"Yes, Harold." Meekly. "I'm sorry."

He stared at her hard. Now, what the devil did she mean by that? Maybe Pat wasn't just her type—they'd never liked each other—and perhaps Pat's family was a bit too much at times—self-important mob. Still, Mother probably meant she was sorry to offend their ideas of what was fitting. Better let it ride.

"A place in the suburbs, then? A really nice place—"

"I'm not the suburban kind, Harold. Don't worry, please. 27D is more — much more—than I ever hoped to find. I'll buy a new room heater and a thicker carpet. We don't seem to catch much sun, somehow."

MOOCHING about the small rooms, Harold had to admit to himself that already she had made the bare, shabby little place into something like a real home. But then, he reflected, she'd lived in bark huts and tin humpies, tents, and sagging lean-tos before they started to make real money. Her husband hadn't always owned Wonberah. A flat in the industrial heart of a city wouldn't daunt her at all.

But his nebulous misgivings did indeed have some foundation in fact. The drawbacks—that is, the real ones—became apparent only after a passage of time.

Dust from the foundry seeped through closed doors and windows and disturbed an old forgotten respiratory weakness. Heavy fogs rolled up nightly from the creek, mingled with the coal dust, and formed a heavy, dank atmosphere for days on end.

At the close of the first year, Mrs. Tunney's health had plainly deteriorated.

Prudence arrived one day to take her driving, visiting, or shopping — whatever she wanted. Dutifully, she had put aside the time to spend with her mother.

She found her sitting on a fallen log in the backyard, white head tilted back against a bleached, upthrust bough, face bare to the hot, clear sun. As Prudence approached she saw a pheasant slip unobtrusively away into a clump of cane, its long tail feathers vanishing in a flicker of bronze.

Mrs. Tunney sat up, smiling a pleased welcome at her daughter. "He lives in that undergrowth," she explained. "I've seen him several times, but I have to keep so still. Imagine it, darling! A pheasant living here, and undisturbed. Just as well we have no boys living in the flat."

There was a fragility and translucence about her, out here in the brilliant sunlight, that disquieted her daughter. "Pheasants!" she exclaimed incredulously, not really thinking about them at all. Trying to still her own sudden alarm.

"Yes. At least one. When I was a child my mother used to send us looking for pheasants' eggs, and when we found some she'd set them under a clucky fowl. We needed all the hens we had —we couldn't spare any to raise killing birds from. So we hatched out pheasants and ate them."

"I really believe." Prudence smiled, "you live here because of this — this jungle out back. What kind of trees are they?" She settled herself on part of a fallen trellis where a few stunted shoots from a climbing rose stump thrust upward and out.

Everything here struggled for survival against encroaching vines and grass. It was blady grass, mostly, but mixed with bracken and clumps of cane. Innumerable remnants of past glory mouldered among the ruins: broken bird baths, crumbling terrace steps, jagged slabs of cement, a lump of marble from an old sundial, a lily pond filled with rusty tins, smashed china, sun-faded cartons . . .

"Oh, all kinds." Mrs. Tunney was pleased at her daughter's show of interest. "Several varieties of palm, and some bottle, flame, jacaranda, frangipani, mango, persimmon, custard-apple — and the vines are convolvulus, grape, bougainvillea, dutchman's pipe, honeysuckle—oh, they make a tangle, don't they, when they're let go? The virginia creeper has nearly choked out that flowering gum, for instance.

"It's full of lizards, you know. Snakes, too, I shouldn't wonder, because there are so many rats and they'd attract carpets for sure."

Prudence shuddered. "It sounds downright unhealthy! Do you smell that funny odor? It's quite strong from here."

"Like scrub." Mrs. Tunney sniffed appreciatively. "Yes, it is queer, I suppose. A wild smell."

"Sour, I'd say."

"Pungent, dear." Correcting with a slight smile. "I was thinking, I don't suppose you'd find the like of this, in the heart of a city, anywhere else in the world. A pocket of real wilderness, complete with birds."

"And it won't be long, either. They say that when the estate is wound up this building will be sold for removal and the site used for factories. It's common knowledge."

"Is it really?" But Mrs. Tunney seemed undisturbed. She added, to herself perhaps, "But it will be long enough."

They took their drive that day. Prudence gave her mother lunch in a fashionable restaurant, where she could point out some celebrities, took her to a newsreel, and delivered her, happily tired, back at 27D. As soon as she reached her own home she telephoned Harold.

Mother, she said, was much frailer. Harold must arrange for her to see a doctor. At her age you couldn't be too careful, and Harold knew she always took more notice of him.

"Except about where she'll live," he growled into the mouthpiece. "Pat is perfectly willing to have her here, you know. It doesn't look right to outsiders, Mother living alone when she's got two married children. Your divorce doesn't count — you've got a posh home, and why she won't live in it with you, or in ours with us, I can't understand."

"Oh, well, as to that—" her voice trailed off vaguely. She wouldn't like to live with Pat, either. Not as a dependent. Not even as an emotionally dependent . . .

"People must wonder."

"That wouldn't bother Mother."

"I was thinking of my business connections," reproachfully. "Makes you wonder, doesn't it? There's Mother, living most of her life in the country, and loving it, then settling down like that in a roar of traffic, you might say. Traffic, welding, and jive — at least, they were having a rock-'n-roll session the other night when I called in."

"You could hear it plainly at Mother's flat; the walls were jiggling. Don't know how she stands it."

"Well—I suppose." Harold's obtuseness invariably drove her to vagueness. "I was there in the garden, and —I don't know—the foundry must have been working, but I didn't seem aware of it. There's supposed to be a core of silence at the heart of the most deafening din—you ever hear that?"

"I wish you wouldn't go in for those advanced books you read! That's sheer rot."

"Oh, sorry."

"Piffle. It's sheer bedlam at that flat. But I'll make sure Dr. Radleigh sees her." There followed a short silence. Then, "Er—Prue—last time I was there she was putting out bits of meat for a pair of kookaburras. She said they come every day to the old garden. You —er—you don't think it's on their account she lives at 27D, do you? What I mean—" he faltered.

Prudence sighed. "It's possible, isn't it? To live there because of the kookaburras . . . but to die there for them, that's different."

"I don't always understand you," coldly.

"I didn't think so," unhappily.

"Nor Mother."

"Oh, I'm with you there."

"But—"

"Harold, there's this. Remember when we were children. How she loved the birds? Butcher-birds feeding off the verandah railing; wrens in the citron tree; leatherheads swinging among the banana leaves . . . our lives seemed to be full of birds. Listening to the frogmouths at night—the magpies in the early morning—and always the shanghais other children used were forbidden to us. I remember, Harold."

Harold cleared his throat, the noise blurting into her ear and making her flinch. "But that was perfectly normal," he said defensively. Helplessly, she realised that he probably thought she was questioning her mother's sanity. Harold was always sensitive to "family." Perhaps on Pat's account.

DR. RADLEIGH was concise. Mrs. Tunney was, he said firmly, a sick woman. With care, which in her case meant rest, peace, careful dieting, and dry air, she would live on for years. As it was, the climate at the flat was lethal to her—the salt-laden, soot-filled air being the worst possible atmosphere for her complaint.

She accepted the information politely, voicing her thanks with an old-world civility. Harold drove her home.

He drove carefully, slowly, for she disliked speed in traffic and he was feeling protective toward her. It was, he fully understood, going to be hard for her to uproot herself once more. The slight, upright figure at his side seemed, however, perfectly tranquil. Perhaps she'd learned to adapt herself to change . . .

"Take your things off, Mother, and I'll make a cup of tea. We can both do with it," he said inside the flat. The sound of metal being hammered in the works yard adjacent rang through the room, followed by the thudding of heavy machinery. Not far away a welder swore—loudly and clearly.

Harold set a tray with her favorite silver tea-things.

He cut paper-thin bread and butter and made the tea with extreme care, just how she liked it. He was not an unfeeling man.

She was standing on the railed-in landing at the head of the back stairs when he carried the tray through. Her white head was bare, she still wore the silk frock she had worn to see the doctor. He could smell the scent of the violets he'd bought her from a vendor as they left the parked car in town. The sweetness of them depressed him unutterably.

On the cracked, faded, blistered paint of the railing, her sturdy hand, twisted by rheumatism, rested serenely. "Tea ready, dear?" she said.

He set it down on a seagrass table beside a rocking-chair of colored bamboo. The sun was almost down.

"You'll hear them soon, Harold," she began animatedly, seating herself, leaning forward with a youthful eagerness. "They usually perch on that big dead limb sticking out of the wild plum tree. Every morning, early, and every evening, late, they come." She gave a self-conscious little laugh, glancing sideways at him. "Don't look so outraged, darling. There's nothing wrong with kookaburras in the city — why shouldn't we accept the city, after all? We have accepted it, on its own terms. We'll take our chance here."

She accepted the brimming cup he passed her. He could think of nothing to say. Where would he find the words, persuasive enough to convince her that she must move? They didn't exist. There were no such words. Damn the kookaburras—with their crazy, crazy laughter . . . damn them!

"Ah," smiled his mother. "Here they come now, flying low."

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● True contentment depends not upon what we have; a tub was big enough for Diogenes, but a world was too small for Alexander.
—Coulton.

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Continuing . . . SCRUFFY

from page 17

The one that was to remain secure from prying eyes, even through the most severe wartime security check, had to do with his middle initial. Alfonso T. Ramirez was his name, and if you asked him what the "T" stood for he would have told you Tomaso for good St. Thomas, and so indeed it was inscribed upon his birth certificate. For Ramirez was a Gibraltarian born and bred upon the Rock from a line of Gibraltarians.

His well-kept secret was that the "T" actually didn't stand for Tomaso, but for Treugang, a name as German as the Niebelungenring. And at heart Mr. Ramirez was a Nazi.

On his mother's side there had been a great-great-grandmother, a von Waltz, from Koenigsberg in East Prussia, and this had led his mother secretly to christen him Alfonso Treugang Ramirez, though officially as a good Catholic she had endowed him with the middle name of a saint. But outside of Ramirez's home no one ever knew of this, for then Ramirez was ashamed of the name and hated it, and eventually it was dropped.

But in middle life with the rise of Hitler to power and the propaganda attendant upon the theory of the master race, Ramirez had reason to remember that there was German blood in his veins and quite suddenly to become secretly and vengefully proud of it.

No blame could attach to Ramirez for being a misanthropic, lonely, despicable, little man. Nothing had ever favored him. From the fat, unwholesome-looking child with a pasty skin, he grew into an unwholesome-looking fellow with short arms and legs and a round head that sat almost directly upon his shoulders. He had a harsh voice and an unpleasant, repellent manner. Nobody liked him.

Ramirez lived alone in two rooms of Calle Mendoza, where he cooked his own meals on a single electric hotplate, and had no friends, although there were plenty of neighbors.

While Gibraltarians are normal and cheerful, friendly and most hospitable people, Mr. Ramirez had been at war with the world for too many years and it showed. He didn't like children, he didn't like animals, and he didn't like his neighbors.

Now for the last few years he had been buoyed up by a secret satisfaction, the philosophy of the Nazis. It didn't matter how you looked or what people thought of you; if the blood of the master race flowed in your veins, then you were a master man. And he followed the career of the little Austrian house painter, no beauty himself, with passionate fascination. Some of these magic corpuscles were locked into his system and made him one of them.

It was none other than Scruffy who climaxed that catastrophic day by penetrating and exposing the second secret of Mr. Alfonso T for Treugang Ramirez.

At 5.30 that hot afternoon Scruffy awakened, yawned, stretched, scratched himself, and proceeded to confound the scientists, learned men, and animal psychologists by remembering that he had had a bang-up time that morning. Simultaneously he also knew it was past his feeding time. He therefore went off at a skip and a jump to Prince Ferdinand's Battery to find that the Gunner had already delivered their rations and that in Scruffy's absence the pack had disposed of most of them. The need for food and the recollection of what fun he had had a short while ago decided him to return to town.

He reached King Charles V Wall and descended at a speed that could truly be compared to that of lightning. He arrived at the foot of the wall just as Treugang Ramirez emerged from the Admiral Nelson.

THERE was still the width of the town separating the two, and so each, unaware of the other, proceeded inexorably toward their encounter.

The street where Ramirez lived was in that part of the old town close to the towering cliff of the Rock where the houses looked as though they had been built helter-skelter upon one another. It was a kind of monkey paradise, since there were clothes-lines and clothes-poles criss-crossing the thoroughfare and affixed to one of the cornices of a building was a traffic sign, surmounted by a triangle.

Arrived there, Scruffy found that this triangle suited him admirably. He wedged his thick body into it. There is no doubt that any picture looks better framed and Scruffy was no exception; it gave him a kind of patriarchal elder-statesman look, and he sat there letting himself be admired.

It was not usual for an ape to appear so far to the north of the town, and thus Scruffy was able to assemble more of a crowd of the curious than he usually attracted. Men, women, and children came out from their dwellings and stood looking up at Scruffy.

Ramirez now came striding into this picture still smarting from the snub delivered to him by Gunner Lovejoy. He found a crowd gathered around the entrance to his domicile, children leaping up and down and pointing, women carrying babies in their arms, men stretching their necks and above his head a large and ugly Barbary ape framed in the crossroads sign.

He uttered an exclamation of disgust which sounded like "Pfeugh," and commenced to thrust his way through the crowd of children and grown-ups barring the way to his door.

One would not say that Scruffy understood the word "Pfeugh," but he did feel that a jarring note had suddenly marred the harmony of the pleasant sensation he had been creating. This called for action, and with wonderful accuracy he swooped from his frame on to the shoulders of Ramirez. To steady himself he anchored ten strong fingers, at the end of which were ten equally powerful black claws, in Ramirez' hair.

All the pent-up fury which had not been able to escape through the "o" of his mouth now did so in one large yell followed by a torrent of combined Spanish and English expletive. With this he raised his two stubby arms and punched Scruffy in the flanks.

This was war and Scruffy liked nothing better. With a glad cough indicative of accepting the challenge he dug in hard with his toes and with all the strength of his powerful body yanked with both hands, and the next moment found himself, for the first time in his life, off balance, as not only Ramirez's hair, but apparently his entire scalp, came away in his paws.

He dropped to the ground where, phoenix-like, he recovered strength and balance and in one tremendous leap hurled himself to the top of the crossroads sign with his trophy.

His previous outcry was nothing to the yell of rage and anguish now torn from poor Ramirez as he stood in the glare of the late-setting sun, his head as nude and white as a peeled onion, his secret bared to all his neighbors.

Treugang Ramirez was as bald as an ostrich egg and this revelation really put the seal upon his repulsiveness.

All the pent-up dislike of the neighborhood for Ramirez now exploded in a wave of laughter and hardened in the unhappy core of the victim such a knot of hatred as only a total and violent vengeance could ever dissolve. But of all this he was to be aware only later. Now he was just a thoroughly ridiculous little man with an obscenely nude head, thick eyeglasses, and stubby arms and legs, leaping up and down in the street shouting, "Give me back my hair, give me back my hair!"

Through all this hullabaloo Scruffy was in such an ecstasy of delight as can come to a Barbary ape, or any kind of monkey, but once in a lifetime. For in some mysterious manner he had secured a treasure beyond his wildest dreams — a soft thing of fur all his own, to have and to hold. It is known, though not exactly why, that macaques and other monkeys as well will cherish something like a small bit of fur and carry it around with them.

Ignoring the turmoil beneath him Scruffy now gave his undivided attention to his prize and noticed with increasing satisfaction that it had every qualification calculated to give pleasure. It was large. It appeared to be resilient and strong when tested and it was equipped with long and agreeably bristling hair, of the texture almost of Scruffy's own. He clutched it to his bosom, he held it to his face, he cuddled it tenderly in his arms. Scruffy had met his grand passion in Alfonso T. Ramirez's rug.

"Give me back my hair! Give me back my hair!" shouted Ramirez, and began to clamber up the cornice of the building to retrieve his toupe.

Scruffy waited until the white disc of Treugang's face was level with him. He then spat with unerring accuracy into his eye, or rather on to his spectacle lens, and took off from there.

Treugang Ramirez was now left clinging to the cornice stones, half-way up to the crossroad sign, minus every last shred of whatever dignity he had ever possessed, while from below him arose renewed jeers, shouts of laughter, and hoots of joy.

One immediate thought, however, did penetrate his fury as he climbed down from the building, and this was that he had only a short while before been in contact with the keeper of the beast who had stolen his wig, and he realised that he must act quickly. Therefore, ignoring his neighbors, as well as the state of his head, he pushed through the crowd and as fast as his stumpy legs could carry him waddled back to the Admiral Nelson.

Gunner Lovejoy was still there, on his fifth stout and lime, a soldier pal having come in with still a few bob on him and willing to treat; and now the Gunner's tongue was sufficiently oiled to operate independently of the Gunner himself, and as Ramirez came bursting through the door, the soldier shuddered as though he had seen something unreal and said, "Ugh, shoo, go on get back under yer flat stone."

COMING to a halt in front of Lovejoy, Treugang Ramirez introduced himself formally first, trying to cast aside the civilian skin which appeared offensive to the soldier before, by getting some kind of military curtness and rasp into his voice. "Sergeant Lovejoy," he said, "Alfonso T. Ramirez here—"

Gunner Lovejoy said amiably enough, "Well, now that I've got your name I still don't know you from a bar of soap. What's eating yer?"

"I want you to come at once! One of your monkeys stole my—" and here Ramirez found himself at a complete loss for the proper word to use as his hands went half-way to his shining scalp. Finally, realising that in a moment he would again appear ridiculous, he compromised upon, "My hair."

"Blimey!" said the Gunner at the completion of his tour of Inspection. "Had your 'air piece did 'e, well I can't say it's any improvement. I believe I seen you here a minute ago. You looked better with it on. Who was it, old Scruff?"

"I don't know the name of your stinking animal — he jumped on me from behind and —"

"That sounds like old Scruff," Lovejoy interrupted cheerfully. "What had you been up to with him? Teasing him, I'll wager. That will be a matter for the police to look into then. Against the law to feed or annoy the Rock apes. There's signs up all over."

"You'll go to the police!" Ramirez reiterated, fury and frustration rendering him again almost speechless. "It is I who will go! I will go to your Commanding Officer, I will go to the Colonial Secretary, I will go to the Governor if you do not return my hair to me at once. You think that I am no one, to be made a fool of because I am nobody. You wait what will happen when Captain Russell hears of this. I work in his department."

Even in Gunner Lovejoy's brain the name of Captain Russell rang a bell. In charge of naval ordnance he was one of the most capable and efficient officers on the Rock, well liked and one whose reputation extended beyond his own service.

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HAZEL . . . . . by Ted Key

". . . and a meatball."

(Hazel can be seen on Sydney's Channel 9 at 7 p.m., Fridays; Adelaide's Channel 7 at 7 p.m., Mondays; Melbourne's Channel 7 at 7.30 p.m., Wednesdays; and Brisbane's Channel 7 at 7 p.m., Thursdays.)

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Continuing . . . SCRUFFY

from page 56

"Oh, you work for Captain Russell, do you? You don't look like one of his boffins to me . . . Still one never knows, does one? Come along then, I've got me van outside. We'll go up the 'ill and see what's to be done about getting yer wig back."

He led the way outside, climbed into his van with Ramirez beside him, set it into gear, and made off in the direction of the Queen's Road and the Battery, where he hoped to find Scruffy or at least get an idea of how the land lay.

If he were able to retrieve the article without a fuss, so much the better. There had been enough trouble that day already with Captain Bailey called on the carpet.

They rode in silence up the steep hill past the skeleton of the Moorish castle, Ramirez taking some satisfaction from the fact that he had at last moved the British Army into taking notice of him. The road inclined more sharply, and the Gunner began to cast his expert eye through the branches of thorn and olive for nestling apes and the thick, squat figure of old Scruff. He was not there, though, nor further on at Prince Ferdinand's Battery, where the rest of the Queen's Gate Pack were forgathered for the night.

However, the Gunner knew yet another favorite place of Scruffy when he wished to be alone, and abandoning the van and gesturing to Ramirez to proceed noiselessly, he climbed up the side of the rock to a small indentation where once there had been a large boulder, probably dislodged by the rains.

The Gunner stopped and placed a finger to his lips. They heard an extraordinary series of sounds coming from above them, a kind of combination of chittering, chattering, cooing, and gurgling. They raised themselves somewhat further and there saw Scruffy in the little hollow wooing Ramirez's hair-piece. The expression upon his ugly countenance, which prior to this had never been anything but malignant, could only be described as tender and loving.

"Ha!" exploded Ramirez, forgetting that he had been admonished to silence. "There it is, get it!"

In a flash the love-light faded from the hazel eyes of the beast, his lips retracted from his fangs in a savage snarl and coughs of rage burst from his throat. With a single motion whipping the hair-piece behind him with one hand he let fly with a rock from the other.

THE stone whistled past Treugang's skull. A few inches to the left and it would have brained him. Since Ramirez could not turn whiter than he already was he went a delicate shade of green and slid back down the hill on his stomach. The Gunner, who had ducked the moment he saw the flash of Scruffy's arm, clambered down with more leisure and dignity.

"Told you to keep quiet," he said.

"You go up and get it," Ramirez demanded.

"Not on your life," the Gunner replied. "Not with 'im in that mood. There's no use going after 'im now, 'e'd just skin up to the top. You've 'ad it for today. I'll have another go tomorrow." He started back to the car with Ramirez following, so that he was unable to see the expression of pure cunning which had arrived on the Gunner's face.

For during the brief moment of revelation before Scruffy shied the rock at their heads, Lovejoy had recognised that Scruffy was so enamored of his acquisition that if allowed to retain it the Rock was in for a long period of peace. The wig was probably strongly constructed and, consisting of inorganic matter, would not be subject to decomposition. It could be counted on to last for a long time, keeping Scruffy in a felicitous state for perhaps as much as half a year.

But the Gunner was intelligent enough to recognise that this problem was too great a one for him to cope with. That was why they had officers in the Army. And so having stalled off Ramirez for the night he took it at once to Captain Bailey.

"You're sure," Tim said, captivated by the prospect the Gunner held out to him. Even gaining a few months would be worth it, for by that time Scruffy's day would have been long forgotten and the authorities might again be in a mood to consider some of his projects.

"I'd bet me 'ead on it, Sir," the Gunner replied. "You should have seen 'im, Sir, lovin' away at it. I know the signs, 'e'll be as good as gold as long as it lasts!" He reflected for a moment and then continued. "On the other 'and, Sir, there's no gainsaying that this Ramirez chap's a narsty bit o' work, I know the type. He'll go on and on keeping the place in an uproar, and besides he works in Captain Russell's department. I've checked on that, Sir."

Tim thought hard. A solution struck him. "Look here," he said, "how much do you think one of those things would cost?"

"I wouldn't know, Sir. Matter of fifteen quid, maybe."

"Let me have that list we're putting through for damages today."

The Gunner handed it to him. "Oh, I say, Sir," he said, "that's a brainwave. Tell 'em it's impossible for us to recover his darn 'air-piece and let the Crown pay for a new one."

"There'll be such a yell when they see this list they probably won't even notice the item for the wig. You find out for me what it will cost for another and we'll bung it through."

And so it was done. The toupee, it seemed, was the work of a gifted wig-maker in Algeciras, who was not only a speedy worker, but reasonable, and the replacement came to no more than £13/18/6 and was delivered within a week.

Ramirez declared himself as satisfied with the arrangements since no better could be arrived at and Lovejoy had convinced him it was impossible to retrieve the original article. In a sense he had scored off the British. He had got himself noticed and his property replaced. Still the incident left its scar.

. . . . .

Some ten days later the telephone rang in the Mount. Felicity, who was nearby, picked it up, always with hope, yet quite prepared for continuing disappointment. Tim had not called her since their first meeting.

But this time it was he. "Hello, hello—Miss French? I say, you probably won't remember me, but this is Captain Bailey. Tim Bailey."

"You may call me Felicity," said Felicity firmly. "Where have you been the past ten days?"

"Nursing. It didn't help, though, poor old Helen died."

"Oh, I'm so sorry. Friend of yours?"

"One of my apes. Helen got pneumonia and I've had to nurse her. Lovejoy and I gave her warm milk, arrowroot, and brandy every morning. And just when I thought I had her over it she suddenly turned around and died. But that isn't actually what I called you about — Miss—I mean Felicity."

"No," queried Felicity, "was there something else?"

"Do you remember that perfectly smashing idea you had about naming one of my apelets after Princess Elizabeth. Well, it's come off. I promised I'd let you know."

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NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 57. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Seeing Ellen Stanley really gave me a surprise! She looked so young!

Ellen Stanley!

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Continuing . . . SCRUFFY

from page 57

"Oh, Tim, I'm thrilled. Have you heard—?"

"The works," said Tim. "Letter on Palace stationery. Stories in the Press. I'd like to show it to you if I may. You wouldn't by any chance be free, say, in half an hour for a while? I could get off."

"Where shall we meet?"

"What about the Moorish Castle?"

"Done," said Felicity. "Half an hour."

The ruined tower of the Moorish Castle looks out over the bay and the white houses of Algeciras. From the shore the moulded brown hills of Spain swept backward to the north-west. Beyond them a red sun was preparing to set.

"Look here," Tim was saying, and handed Felicity the letter on the heavy stationery headed Buckingham Palace, in which the King's Private Secretary advised Captain T. Bailey, O.I.C. Apes, Gibraltar, that His Majesty would be pleased to have him name one of the apes Elizabeth, that the Princess had been delighted with the photographs and would enjoy having reports on the progress of her namesake.

"But," Tim continued with growing excitement, "that's not all. Here's another from the Press Officer at the Palace saying His Majesty has sanctioned a release of this story to the Press. It's been given to the wire associations. It's gone off all over the world. Just think of it, they are reading about our apes in Timbuktu, in Mandalay, in Moscow, in Angola, in Buenos Aires, Brisbane, and New York. And if it hadn't been for you—"

"You wrote the letter," Felicity said.

"It was your idea," countered Tim, "and that makes you merely marvellous. I don't suppose you know what you've done for me and for them. It takes the heat right off old Scruff for a bit. Makes everybody ape-conscious — now when I go along and ask—"

"Was the Brigadier pleased?" Felicity asked.

"Oh, he had me over the coals, of course. Wanted to know what I meant by going over his head."

"What did you say?"

"I threw paragraph eight, Clause A of Standing Part One Orders at him, which says, 'It shall be the duty of the Officer in Charge Apes to provide names for all newborn surviving apes bred and born on the Rock and such names shall be duly registered and inscribed upon the rolls, and thereafter the apes shall be referred to by that name . . . Should the Officer in Charge Apes wish to confer the name of any living person upon an ape he must first secure permission of said person in writing.' "

"What did the Brigadier say to that?"

TIM half-smiled. "Poor old boy, he grew rather plaintive and asked why I didn't let him know. But I had been waiting for that one for days," Tim said. He drew himself to attention and snapped Felicity an exaggeration of the salute he had thrown at the Brigadier. "Sir! You said I was not to pass any more bumph over your desk."

"Oh, Tim, I could love you for that," and she threw back her head and began to roar with laughter.

It set Tim off, too, and the next moment they found that they had laughed themselves into each other's arms, for the joke was so good and the merriment so infectious that they found it easier, in fact almost necessary, to cleave to each other for support.

Far below a bugle call arose faintly through the heavy summer air from the Casemates, and then there was a thud as an Artillery piece was fired. It was the sunset gun.

Felicity looked out over the Spanish hills. She no longer laughed. A small frown appeared on her brow. "Do you think there is going to be a war, Tim?" she asked.

The young officer was silent for some time while he reflected upon what he knew was concealed there before he replied, "I hope not," and with a little thrill that rippled over her heart Felicity understood the connection between that reply and his next query which he made after regarding her curiously. "How long do you expect to be here, Felicity?"

"As long as Mother and Dad are," Felicity replied, and for a moment she reflected moodily. "I'm supposed to find a husband. Mother's worried about my becoming a spinster. Are you terrified?" It was a comic question, but this time there was a gravity behind her eyes.

"Abou Ben Bailey's name will not be heading Mum's list," Tim replied.

"Why did you ask if I would be staying long?"

"Because if there is a war I hope you will leave the Rock very quickly."

"Why?"

"Your father knows, the Brigadier knows, everybody really knows excepting the natives." He pointed out toward the rolling brown hills of Spain. "So friendly and innocent looking," he said, "and loaded. Back in those folds. German 32-centimetre guns. Zeroed in on us."

Felicity looked at him questionably, "And ours?"

"Pointing the wrong way most of them," Timothy replied. "Up into the sky or out to sea. And wrong trajectory for firing inland. Typical, isn't it?" He pointed once more to the hills. "All high-trajectory guns. It's going to be a mess. They'll have to get the women and children out. The Spaniards have never given up wanting this back, you know." He fell silent for a moment and then added, "My apes won't like it at all."

"No?"

"They hate noises of any kind. Must hurt their ears or something. Whenever we have a shoot on, Lovejoy goes up and tells them. They seem to understand him and buzz off to the other side of the Rock, where they have a jolly good fight with the Middle Hill pack and come back when it's over."

The sun bowed out below the rim of the hills. Tim said, "Well," and then, "It was good of you to come here and let me chatter at you. I suppose we'd better be getting on back."

"Yes," Felicity replied, "I think so. Will it be another ten days before I shall be hearing from you?"

"No," said Tim, "it won't. May I call you tomorrow?"

"Yes, please."

They walked over to where their respective cars were parked and stood there silently for a moment. Then quietly and simultaneously as though the idea had generated in both at the same moment they leaned close and kissed each other gently. Then not even touching hands or murmuring goodbye they got into their cars and drove off.

Lady French was dressing when Felicity went clattering by the open door of her bedroom. "Felicity, dear," she called, "is that you?"

"Yes, Mummy."

"I was beginning to worry you'd be late, and you know how nervous your father gets if he's kept waiting. We've been asked back to dine at the Brigadier's tonight. I think you ought to wear your—"

What Felicity ought to wear was smothered owing to the fact that she had come into the room, gone over to her mother as she sat at her dressing-table, put her arms about her neck and her mouth close to her ear, hugged her, and whispered, "Oh, Mummy, Mummy, Mummy. He kissed me!"

All the alarm bells went off inside Lady French. "Felicity! Who kissed you?"

Felicity raised her lovely head, her eyes gazed inward at the delectable thing that had happened, and she whispered, "Captain Bailey!"

"Felicity! You're not really serious about this?"

"I don't know, Mummy!"

"You realise, of course, what a blow this would be to your father. His family have always been Navy since before Nelson's time."

Felicity reflected and said, "But he's such a nice boy, even if he seems to dote on monkeys. He's sorry for them."

Lady French took a deep breath. "Felicity, my dear," she said, "I don't like to say this, but are you aware that this Captain Bailey is rather loathed on the Rock—in the Army, I mean, among his own creatures? He's supposed to have some kind of obsession with apes. People simply can't stand him. He doesn't appear to have a single, solitary friend."

"Perhaps that's why he appeals to me. Mother instinct! And I wouldn't be surprised if he turned out to be a very famous man some day." She turned off the prophecy and discussion with, "I shall wear my pink tonight. Don't worry, Mummy, I shan't keep you waiting." She got up, went over, took her mother's face between her hands, and kissed one cheek with extraordinary tenderness, and then went out.

Dinner that night at the Brigadier's was identical with the evening the Brigadier and his wife had dined at the Mount with the Admiral, except for the difference in quarters, the Brigadier occupying a villa on the heights on the way to Europa Point. The same people were there, the same food was served, and Lady French was in the process of dissecting an identical slice of fish enveloped in gluey white sauce, when she heard her husband say, "What's all this about one of your apes to be named after Princess Elizabeth, Brigadier? Read about it in the papers. One of your chaps supposed to have written to the King about it."

LOOKING up quickly the Brigadier said, "What's that? You mean Captain Bailey? Only carrying out my instructions. Thought it was about time we had a bit of favorable publicity and attention here on the Rock. Clever chap, that Bailey. Just the right touch. 'Put it in your own words,' I said to him. By Jove, the story's gone out all over the world. Impressive."

Lady French did not wish at this moment to look at her daughter, but she was unable to control the turn of her head upon her neck. Felicity was again sitting next to Staff Captain Quennel, to whom she was still paying no attention. At that moment she was glowing like a hundred-watt incandescent bulb, and in addition managing to look like a cat who has swallowed a whole pet shop supply of canaries.

Lady French once more desisted from the fish course.

"Hmm — yes, I see," said the Admiral, somewhat disappointed that his dig at the Brigadier had not turned out as well as expected. He then asked the question which was on all lips and which was

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"Who recommended you to us?"

Continuing . . . SCRUFFY

from page 59

bound to come up during the evening: "Do you think there's going to be a war, Brigadier?"

And in this he was also disappointed, for the Commander of the Artillery Brigade suddenly looked a little grey, worried, and tired as he replied with the earnestness of a man who has been thinking about little else, "Yes, I am afraid there will be. And very soon, too soon for us."

. . . . . .

And then the war was no longer a matter of conjecture, but one of fact.

It was a strange one at the beginning, particularly for Gibraltar. It was far off. It was phony. And outside of a few minor restrictions it appeared to have little effect upon the lives of those dwelling on the Rock. Horseracing went on, the theatre, concerts and cinema, and the Saturday-night dances at the Rock Hotel; the Garden Club continued to exhibit and make plans, as did the amateur theatrical group. After a preliminary blackout trial lights blazed; transatlantic liners came and went and ten thousand Spanish workmen continued daily to cross the line from La Linea and enter the fortress to go to their jobs in and about the dockyards and military installations, turning any idea of security into a vast joke.

This was the surface of Gibraltar. Beneath this surface there was an anxiety and a ceaseless coming and going of men in command growing haggard over the essential danger of a position which rested upon a number of ifs.

One of those most deeply concerned with such problems and charged with responsibility for them far above his rank was a certain Major William S. Clyde, one of those queer characters thrown up by the war who inhabited the warrens of M.I.5, were not much seen and not much heard, but had a wide acquaintance in high places and wielded an astonishing amount of influence.

If the military intelligence boffins prided themselves upon selecting officers for their service who didn't look like agents, spies, investigators, or undercover men, they had outdone themselves in the case of Major William (S for Slinker, to his friends) Clyde. Or rather nature had aided them by supplying them with a man and a character who not only didn't look like an agent but also managed not to look like an officer.

He was six foot four and a half inches tall and excessively thin, and hence shambled about with a slight stoop in order to communicate with medium-sized mortals without seeming constantly to be bending down to them. His hair was dark, but he had a drooping reddish moustache.

HIS job was not even exactly defined. In America he would have been known as a troubleshooter, and he was moved about where his type of sardonic intelligence and, above all, his apparent grasp of what went on in the mind of the other fellow appeared most needed.

He made a preliminary visit to Gibraltar and had flown back to London with the suggestion which at first had raised the hair upon the heads of his superiors, but later had been adopted not only because it was the thing to do but because it appeared that the new boy had actually come up with a solution. Since Gibraltar was not only a goldfish bowl, but an open book, it was the Major's idea that its pages should at all times reflect the best of all possible British worlds. As there was no way to stop visits from German and Spanish spies, let them see and hear that the British were unworried, unruffled, and unhampered.

It was Clyde who had recognised from the very beginning and maintained through the darkest days that the problem of Gibraltar was purely one of morale. If the Spaniards were to be kept out of the war the window of Gibraltar through which they looked must show them constantly that it would be unprofitable. Major Clyde concerned himself with the window dressing. Thus, in the early days of the war Gibraltar was a kind of Paradisiacal oasis.

But, if life on the Rock had remained basically unchanged, the war had radically altered the plans of Miss Felicity French and turned them from immediate wedding bells, chintzes, and cushions to serious reflections as to how best to arrange the future intelligently and satisfactorily. Felicity was not the daughter of an Admiral for nothing. She was likewise far-sighted.

She remembered what Tim had told her about the existence of an evacuation plan of women and children from Gibraltar. If such a plan were put into effect the only women who could remain upon the Rock would be those in service. There was no reason why, with her intelligence and connections, she should not be one of these. At the same time, if she were already married she would never be accepted by the Wrens. In the meantime, Tim had not yet mentioned the subject. The apes and his emergency plan for them were taking up a good deal of his time.

Christmas had come and gone. 1940 had been ushered in and it was time, Felicity thought, to put her plan into action.

They were working upon a young female ape at the small ape clinic set up in St. Michael's hut. Her name was Juliette, she was nine months old, and had suffered a deep gash from a bite inflicted, of course, by Scruffy.

To page 62

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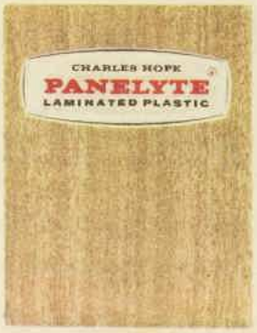

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By PETER NORTHEND

Could you come in at 100 to one?

● Racehorses do sometimes come in at 100 to one in spite of the odds. Could you, facing the hazards of life, win through equally surprisingly against all the odds?

YOU might, you know, if you're made of the right stuff. This quiz will help you to discover what your chances are . . .

1. How many times in your life have you made a determined effort to change your circumstances because they were uncongenial:
(a) never?
(b) only once?
(c) more than once?

2. When faced with tricky problems do you usually:
(a) sleep on them?
(b) shelve them as long as possible?
(c) grit your teeth and deal with them as you feel best?

3. Which is most likely to spur you on to any course of action:
(a) a financial incentive?
(b) other people's pleasure or praise?
(c) other inducements?

4. Do you believe in fate:
(a) no?
(b) yes?
(c) not sure?

5. What have you been:
(a) an early developer?
(b) just average?
(c) a late developer?

6. Do you learn new skills, acquire new knowledge:
(a) easily?
(b) painfully?
(c) with only moderate effort?

7. How well do you concentrate:
(a) only about average?
(b) better than average?
(c) not too well?

8. Are other people most surprised by your:
(a) successes?
(b) failures?
(c) will-power?

9. How's your health:
(a) pretty good on the whole?
(b) so-so?
(c) a real disadvantage?

10. Do life's difficulties:
(a) frustrate you?
(b) discourage you?
(c) spur you on?

HOW TO SCORE

1.	(a)	0	(b)	5	(c)	10
2.	(a)	5	(b)	0	(c)	10
3.	(a)	5	(b)	10	(c)	5
4.	(a)	10	(b)	0	(c)	5
5.	(a)	5	(b)	5	(c)	10
6.	(a)	10	(b)	0	(c)	5
7.	(a)	5	(b)	10	(c)	0
8.	(a)	5	(b)	0	(c)	10
9.	(a)	10	(b)	5	(c)	0
10.	(a)	5	(b)	0	(c)	10

THE VERDICT

100: If you scored 100, the top score, you could undoubtedly come in at 100 to one, though probably more to other people's surprise than to your own.

80-95: You, too, could well come in at these odds, though your own surprise would probably be the greater.

60-80: You wouldn't quite make it, doubtless being pipped at the post by someone with just a bit more determination.

40-60: The odds are against you, alas, but there's always a chance of a change of fortune, if not of temperament.

Under 40: You'd never come in, even at 20 to one, but that's probably because you were born that way. So don't worry about it.

NEW!

A tasty soup that's wonderful for recipes too!

Here's Beef Noodle — rich, meaty soup with nourishing egg noodles and tasty spices! The perfect soup for chilly winter evenings.

And you can add Beef Noodle to all kinds of dishes! See how it enriches the flavour of your stews, pot roasts and casseroles. Read and try these Betty King recipes:

Continental BRAND BEEF NOODLE

Home-cooked soup in minutes Serves 4

BEEF GOULASH

1 lb. round steak cut in 1" cubes
1 cup carrots sliced diagonally
1 onion, sliced
1 pkt. Continental brand Beef Noodle Soup
1 pint water
1 level teaspoon carraway seeds
½ cup chopped celery
2 tablespoons oil or melted shortening
1 green pepper, cut in thick strips

Method: Heat oil in frying pan and saute meat cubes and onion until brown. Blend Beef Noodle Soup with water and add with all other ingredients. Cover and simmer for 1 hour or until meat is tender, stirring occasionally. Serve with mashed potatoes or buttered noodles.

DRY BEEF CURRY

3 tablespoons oil
1 onion, 1 apple, finely chopped
1 level tablespoon curry powder
1 lb. blade steak
1 tablespoon each chutney, lemon juice
2 level tablespoons desiccated coconut
1 tablespoon sultanas
1 banana, 1 tomato, chopped
1 pkt. Continental brand Beef Noodle Soup
½ cup water

Method: Heat oil in a saucepan, fry chopped onion, apple and curry powder 5 minutes without browning. Cut meat into thin small pieces, add to saucepan and continue to fry. Add chutney, lemon juice, sultanas, coconut and banana. Cover and simmer 20 minutes. Blend soup with cold water and stir into curry. Simmer slowly 15 minutes and serve with boiled rice.

SPICY BEEF LOAF

1½ lb. minced steak
1 tablespoon tomato sauce
3½ cups soft breadcrumbs
1 pkt. Continental brand Beef Noodle Soup
1 egg 1½ cups water
1 small onion, chopped finely

Method: Cook soup in water for 7 minutes and cool. Combine all other ingredients in basin then add soup. Place into greased loaf tin about 9" x 4" and bake in moderate oven 1½ hours. Serve hot with vegetables.

Betty King, Home Economist of World Brands says:

"This new Beef Noodle Soup is so tasty it makes a perfect beef stock to add to your casserole dishes. See how it lifts the flavour!"

Betty King

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Continuing . . . SCRUFFY

from page 60

Felicity had made herself almost indispensable to him, accompanying him on his rounds of the apes' village and helping him during the minor emergencies and surgeries that arose, and soon had found herself happily accepted as his second pair of hands.

The apelet was on its stomach and was being held down by Tim while Felicity cleansed the wound and prepared to apply an antiseptic.

"It's going to sting for just a minute," Felicity said to the apelet as though she were addressing a child, "but after that it's going to be all better." With firm, practised fingers she washed away the dried, coagulated blood, Juliette squirmed.

"Hold still, you little devil, will you," said Tim. "Stop making things difficult. We're only doing this for your own good."

Felicity swabbed it dry once more and applied the antiseptic on a bit of gauze. "If they'd only listen to you about the cages," she said, "these things wouldn't happen. Poor little darling."

Juliette screamed like a child, then squirmed and whimpered.

Tim said soothingly, "Come on, old girl, it isn't all that bad," and then to Felicity, "Isn't it awful to have to hurt them?"

They smiled at each other across the table and Felicity said, "What a good, kind man you are, Tim."

The Captain flew into a perfect panic of embarrassment. "Nonsense," he replied, "absolute rotter."

"I've been thinking," Felicity began. Juliette took up her attention for another instant, "Oh, do hold her still for another second, can you?" and then, "I've been thinking we could get married after I come back. Mother will fuss dreadfully, of course."

IN a voice of a man whose mind is elsewhere, but who nevertheless has heard the question, Tim said, "Will she? I don't suppose there's any use trying to keep a bandage on her. She'd have it off in a second. We'll just have to keep catching her and cleaning it until it's healed. Oh! Your mother, you mean!" He shouted suddenly as the full import of Felicity's last remark penetrated, and then, "What do you mean when you come back?"

"I'm going to volunteer for the WRENS. I'm going to learn coding and signalling and be made an officer with privileges and use Daddy's name and be sent back here. Then I thought—"

Tim was suddenly looking at her with a curious fierceness. "You are not to come back, Felicity. I don't want you to."

"Are you being unkind, Tim?"

"Huh! Unkind! After what I told you about those German guns. They've sprouted a new lot, a regular plantation. I don't want you dismembered."

"And you?" queried Felicity.

"I'm in the business," Tim replied briefly. "I shall get under a table."

"Oh, Tim," Felicity wailed, "why couldn't you have been a Swiss clock-maker?" She took a tube of soothing antibiotic salve and squeezed some into the wound. Juliette squeaked and they began to laugh.

Tim asked, "Would she really kick up a row?"

"Oh, yes. And Daddy will, too."

Tim reflected, "I imagine he will . . . I would. All done? I can't hold her much longer."

Felicity replied, "Sissy!" and wiped the edges of the wound clear. Then she said, "Tim, would you rather not marry me?"

Captain Bailey cried, "Oh, Felicity!" and in the exclamation managed to express such an abysmal horror at the thought of not marrying her that he conveyed all that she needed to know.

"I oughtn't to be gone more than six months," Felicity said. "Seven at the most, but as soon as I have my commission——"

"Felicity! How the devil can a man hang on to a confounded wounded she-ape and at the same time tell someone what he feels — the magnitude of it — the awesomeness of it all — I mean, how it makes you think you don't know whether you're going to burst into tears or laugh or fall down in a dead faint. It sort of tears you to pieces inside and makes you all giddy and sick and at the same time you want to yell at the top of your lungs."

"Oh, Tim," Felicity said, "you make love so beautifully. You can let her go now."

Tim did so and reached for Felicity, but Juliette was quicker than he. In a flash the little apelet was up from the table, had leaped on to Felicity's bosom, and wrapped both her arms about her neck.

She turned her wizened face towards Tim, bared her small fangs, and scolded and chittered at him angrily.

Felicity held her close and murmured, "Hush, little one, you mustn't be jealous. He loves me." She put her chin down upon the little head and looked across the table at Tim, and on her face was an expression of tenderness which pierced the man and left him shaking with the love that he was experiencing for this odd, kind, and rather wonderful girl. "There's all the rest of the time for us," she said, and then added, "Dear Tim."

Ten days later Felicity sailed for England to volunteer for the WRENS. Because of the war there was no formal announcement of engagement. She and Tim parted with the understanding that when she returned with her commission they would be married.

It was not six months, however, but a whole year and five months before Felicity was able to return to the Rock wearing the stripes of a WREN 2nd Officer. The delay in her return had been occasioned by her being just that much too good and too intelligent. She had made 3rd Officer so easily and so far at the top of her class that she had been retained to train the new cadres joining up, and it was not until she had been promoted to the more exalted position of 2nd Officer and applied almost unbearable pressure on her already harassed father that she was assigned to Gibraltar in charge of all Naval signals and coding there.

And when she did finally return it was to find Tim in disgrace, dismissed from his job as O.I.C. Apes, his morale practically nonexistent, and the morale of all on the Rock not much better. Her own, too, was singularly low.

THE unpleasant consequences of war fall variously upon different communities as well as individuals in accordance with the situations and problems of those communities and individuals. Wars are always seen as through the wrong end of a telescope, so that they diminish to what each person can see affecting his life and himself.

For Captain Bailey the conflict had narrowed down to his apes, his guns, and an occasional letter from Felicity. These last were cheerful, straightforward efforts containing a wealth of detail concerning life in the WRENS at the begininng of the war, and a paucity of sentimentality. Felicity had a theory that men didn't like soppy stuff.

Therefore he concentrated on his guns and his monkeys. The former as far as Captain Bailey was concerned were money for jam. He was a dedicated Artilleryman who up to that time had never fired at anything but a target, but who had been passionately devoted to seeing that whatever he threw at that target, and from whatever distance, landed smack in the centre of it. This kind of keenness soon communicated itself to his teams of gun-crews; perfection became a game and success a habit. The same attitude, however, was less successful when it came to carrying on in wartime his job as O.I.C. Apes.

Tim soon discovered when he went into long-range planning for his apes that while they had been rationed and identified as humans it was merely to avoid double bookkeeping, and if his attempts for his charges had met with little sympathy before the war they now encountered downright hostility.

This came to a head one morning after the fall of France when the Brigadier looked over to his Brigade Major, newly promoted from Captain, Quennel who had the schedule, and asked, "Who's next?"

"Captain Bailey, Sir," Quennel replied.

"Bailey," he said, "you mean that damn monkey fellow? Look here, Quennel, I haven't—"

"He also has the best gun-crews on the Rock, Sir. They are at the top again."

"Oh! Very well. I'll see him."

When Tim came in looking smart and respectful as an officer should, the Brigadier was inclined to let him have the benefit of the doubt and gave him a civil good morning. But he also glanced at the clock on his desk and said: "Captain Quennel has allotted you five minutes which we will say begins as of now. I suggest you state what you wish to see me about."

"The apes, Sir," said Tim without hesitation.

Brigadier Gaskell sat quietly and made no reply.

"There have been no provisions at all made for them," Tim continued, encouraged by the silence. "Everything and everyone else has been covered either by regulation, plan, or executive orders for all contingencies and emergencies, except them, Sir."

The Brigadier maintained his silence, but he picked up a paperknife and played with it.

"I know they've been given identity cards and ration books," Tim went on, "but I'll get to that in a moment.

"It isn't that the ration is insufficient, only that it is the wrong kind. They haven't been getting what they need and what they're used to. Lovejoy says you can see their condition is going off already. You can tell by their coats, Sir, and they get coughs and things more quickly."

The Brigadier continued to say nothing, but his eyes strayed to the clock.

"But it is really about the concrete shelters that I have come and the steel for the cages. I have drawn up the plans, but I won't bother you with them now. There's the target practice, which they can't stand—their ear-drums, Sir, they're not like ours—and, of course, there will be bombs sooner or later, and if the Germans — I mean the Spanish—well, we all know, Sir, it could get very sticky, and where would they go? If they were driven away from their usual haunts by bombardment they'd starve to death in a week. They might even desert the Rock altogether and get over to the mainland."

The Brigadier now withdrew his eyes from the clock and fastened them upon Captain Bailey and allowed the unspoken thought, "Would that be bad?" to be plainly registered upon his countenance.

"Well, Sir," Tim resumed, "if the apes did leave the Rock or were all killed off and it got around among the men — well, you know how they are, Sir, about legends and superstitions and things, and just at the time when you'd most want them to stand fast they'd be thinking about the apes deserting or dying out . . ."

The look of interest that had settled upon the Brigadier's face at the thought that the apes might be wiped out or disappear for good was now replaced by one of distaste and cold annoyance.

"The way I have worked it out," Tim explained, suddenly anxious that time was running out, "is that with a couple of hundred cubic feet of concrete and half a ton of steel wire I could manage shelters that would not only be bombproof but practically soundproof as well; I have got the place picked out off Ferdinand's Battery. We'd go into the hill a way, the cages would be to protect the females and their young after breeding—"

TIME was running out and he rattled on with his plan and his needs somewhat in a panic for fear he would not get it all said or his point sufficiently emphasised.

Gaskell finally did hold up his hand. "Your time is up, Captain Bailey," he said, "but I am going to allow myself the pleasure of extending it for the privilege of a little chat with you. Major Quennel tells me that your crew has topped the list again in firing practice, and I am pleased to hear this. The time may come when all our lives may depend upon such accuracy, and if you continue to be a conscientious officer and keep your men up to this mark you have set you will go far in this Service. On the other hand, if you persist in wasting one minute more of my time upon those apes you will, I'm afraid, find this desirable trend severely reversed."

Gaskell sat up in his chair, leaned his elbows on the desk, folded his hands, and said with amazing calmness, "You asked me for concrete, Captain Bailey," and here his calmness suddenly abandoned him as the word triggered his

To page 64

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ***By RUD***

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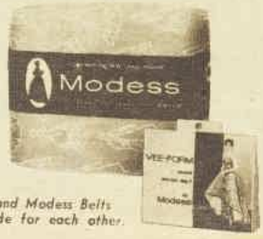

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Continuing . . . SCRUFFY

from page 62

own despair. "Concrete!" and he slammed a fist down upon his desk. "Concrete which I have begged for, pleaded for, humiliated myself for! I need concrete for shelters for my soldiers, Captain Bailey, for bombproofs for civilians, for dumps, magazines, shops, first-aid dressing stations, and hospitals! Can you picture how sorely I need concrete, Captain Bailey? Aircraft, guns, food, and ammunition, and steel and everything needed to make this vulnerable sitting duck that we are defensible? And I am getting none."

For an instant Tim experienced a pang of culpability. Engrossed with his own problem and responsibility he had for one instant been let into a glimpse of greater responsibilities by a man who was desperately trying to live up to them. Yet at the same time something within Tim maintained that each man has his job according to his rank and experience and was required to get on with it. He had not asked to be made O.I.C. Apes.

The beasts were there; they had a part in the life and times of the Rock and had to be coped with.

"And, as for superstition, Captain Bailey, may I point out that we are no longer living in the Dark Ages."

There was no room left for reply, for the Brigadier returned once more to that ominous calm which Tim felt was far more difficult than if he had blown his top.

"Let me put it this way, Captain Bailey: where in peace time I might be inclined to condone the zeal of an officer I had appointed O.I.C. Apes and have put up with the fact that for what reason I cannot fathom the best and proudest branch of the Service is saddled with a pack of filthy, thieving, defecating apes, in wartime such an attitude becomes a damn nuisance and, if I may say so, slightly absurd as well. So let me suggest, if you should be so unfortunate as to have them called to my attention again in any way, shape, manner, or form, you will bitterly regret it. That is all, Captain Bailey."

The final stain on Captain Bailey's copybook was provided by none other than Alfonso T. Ramirez. Ramirez's object had not been to get Captain Bailey sacked but to destroy Scruffy. His motive was not yet the sabotaging of the British position on Gibraltar but revenge pure and simple for unbearable humiliation. The effects, however, of the Great Gunpowder Plot of A. T. Ramirez were far-reaching.

The episode of the purloined hair-piece had been quite the most shaming and mortifying experience that Mr. Ramirez had ever been called upon to endure, but it was nothing to what was to follow and stemmed from the same catastrophe as well as the tolerated friendship which had grown up between him and the Gunner.

The replacement of the toupee had gone off very well and Mr. Ramirez had again risked a snub in the Admiral Nelson by offering to buy Gunner Lovejoy a drink. Only this time, and to do justice to the occasion, Lovejoy unbent and accepted and permitted Ramirez to set up a couple of Monkey Juices for him, and the two men became bar neighbors, on speaking and drinking terms.

But there was more to it than that.

Lovejoy had detested Ramirez so thoroughly and for so little genuine cause that in the end guilty feeling led him to lean over backwards to conceal this dislike, and to his horror after a period of practising this concealment he found his feeling had actually turned into a kind of grudging affection. He had insulted the little man, reviled him, turned his back on him, practically spat in his eye, and still found him inclined to be friendly and trying to buy him drinks. In a sense, Ramirez, like the apes, was an outcast, too.

However, alcohol, which encourages toleration and companionship, also loosens tongues, and one day the Gunner, standing at the bar which at the close of the working day was filled with Gibraltarians, Servicemen, and Government clerks, was well oiled. Feeling magnanimous toward the ugly little man with the thick-lensed spectacles, he elected to tell the tale of the wig, not cruelly but rather as an achievement scored by one who had managed to get a new hairpiece out of the British Government. He told the story of the theft, the chase, the failure to recover, and the restitution in which His Majesty's Government had forked out £13/18/6, and there, boys, it was, right before their very eyes.

This was bad enough even though well meant, for it brought it all back to Mr. Ramirez, and his small and mean little eyes filled with rage as he suddenly found himself and his toupee the centre of attraction in the bar.

But the Gunner was not content to let bad enough alone. He was well away now and continued, "Still got it he 'as, 'as old Scruff. Wouldn't part with it for anything. He loves that hairpiece, 'e does, like it was his popsy. Likes to bring it down to town around noon and sit atop the Southport Gate lovin' it up. A sight to melt the 'ardest heart, that's what it is. Romero on 'is balcony got nothing on old Scruff. You take a look next time you go by and you'll see him like as not 'ugging and kissing of it. That's monkey for you!"

It was now four months after the episode and the hairpiece had worn extraordinarily well, in spite of being dragged around night and day through all weathers by the big ape, and being subjected to wear and tear not ordinarily built into a toupee.

Twenty-four hours after the Gunner's story in the Admiral Nelson the tale was all over Gibraltar, in and out of shops and barracks and homes and offices. And now whenever Scruffy appeared with his treasure a small crowd would gather for rude remarks and raucous laughter.

Alfonso T. Ramirez was plunged into such an abyss of humiliation, rage, frustration, and shame that it was a wonder his mind was no more turned than it was. It was bad enough to be an unpopular little man, but now added to this he had become the standing joke of the Rock, with Scruffy furnishing fresh reminders practically daily.

The Great Gunpowder Plot and the opportunity to blow the instigator of his troubles into smithereens was born out of an accident of passage. But when it occurred and Mr. Ramirez was suddenly brought face to face with the means for securing his revenge, he became aware of the depth of his emotions and the fact that nothing short of total and violent destruction of Scruffy would satisfy him for what he had suffered.

The wherewithal to accomplish this faced him one late afternoon in the grimy window of a small shop in Algeciras fronting some corrugated iron sheds devoted to the manufacture and sale of fireworks. The Spaniards were always involved in fiestas, holy days, political and historical celebrations that called for cannon fire, jubilant explosions and rockets in the sky.

It was the custom of Mr. Ramirez, who was the possessor of a small car, to journey to Algeciras once a week for business.

And it was during one such journey that Ramirez came across the obscure little fireworks factory and was brought to a halt by the sight of the object displayed in the window.

It was a firework, or what the Americans would call a giant salute or cannon-cracker, of truly gargantuan and formidable proportions, and consisted of a shiny blue cardboard cylinder some fifteen centimetres in diameter. Ramirez estimated, and probably sixty centimetres more or less in height, from the top of which protruded a piece of saltpetre fuse.

In an instant there leaped into the mind of Mr. Ramirez a picture of Scruffy hugging this object to his breast; there would follow an appalling explosion, and when the smoke cleared away one might perhaps find small shreds of hair where the brute had been. Here was a bomb calculated to pulverise his enemy, and yet, if by some mischance, it were found in Mr. Ramirez's possession before he had a chance to plant it, it was just a cracker piously hoarded to wake up some saint at the next holy day.

Mr. Ramirez went inside the shop. "That one in the window . . ." began Mr. Ramirez.

"It is not cheap," observed

To page 65

"It's O.K. They're stretch pants."

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the proprietor. "Five hundred pesetas."

"And throw in a longer fuse?" Ramirez's plan for the delivery of this bomb was already formulating. He wanted to be sure that when it went off he wouldn't be there.

"But of course. As long as you like. With a piece of this magnitude the more the fuse the greater the suspense. The greater the suspense the more powerful the effect. It will take but a moment to make the change. Shall we say a fuse of twenty minutes? If you desire a shorter period you may cut it yourself."

It was exactly what Mr. Ramirez had in mind. The proprietor took the huge firework out of the window and retired with it through the curtains. He reappeared within five minutes with a new fuse neatly coiled. He wrapped the firework in brown paper and said, "I congratulate. You will create a sensation."

RAMIREZ tucked the bundle under his arm, looked carefully right and left up and down the street before emerging from the doorway, but there was no one about to witness his exit. He hurried off to his car, where he dumped the package innocently enough on to the back seat, where it would rest with other purchases he would make in Algeciras.

As to the method by which he would persuade the big monkey to hug his own annihilation to his bosom, Ramirez didn't envisage any grave problem. The Rock apes were known to be inveterate thieves, appropriating for themselves any article that was not nailed or tied down. Since Scruffy was the leader of the Queen's Gate pack, he would most surely pre-empt this beautiful shiny blue and mysterious object for himself and defy all attempts to remove it from his possession. When the fuse reached the appalling amount of powder that must be stored in the cylinder — Mr. Ramirez's precise and methodical mind had already worked out the number of cubic centimetres of explosive that would go up —that would be that. No more Scruffy! No more snide, sly, side glances at him. No more laughter. There only remained the when, since Ramirez must be able to plant his bomb unseen and be far away when it went off.

The time, the place, and the occasion were supplied by none other than the Governor, though behind him, or rather behind the event, was a psychological war boffin, that certain Major Clyde, former university don, on loan to the Army.

The Major's name didn't even appear in the orders that came from London for the Governor to show the flag on the Rock at a kind of Army Day parade and review, but the letter suggesting this was composed in conciliatory terms, having been written by Major Clyde himself.

Shortly there would occur the opportunity to celebrate the defence of Gibraltar during the great siege against the French and Spanish in 1779 by General Sir George Elliot.

The Governor fixed the day of celebration by decree. Ceremonies were devised to take place in the square before General Elliot's monument, an hour-long parade scheduled, flags ordered out, review stands set up, and all in all a rousing show organised that would bring every man, woman, and child either into the reviewing square or along the route of procession.

And this, of course, provided exactly the opportunity sought for by Mr. Ramirez. On that occasion and during that time there would be not a soul anywhere in the vicinity of Prince Ferdinand's Battery or Queen's Gate Road where the apes hung out.

The streets and the square were black with people, for the factories had closed down at three that afternoon to give the Spanish workmen, for whom, after all, the show was being staged, the opportunity to join the celebrations and see the fun. Everybody was happy, and if the enemy were looking, as the Governor, the Colonial Secretary, and Major Clyde were sure he was, he would be most disconcerted at this display of Empire insouciance and high morale.

The high officials augmented by Admiral French, the General, the Brigadier, and Group-Captain Howard Cranch of the Royal Air Force, attended by their staffs and aides decked out in all their finery of uniform, medals, gold lace, and cords, were ensconced in the reviewing stand. In the distance with a crashing of cymbals and the glitter of sunlight upon the yellow brass of instruments a band burst into Pomp and Circumstance March Number One.

At the same time a far-off cheer arose from the throats of the spectators. The dignitaries in the reviewing stand stopped their neighborly chatting and stiffened into proper attitudes, the parade had begun, and soon its first elements would be winding into the square. And on the upper Rock, unhurried, unmolested, Alfonso T. Ramirez was going about the business of getting even.

Parking his car at the side of Queen's Road, Ramirez looked down into town where he could see the populace collected along the route of procession. The apes were gathered a slight distance farther up the road, some still nibbling at scraps of the lunch Lovejoy had brought them at midday, some fighting, some torpid.

In their midst Ramirez saw Scruffy, his old wig still clutched in his paw. Rage filled the heart of Ramirez as he saw the object held by the monkey, but it was replaced almost immediately by his little "o" of a mouth forming itself into rather a horrid smile of joy. According to the schedule Scruffy had little more than twenty-one minutes left to live.

Mr. Ramirez produced his blue-lacquered bomb from the back of his car, and uncoiling the length of the twenty-minute fuse laid its end carefully in the grass behind his vehicle and walked up the road concealing it in the shrubbery at the side.

As he approached the apes they became alerted to his presence and sat up regarding him or moving restlessly, all except Scruffy, who squatted like an old Pasha eyeing the newcomer and what he carried, calculating no doubt, as always, what was in it for him.

From far below, wafted on a bit of warm breeze from the Continent of Africa, came a snatch of band music. Ramirez reflected happily that his old enemy would expire to the strains of an Empire march.

He had now, as he had calculated, reached the end of the piece of fuse, and he set the giant salute down on the ground a few yards from the big ape, who was watching him out of his golden eyes. Ramirez sat down himself beside the big cannon cracker and held it to his side as though it was something precious and valuable. He was convinced that Scruffy had all of the human faculties.

When Ramirez judged that five minutes had passed he looked at his watch and examined it as though remembering an appointment somewhere, arose and went off leaving the firecracker poised on the ground behind him.

As he walked away he saw out of the corner of his eye a lightning-like movement as Scruffy bounced forward, collected the blue cylinder and held it clutched to him. The coughings, barkings, and scoldings he heard from behind him confirmed the fact that other apes were disputing Scruffy's ownership of this new prize, and that Scruffy was determined to hang on to it whatever the odds.

Ramirez reached his car, knelt for a moment, ignited the end of the fuse, and then leaping into the driver's seat set off down the hill as fast as safety would permit. The parking space he had selected for his car was still vacant eleven minutes later. He cut through a back lot down a side alley and around by Trafalgar Cemetery, and in three minutes more found himself mingling with the crowd in the square in front of the grandstand, where, to his delight, he spotted Gunner Lovejoy, who had never held with parading and had got out of this one on the score of his duties with the apes. However, he was there to take in the sights.

Pleased with this piece of luck in encountering someone who could identify him, and if need be furnish him with an alibi, Ramirez joined up with him at once and began to make conversational time. When the explosion rang out from the upper rock, Ramirez's presence in the Main Square would have been already established.

The parade and ceremony had been thoroughly organised and prepared, and by now the last of the procession, led by the band, was entering the plaza, already packed, jammed with the crowd, regiments of Artillery, Infantry, Engineers, Naval Forces, all of the power that the British could muster on their isolated bastion, a brave, glittering, and imposing sight.

Ramirez hugged himself. In exactly two hundred and forty more seconds the monkey who had stolen his toupee and caused him to be held up to ridicule would be dead, dead, dead.

On the upper Rock the drama was drawing to its conclusion, though no longer quite in the manner that had been planned.

Two-thirds of the Queen's Gate pack were now gathered in a circle about Scruffy and the gleaming blue object he was hugging to himself, and from their ranks now moved another dog ape by the name of Arthur, Scruffy's only formidable rival.

There was no yellow in Scruffy. He was never one to decline a good brawl, particularly with Arthur, who he felt he could lick with one hand tied behind him. But now his possessions, the old and the new, the wig and the pretty blue thing, posed him a problem. If he put them down or dropped them to take on Arthur he might lose one or the other or both.

There was a sudden and startling flash of brown fur and glazed blue cardboard as Scruffy solved his dilemma. Pinning back Arthur's ears could wait. What he wanted now was to be alone with his new toy. He headed down the road at top speed.

Under ordinary circumstances, with Scruffy burdened and Arthur unhindered, even with Scruffy's surprise head start, Arthur would have caught up with him after a few dozen yards and had things out. But now another and wholly unexpected element manifested itself. Scruffy found himself pursued not only by his angry rival and all his friends, but also by a long, fire-from-the-wrong-end-spitting snake.

Panic engendered by this startling development lent him speed beyond anything he had ever revved up before. He went pelting down the side of the Queen's Road, skirting the iron fence at the edge of the cliff, whizzing past trees and bushes, and when he slackened for an instant to look over his shoulder, the snake was still there, and if anything even a little closer. With but one thought, to shake it off, he now veered sharply to the left and plunged down King Charles V Wall in the direction of town. On his heels, hard put to keep up with the acceleration brought on by Scruffy's terror, followed Arthur and the gang.

They fairly poured down the wall and into town, over roof-tops and the continuation of the wall which led directly to the twin arches of the Old Cannon Gate overlooking the square where at that very moment the military hierarchy, to the strains of the massed bands, was preparing to pay its respects to its illustrious predecessor, General Sir George Elliot.

With a leap and a bound Scruffy was perched atop the arch, and with similar graceful leaps and bounds the pack joined him there. However, the sound of the music and the glitter and color of the close-packed military, as well as the crowds in the square below, drained all thoughts of battle from Arthur, while Scruffy made the agreeable discovery that the thing which had been pursuing him was not a snake at all; in fact, it had practically disappeared. There was still something fizzing, cracking, and smelling from the end of his toy, but it appeared not to be bent upon harming him. For the moment he had it, his wig, and all nine points of the law.

It was the combined murmur and laughter of the crowd and the cry of Gunner Lovejoy, "Bless me, it's old Scruff. What's that imp of Satan got 'old of now?" that drew the attention of Mr. Ramirez to the event that was about to take place, not only in his presence but that of the Governor of Gibraltar, his Colonial military staff, the clergy, the laity, and most of the inhabitants.

LOVEJOY was not the only one to be appalled at the tableau. Young Captain Bailey stared aghast, not only at the apparition of Scruffy, which in the Captain's lexicon could only spell trouble, but at the object that Scruffy was nursing. For his trained Artilleryman's eye saw at once that it was either a dangerous firework or an even more dangerous dynamite bomb from which depended now no more than a short length of burning fuse which was growing shorter every second.

So horrified was he at what he could only diagnose as the imminent dissolution of the brute upon whom he had expended so much energy and affection that he committed the military crime of stepping out of ranks, leaving his appointed place at the head of his Battery and striding forward into the square over which a stunned and shocked silence had fallen as all became aware of what was about to happen. He called up in anguished tones, "Drop it, Scruffy! I say, drop it, old boy!"

But Scruffy had not the slightest intention of doing so, and, besides, it was too late. There was only a matter of five seconds of count-down left for the burning fuse to traverse the last inch and ignite the thing.

The sputtering flame reached the top of the giant cannon cracker, hesitated there for a moment, and then dived down into its innards. For one fraction of a second while Alfonso T. Ramirez awaited his moment of glory, time seemed to stand still. Thousands of ear-drums and nerves quivered in anticipation of the terrible explosion to come.

But instead of the gigantic ear-splitting thunderclap expected by one and all, there was only a kind of soft "chup" as the top of the blue cardboard cylinder was wafted off, barely missing the nose of old Scruffy, who chittered nervously, but showed no other signs of relinquishing his prize.

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Continuing . . . SCRUFFY

from page 64

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week Starting July 18

ARIES MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, black, rose. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
★ Impulsive thoughts and speech may lead to spats with relatives and friends. Be careful of what you write and say. Thursday can be an edgy day. Sunday is excellent.

TAURUS APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, rose, blue. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
★ A hectic week. Early are indications of emotional and financial upsets. Don't initiate on Saturday; there are elements of delay. Sunday evening should be romantic and inspirational.

GEMINI MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, grn., mauve. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
★ Your adaptability and tolerance will be tested in home affairs, Thursday, but there should be an uplift in career or personal relations. A good week for you. Be constructively busy.

CANCER JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, violet, grey. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
★ This should be a critical, unsettled week which improves toward the end. Be careful in correspondence. Things will be hectic, but they could have been worse. Try your luck on Saturday.

LEO JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, orange, grn. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.
★ Hampering and deceptive influences still prevail. Soon, however, there will be an easing of tension. Marriage, home-life must be carefully watched. Be thrifty on Thursday.

VIRGO AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, grn., mauve. Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.
★ If a career girl, your ambition will be stimulated. Virgoans now must watch health and nerves. On Thursday — your best day — wishes could be fulfilled. Try the lottery around 3 p.m.

LIBRA SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, rose, silver. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
★ Your planet has all the headlines this week. Use your sense of balance. Portents are emotional, with money upsets and underground influences. Sunday should prove peaceful.

SCORPIO OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, red, black. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.
★ A difficult, erratic period is drawing to a close. A good time to reorientate the life. This means an amount of stress, but your tenacity will win. Sunday is your best day.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 23-DEC. 20.
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors., grey, mauve. Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.
★ There may be tendencies to erratic thinking this week. Home, marriage, and love affairs are all under fire. Thursday your best day, with a bright spot on Saturday. Give the horses a flutter.

CAPRICORN DEC. 21-JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, red, violet. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.
★ The week begins unluckily, but improves, especially Sunday. Guard against loss of money. The weekend is propitious. Watch health — don't carry the world on your shoulders. Relax.

AQUARIUS JAN. 20-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, black, red. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.
★ If you feel like speculating on Thursday, don't! Friday could be a trying day. Don't use the sharp word. Disturbing influences in matters of love, marriage, and career are at work.

PISCES FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, blue, purple. Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.
★ A lot of good luck you should have got has been cancelled out by adverse influences. Keep a wary eye on all things romantic and domestic. Try to think clearly; don't get muddled.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1300 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscript to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

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"Is this seat taken?"

Continuing . . . SCRUFFY

from page 65

If there was any black powder in the firework which Ramirez had purchased it had been limited to an amount just sufficient to displace the lid of the thing and activate a series of powerful springs concealed in the interior.

But when the proprietor of the factory had predicted something of grandeur and nobility, a veritable volcano which would leave none witnessing its eruption the same as they had been before, he had not lied. For, following the soft preliminary pop the thing began to erupt the most diverse and splendid party favors at an heroic rate and in more than generous quantities. To the utter enthralment of the apes and the equally hysterical joy of the crowd below, bon-bons, paper hats, whistles, hooters, horns, small toys, colored handkerchiefs, and everything conceivable in the line of party delights rained down.

As far as the people in the street were concerned it was Christmas, and the spectators forthwith broke up in a mad scramble for the seemingly unending shower of goodies that fortune, personified by the ugly magot perched atop the arch, was pouring forth from his blue cornucopia.

In a moment the square was filled with the braying of party horns, thumping of tin drums, shrilling of whistles, and clamor of toy trumpets. The distinguished guests in the reviewing stand were powdered with confetti, their shoulders festooned with colored streamers.

Atop the gate it was Yule for the Queen's Gate pack as well. A good third of the loot erupting from the cylinder fell into their hands. Paper hats were donned, false noses and moustaches applied, whistles were shrilled, horns were blown or banged, packages of sweets, chocolates, and cakes unwrapped and gorged.

But the best had been reserved for the last. The slow match which had been releasing all this bounty finally reached the bottom of the case, where it ignited a last half-teaspoonful of black powder, and with a plop hardly louder than the first introductory thup, propelled into the air a large flag attached to a parachute.

The parachute opened, the flag unfurled, and showed itself to be the red and yellow ensign of Franco Spain with the rousing slogan "Viva Espana" stencilled across one side and "Arriba Franco" on the other. There being no wind, the chute descended in exactly the same line of the ascent, permitting the flag to drape the shoulders of Scruffy.

Again faced with a dilemma and not at all liking the thing which had fallen upon his shoulders, Scruffy proceeded to solve it in the manner of no ordinary monkey. In one hand he still clutched the blue cylinder, which he had no intention of relinquishing, and in the other he still had what everyone in the square below recognised as the famous stolen toupee.

He therefore set the remains of the wig upon his head, where it gave him the aspect of an infernal golliwog, and with his free hand he now seized the flag from about his shoulders and waved it, though actually he was shaking it at the crowd in the square, from whom roars of delighted laughter were now ascending. The two slogans, "Viva Espana" on one side and "Arriba Franco" on the other, glittered in the afternoon sunlight.

Down in the reviewer's stand the Governor turned icily to his Aide and said loudly enough for all to hear, "I don't consider that that is funny."

. . . . .

The atmosphere in the office of Brigadier Gaskell was at one and the same time white-heated fury and cold, glaring icy anger, and Tim knew he was for it.

"Captain Bailey, you realise that full responsibility for this disgraceful affair rests upon your shoulders as O.I.C. Apes?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Have you any explanation?"

"No, Sir. Someone must have been playing a practical joke."

"Brilliant, Captain Bailey. I was able to deduce that myself. Have you any idea who?"

"No, Sir."

"There will be an investigation. In the meantime you are no longer Officer in Charge of Apes and if I had my way you would not be officer in charge of anything. You would no longer be an officer at all. I intend to confer with the Judge Advocate to see what charges, if any, can be preferred against you for this humiliating incident. In the meantime you will return to your duties. That is all, Captain Bailey. Dismissed."

"Yes, Sir," said Tim numbly and almost by now from habit.

To be continued

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● A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of goodwill; and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted. They practically demonstrate the great theorem of the Livableness of Life.

—Robert Louis Stevenson

QUAKER

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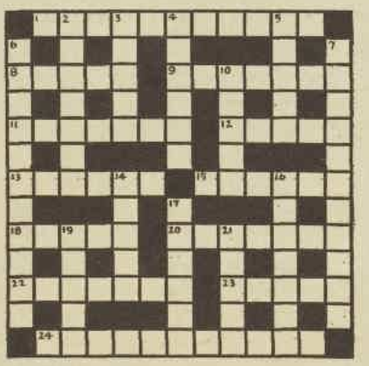
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

THE invisible thief is captured and "unveiled." A weird, bird-like creature, it is from an unknown planet and is an art dealer and collector of "primitive" art. NOW READ ON . . .

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Does clumsy surgery and then becomes angry (4, 2, 5).
8. Loafed in solid ledges (5).
9. Innate Ural tan (7).
11. Treasury, which mostly offers itself (7).
12. To shirk little David turns inside with ease (5).
13. A house for students where a saint lives in a hole (6).
15. Give me a car to make a private chamber for a judge (6).
18. Soldierly color (5).
20. Remit in the end-stations (7).
22. Anything that gives a circular motion (7).
23. There is no tab on this rod (5).
24. For them business cannot be duty (4-7).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. Spiritual improvements not despised by 6 down (7).
3. Walk obliquely in a cringing manner (5).
4. His pun (Anagr., 6).
5. Drag a lake between Lombardy and Venezia (5).
6. As a rule they don't beg on their way, but they don't mind a pick-up (5-6).
7. Changes (11).
10. Greek letter (5).
14. To live when six turns inside (5).
16. Cover it (Anagr., 7).
17. He lays up something for future use (6).
19. A rest for a flowery plant (5).
21. Dressed ending in bed (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

Fashion PATTERNS

• *Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

F7654. — Demure frock with front-lacing trim, sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material and 4½yds. braid or ribbon. Price 3/9.

F7266. — Jerkin suit for summer or winter, sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3¼yds. 36in. material or 1⅞yds. 54in. Price 4/9.

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F7656. — Feminine style, sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material, 8yds. frilled beading, 1yd. matching plain beading, 9yds. ribbon. Price 3/9.

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 677.—GIRL'S FROCK
Cut out to make in printed cotton with easy instructions. Colors are white with green leaves and aqua rosebuds, or white with green leaves and pink rosebuds. Sizes 2 to 4 years 26/6, sizes 6 to 8 years 28/6. Post 3/6 extra.

No. 678.—SET OF BIBS
Three bibs cut out and traced to embroider on headcloth in pink, blue, green, lemon, or white, with three individual motifs. Price 4/9, plus 9d. postage, or, separately, 1/9 each, plus 9d. postage each.

No. 679.—SET OF TEA-TOWELS
Seven tea-towels cut out and traced to embroider with individual motifs on multi-colored striped linen. Price 45/6, plus 3/- postage, or 6/9 each, plus 9d. postage each.

• *Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

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Night-long Relief from Coughing

Nyal 'Decongestant' stops coughing three ways

When coughing keeps you awake night after night, take NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir—and rest assured that you will rest undisturbed by constant coughing.

NYAL 'Decongestant' so effectively breaks stubborn, deep-seated coughs because it contains ten *medically proven*, active ingredients. Night or day, whenever you want relief from coughing, you can depend on the three-way expectorant, sedative, 'decongestive' action of NYAL 'Decongestant.'

Stops Coughing. *NYAL 'Decongestant' suppresses the cough reflex; calms nerves and soothes inflamed membranes of the throat.*

Loosens Phlegm. *Five gentle expectorants liquefy bronchial secretions which cause irritation . . . rapidly clear congested membranes.*

Makes Breathing Easier. *An exclusive agent — phenylephrine — relieves congestion; shrinks swollen, congested bronchial tubes quickly, restores normal breathing.*

NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' is available in these age-adjusted formulations:

Adult: 6 fl. oz. **6/9**, 12 fl. oz. **11/3**, 16 fl. oz. **13/9**.
Child: (For children 6 to 12 years) 6 fl. oz. **6/9**, 12 fl. oz. **11/3**.
Baby: (For kiddies 6 months to 5 years) 3 fl. oz. **5/-**, 6 fl. oz. **6/9**.

Get Positive Relief from Coughing—take . . .

Nyal 'DECONGESTANT'
COUGH ELIXIR

Nyal
SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

Breathe Freely in 2 Minutes

Get wonderful relief from "stuffy" head colds —anytime, anywhere. You'll breathe freely in just 2 minutes after using the NYAL 'Decongestant' NASAL SPRAY. Squeeze the self-atomising plastic pack and a fine mist of relief-bringing medication penetrates high into hard-to-reach areas of the nose and sinuses. Relief is so thorough, it lasts for 4 hours. Soothing and gentle to delicate nasal tissue. Convenient, unbreakable squeeze pack . . . **6/6.**

Nyal 'Decongestant'
NASAL SPRAY

Clear Head Colds with a Tablet!

Take Coldrex and discover for yourself how this new unique *two*-layer tablet relieves head cold symptoms 3 WAYS!

COLDREX combines, in the one tablet, a powerful decongestive, a pain reliever, *and* Vitamin C.

COLDREX acts immediately to reduce nasal and sinus congestion to restore normal breathing; ease pain and reduce fever; build resistance to infection and help speed recovery. 12 tablets, **4/6**; 24 tablets, **8/-**.

COLDREX

Build Resistance to Winter Ills

Build resistance to colds and 'flu by ensuring a regular intake of *all the vitamins and minerals your body needs daily.* Build resistance with NYAL PLURAVIT Multi-Vitamin Capsules. Just one capsule daily supplies 21 essential vitamins and minerals to keep you right "on top" this winter. 30 days, **22/6**; 90 days, **52/6.**

PLURAVIT
MULTI-VITAMIN CAPSULES

Pain Relief Without Stomach Upset

No longer need you put up with pain because you can't take ordinary pain-relievers. You can get wonderful relief with DOLAMIN *without* stomach upset. DOLAMIN gets to the centre of pain faster; gives rapid, long-lasting relief from headache, nerve pains, muscular aches, migraine and the feverishness of colds and 'flu. 24 tablets, **3/9**; 36 tablets, **4/9**; 100 tablets, **11/3.**

DOLAMIN

Nyal Medicines are manufactured under conditions of immaculate cleanliness. Each medicine is compounded by the most advanced methods under the supervision of qualified pharmacists.

NYAL COMPANY • *Division of Sterling Pharmaceuticals*

FLAVOURED Vitamin C

Here's Vitamin C in a new, most palatable form — NYAL Ascorbic Acid Tablets that dissolve on the tongue . . . "tickle" the palate because they have a mild, refreshing orange flavour.

The flavour lasts right through each NYAL Flavoured ASCORBIC ACID Tablet.

Two strengths:
50 mg. (100's), **5/11**;
250 mg. (100's), **15/6.**

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